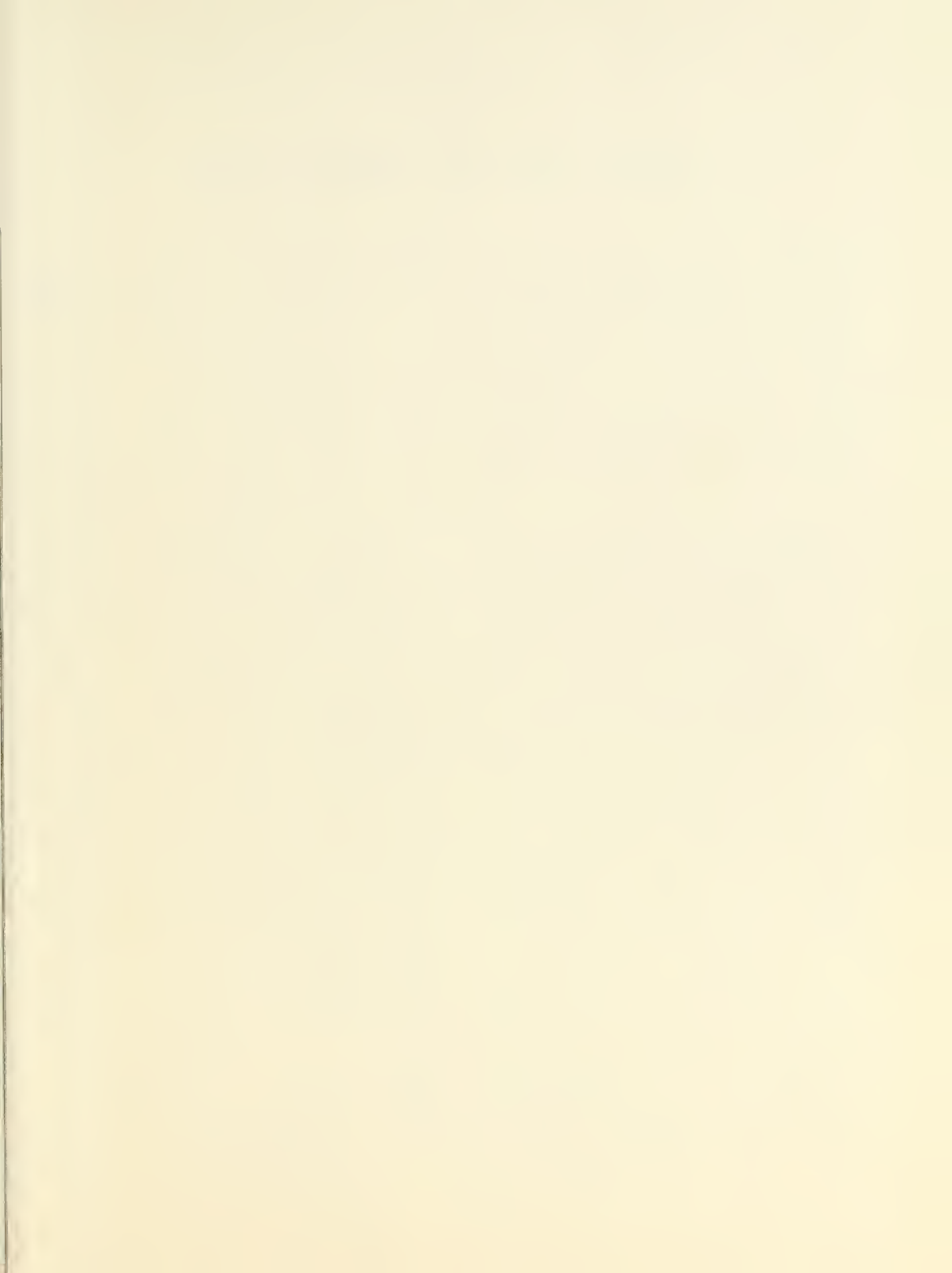




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Sept 1704

MANY ECHOES, BUT FEW VOICES.



MAN is an imitative animal. He seeks the crowd. He is apt to do what his neighbor does, often for no better reason than because his neighbor does it. He follows the fashions in dress, manners, speech and thought. He clings to accepted lines of philosophy, science and ethics. Too often he worships his father's God, because his ancestors have worshiped him immemorially. Although he has a secret respect for those who have the courage to strike out for themselves, regardless of what others may say or do, he shrinks from the criticism which a pronounced individuality usually provokes. Thus the average man clings to the commonplace because the multitude is commonplace.

On the other hand, the truly great man marks out his career and character after a pattern of his own. To cut loose from tradition, to break away from the customs and habits of ancestors and contemporaries, to climb out of the beaten track, and leaving the crowd behind, to find a firm footing on the rough and unexplored heights—the men who do this, and they alone deserve the adjective "great." Such men have been few, yet they have left their impress on the page of history and have blazed the path of the world's progress. They are the Voices whose echoes are heard in distant generations.

It is common for us to think of Napoleon as the greatest general of modern times. At the mere mention of his name his flashing sword rises before us. The

greatness of his manhood leads us to forget that he had a youth like other boys. The fact is Napoleon commenced his brilliant career in obscurity. When the opportunity to act came he seized it by the forelock, and if an occasion failed to present itself he created one. What cared he for praise or blame? His motto was success, for he knew that success would command admiration.

But not every one who is independent and original wins success as a leader. In order to persuade the crowd to follow, the leader must be able to clear away doubt and uncertainty, and to command confidence. He must be cautious as well as bold; otherwise his originality is but a foolish eccentricity or what is still worse a rash and reckless presumption that works ruin both to himself and others.

He must be strong enough, it is true, to endure the necessary hardships, and yet he must be considerate enough of the weakness of the masses not to lead too swiftly and recklessly. He must lead the crowd not leave them behind to be lost. Such a guide was Mahomet; for Mahomet if not a true prophet was nevertheless a great leader. He was an original man; and yet lived near the people. He studied their lives. He became their leader because he understood both himself and them. Unschooled save in the lore of the wilderness, he is to-day the prophet of over two hundred millions of people who bear his name.

And yet it may be doubted if either Napoleon or Mahomet are really great men, Bates says, "The Great Man is always as lightning out of heaven; the rest of men wait for him like fuel and then they too will flame." But the lightning should kindle, not destroy. The true leader will inspire his followers to noble deeds; not consume them in his own brilliancy. And in this both Napoleon and Mahomet failed. Napoleon the autocrat, regarded the people as so much food for his cannon and destroyed the liberty he was chosen to preserve. Mahomet by his fanaticism deluded and degraded an entire race and so is known throughout the world today as a false prophet.

Both Napoleon and Mahomet have still many followers, both are imitated and even worshipped, but the echo of their lives is either a vain-glorious ambition, blind to everything save self aggrandisement or a narrow and intolerant fanaticism that destroys whatever will not accept its fatal tenets.

For true leadership something more then is needed than courage and independence—the true leader must be a helper as well as a leader. His message must be a heart to heart message. If his voice is to be heard in distant times reproducing itself on thousands of lips, it must be a loving, sympathetic voice.

Says David Pryde, "Great speakers and great doers are inspired by sympathy. They are representative men, and have

been influenced by the sentiments and ideas of the people. In other words they have appropriated the moral and mental force of the people. When they strike, they strike as the hand of the mass; when they speak, they speak as the mouth of the mass, and it is this fact which gives to their speech and their action such mighty effect."

It is this quality of sympathy that has given to Shakespeare his far-reaching influences, that has carried his message into every home, that has made his speech the tongue of an entire race, that has caused his poetry to reverberate from every school, and rostrum and pulpit, throughout the civilized world. He speaks not in discordant terms of a Napoleon or a Mohamet to the evil that is in men's nature, but in the language of a sympathy that is as broad as humanity and as deep as life. It is his sympathy that has enthroned him above all poets and placed his works only lower than the inspired Word of God.

And it is sympathy more, perhaps than any other quality that distinguishes a greater than Shakespeare—him whose voice, first heard on the hills of Palestine, has gone echoing down the ages, thrilling every human heart and filling the whole world with its music. Every heroic deed, every inspiring word, every pure and noble life is but an echo of that Divine, yet human leader whose heart strings are a lute and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.

LAURA TURNER '05.



SQUIRE MACK.



FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

“WELL, Well!” said Davie, the Constable, as Squire Mack came from behind his office desk, “You’re looking sort of down in the mouth this morning Squire. What’s up?”

“There ain’t nothing up, and that’s the whole trouble, Davie. You remember reading sometime ago in one of our daily papers ’bout that picture showing a new Gym what was to be built at New Wilmington in th’ sweet By and By.”

“Seems like I recollect the picture. Had two towers rising from the front end?”

“The same eggsactly. Well that’s what ain’t up!”

“Do tell! I’d a tho’t they’d a had that running track what they mentioned sprinkled over with dirt anyway.”

“‘Seeing is believing,’ you know. I hear as how the students of that college went up there; ’bout the first week of Sept. and there weren’t even a clod turned.”

“That’s too bad. It must of dashed their hopes some.”

“I ain’t a saying it mightn’t be for the best, Davie. An up-to-date Gym is a dangerous thing, looking at it in one way. You see if them young fellows ’u’d get wind of a report saying as how a gym would be up by X-mas or may be Washington’s birthday, the startling suddenness of the matter might bring on heart trouble to some of the weaker ones. From that viewpoint I kin commend the folks in charge

because of the cautious gradualness of their proceedings.”

“They’re certainly acting wise, Squire.”

“Sure, Davie, ‘Building better ’n they knew,’ as the poet says. But there’s another thing to look at. You recollect there were some talk about a Swimming Pool. Supposing that ’u’d materialize, and, making due allowance for th’ excitement of the event, supposing some one of the young folks on th’ day of its dedication ’u’d fall into the water and th’ water ’u’d do vicee-versee unto them what would happen? Why, if the immediate following events ’u’d transpire according to the accustomed rate of action pursued in the Gym question, the undertaker ’u’d have to make a trip with his funeral car.”

“That would be a sad ending to such a joyous occasion, Squire. But don’t th’ students need th’ Pool? What might happen oughtn’t to stop work on something else that might happen before it.”

“I don’t just ketch th’ drift of your last remark, Davie, but the students do need th’ pool and a roof to cover it. What is it that makes the Jap what he is today? It’s his habits of taking a bath whenever he kin get one. Why d’y’u know when a Jap general wants to drive the Russians from a strong persition, he stands out before his men and says in a ‘Beyond the-Alps-lies-Italy’ sort of a way, he says, ‘Men

back of the Russky is a swimmin' hole, th' first man in th' water gets a gold medal! That's enough. Without another word th' Japs go rushing forward shouting "Ban-anzi" louder'n any Dago you ever saw. That's why I'm in favor of having a Swimmin' Pool even at the risk of disturbing some one's heart beats. If you want th' coming generations t' hold up the reputation of their fighting forefathers, you got to give them a good chance to sport in the water same as the Jap does."

"The Japs have hit the Russians some hard raps in their little unpleasantness."

"You bet they has, Davie, But I c'd rap some myself on this Gym question."

"Don't think too hard of th' fellers in charge. They're likely doing the best they kin."

"I ain't got nothing but words of praise for them as does their best; but as for them fellers as kin do something and don't do it, why that's where I boil over. I tell you Davie, you'n' me can't do much but jest to let them know how we feel on th' matter we might send them a joint letter of condolence."

"That's a good idee, Squire. Sup-you write it."

Squire Mack bent over his desk for a few minutes, then handed a sheet of paper to the Constable.

"How's that, Davie? Read it out loud to see how she sounds."

Davie took the sheet and read:

Pittsburg, Pa.

To the students of New Wilmington:

Me and Davie do hereby offer our condolence concerning this matter of the Gym, and By and By when fortune smiles on us we'll see that its settled all right. "Ab-

sence makes the heart grow fonder," says some, therefore folks always hanker after what they ain't got. Herein lies your only grain of pleasure: you kin appreciate the more while it is absent from you.

Witness our hands { SEAL } Squire Mack.
Davie.

"There, Davie, that'll show 'em that our hearts is with 'em if our money ain't."

"Yes, they'll know that some in the Smoky City has their good at heart. You seal it up Squire and I'll post it. It's time I was going the next round."

"Just one more word, Davie. There's a lesson for us in this whole blame mixup."

"What's that?"

"Why, don't never expect to eat your chicken afore its hatched." L. '06.



A Ballad of the Track.

One June to Buffalo went forth
An athlete of Westminster.
And many people shook their heads
Both bachelor and spinster.

He's mad they said, he'll never win.
In him we're not believers.
But Old Westminster, she was true,
Had faith in her own Deevers.

He met Cornell and Georgetown,
Yes—and Yale and Princeton too,
And raised above them colors proud,
Westminster's white and blue.

The eastern cracks were all surprised.
Names sometimes are deceivers.
At Buffalo, they fell before
Westminster and her Deevers.

He chased the champion Duffy hard.
A mighty shout was raised.
He won the running broad jump
And the people were amazed.

And that is why when he came home
The students were receivers
And why to hearts of track men all
Is dear—the name of Deevers.

R. W. YOURD, '05.

EDITORIAL.



FOR almost three months the students of our beloved Alma Mater have been enjoying their privilege of rest and recreation from study. Such a season of refreshment both for mind and body is imperative after nine months of close application to books and is acceptable to every one of us.

Yet however pleasant our vacation has been, whether spent at home or in journeys through our own country or abroad, whatever our occupation has been, when Autumn comes we are ready and anxious to return to the familiar haunts of New Wilmington and to the classic hall of Westminster.

Colleges and universities are at this time of the year opening their doors for the reception of young men and women who have ambition to make themselves useful to their fellows and who to this end desire the proper mental and physical training and development. The young people of America are as a rule eager to take advantage of such opportunities as they have along this line. It is only the extreme sluggard who is not attracted by the benefits which would accrue to him from a college training.

The average young American is not so fond of hard work and study that he does not hail with delight a coming vacation but when school convenes again he is eager to renew his studies. During his vacation, especially if he travel any, he comes into touch with men of all sorts and discovers that men of trained mind are usually the

successful ones in every phase of life. Contact with men of whatever kind they may be stimulates us in our desires to broaden our intellectual horizons and when the opportunity for so doing presents itself in the Fall we are every one ready to leave our pleasant recreations behind and return to earnest hard work.

Aside from the above mentioned reason there is another which brings us back to Westminster, namely, our love for her. The body of former students who have returned and the numbers of new students are eloquent testimonials to the esteem in which our college is held. And each student is, in a measure responsible for her future reputation.



CURIOSITY, woman's peculiar fault, was never so prevalent as on the day college opened. Rumor had said that the Hall was in the hands of a New York artist and all the young ladies were looking forward to a great change.

When the Hall was reached, the crowd went into raptures. Each girl hurried to her own room to see what metamorphose had taken place. Then such expressions as these were heard from all quarters—"Oh green striped paper—just what I like," "Our paper and carpet match, how grand!" "We have a gilt moulding" "Our carpet is fine though it is the one from the down stairs." Not only the rooms but the halls as well were newly carpeted and painted

and everything looks fresh and clean. The pianos—those many toned instruments—have new interiors and are as good as new. The practice house too, has been repapered and a new roof put on. There are many improvements in the college buildings, principally in the laboratories which will soon be ready for use.

Nor is the town itself behind in improvements. Several new houses have been built and the hotel is nearing completion. There are still many things to be done—a new bridge over the creek would add to the looks of the town—but we hope for these soon and we are pleased with what we have.

When so many things are planned for our convenience, we ought to put forth our best efforts to make this one of the best years in the annals of the college. Now is the time to begin.



IN this first number of the Holcad for the year 1904-5 we wish to solicit a greater interest on the part of the students in general in their college paper. We ought to have as good a paper as any college but a few persons cannot make it so. We need the cooperation of every student. Those who have ability as writers should use it in contributing to the Holcad and those who have not much ability in that line should cultivate it or help in some other way. Every student should be a subscriber for the Holcad, otherwise he cannot expect to be very much interested in it. This brief hint ought to be sufficient to arouse greater thoughtfulness concerning, and interest in our college paper.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.



Prof. Shott—"Have you a Psychology? Mr. Rudolph."

Rudolph—"Yes, I have Porter's,"

Mr. Morrow—"Hurrah, Mary missed her train!! One more night."

Mr. Bennett seems to be very much interested in the Hall this term; he even had his trunk sent over.

Miss Montgomery—"I have beaucatchers but they don't seem to work."

Wanted by Mr. Davis: A house and lot in good location.

Mr. Tannehill, returning from the Hall—"There's nothing like starting early."

Don't forget the Holcad box in the reading room door. It's there to put your Holcads in.

Who taught you to dance so well? My two step-sisters of course.—Ex.

Mr. Dick—"Some of you fellows seem to think that I don't know that there is such a thing as hunchback on a football team."

Mr. Morrow on being told that a certain young lady wished to see him replied "That's too bad, for my heart is taken."

When some one asked Miss Bigger if she was taking Welsh this term she said—"O yes and I find it quite interesting."

An empty pocketbook is a staunch friend. Others may grow cold but you'll find no change in it.—Ex.

A Freshman girl was heard to remark,
 "I wish I were thro' with all this studying
 and settled down to married life."

Does Cap intend going into the under-
 taking business, too?

When some one exclaimed "Oh, how
 sick I am!" Cap said "Just wait till I get
 my hearse."

Miss McElree, teaching in Physical
 Geography class:—"Mr. Scott, I would
 like you to take a walk "

Nellie Kline to Miss Martin—"I wish
 we could be cousins."

She—I wonder where the clouds are
 going.

He—I think they are going to thun-
 der.—Ex.

Miss —, speaking of the social—
 "We had to sit in the middle of the room,
 we couldn't find a corner."

Mr. Welsh; "I'll have to try for the
 football team now, since I got 'bigger'."

Prof. Shott—"Mr. Clark, give the
 dimensions of icebergs."

Mr. Clark—"They are different sizes;
 some are large and some are small. Some
 of them are 5,000 cubic feet thick."

"Please hand me Review of Reviews"
 he said.

The landlady's eyes did flash

For another young boarder looked ab-
 sently up and solemnly passed the hash.
 —Ex.

Dodger at Society meeting—"Mr.
 Chairman I move you that we disperse
 with the program."

Prof. Campbell—"Is Miss Wright go-
 ing to take this class?"

Prof. Patterson—"Yes sir."

Anyone wishing to hear a genuine
 grunt should hear Mr. Irons give the mas-
 culine definite article in French.

An Ortheopic Romance.

I.

Clarissa remarked to her beau,
 Oh, Henry, you love me I kneau,
 But the clock has struck two
 And I much fear that ywo
 Must kiss me, my dear, and geau!

As they lingered awhile at the door
 She said "Deary, kiss me once moor."

And I blnsh to relate
 That at two-twenty-ate
 They were spooning there just as befoor.

He sighed to her tender and low,
 "Dear heart, how it pains me to gow,"

And fast on his shoulder
 Continued to hould 'er,
 To part withher worried him sow!

II.

They were married at last with elcat,
 Amid tears from her mat and her pat;
 There were gifts from each friend,
 There were guests without iend
 And style such as you never sat.

Though they've only been married a year
 Her Henry—now isn't it quear?—

At two-twenty-eight,
 I'm sorry to steight,
 Stays out at the club drinking bear.

In this rhyme ortheopic and true,
 Dear maids, there's a lesson for yuo;

You'd better beseech 'em
 While fond arts can reech 'em
 To learn to get home before tue!

—Claude Mercer in Gazette.

ALUMNI NOTES.



Rev. J. C. Roe, class of '71 and Mrs. Roe returned recently from an extended journey abroad. They traveled through Egypt visiting historical places. On their return considerable time was given to sight-seeing in Great Britain.

Forest Scott Thompson '03 sailed on Aug. 6 for Egypt, where he expects to teach in the Assiut Training College.

Of the class of '04, Harris Stewart has been elected teacher in the Gordon School of India; Leigh Alexander will take a post-graduate course at Princeton University; George Vincent won the Cecil Rhodes scholarship to Oxford and will soon set out for his future work; Mary Eve Cochran is teaching school at Sheakleyville; David L. McBride will enter Xenia Theological Seminary and W. C. Press will enter Princeton Seminary.

Mary Park '93 has been elected to a professorship in the Elizabeth High School while Loa Mitchell of the same class has been elected to fill a similar position in the Pittsburg High School.

Rev. John M. Cameron, '01 has been appointed to the Roseville mission in Newark, N. J. His address is 375 Sixth Ave., Newark, N. J.

Eagleson '99, Nelson '00, McCandless, '01, and Smith '00, have graduated from the Allegheny Seminary and taken up post-graduate work at Princeton.

Warnock '04 and Gilfillan '03 are both studying law in New Castle.

Audley D. Stewart '04 is teaching science in the Cedarville College, O.

Clyde Anderson '04 and J. H. Edgar '00 are teaching at Mt. Jackson, Pa. A. R. Hunt who formerly superintended that institution has accepted a similar position at Greenville.

John Lylte '04 has just returned from a visit to his parents in Ireland. He expects to enter Allegheny Theological Seminary this fall.

H. C. Hildebran '03 was quietly married to a young lady of his home town, this summer.

Alvin Campbell '04, will be found in the Allegheny Seminary this year.

Earla Mitchell '04, is teaching at Bessemer.

E. N. McBride '04, is principal of a high school in Indiana.

Rev. J. C. Witherspoon '59, has resigned as pastor of the 5th Allegheny congregation to devote his whole time to Freedmen mission work.

Alfred M. Laing of Ingram, Pa., class of '04, goes as a teacher in the High School of India for a term of three years.

Albert G. Weidler '02, is now serving as principal of the High School at Harbor Creek, Pa.

Willard Reid '04 is teaching school at Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Mary Sharp '02, has been elected professor of Greek and Latin in Amity college Iowa.

May Alexander '04, is teaching school at Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland County.

MUSIC AND ART.



THE students and friends of Westminster college are glad to welcome Professor Peterson again. Already his masterful presence is being felt in the music department for there are quite a few new students enrolled besides a large proportion of the old ones.

The Chorus and Sight-reading Classes will begin work soon and expect to be in full sway by the first of October? We would urge the students who have a voice, no matter how feeble, to join the classes for it is only practice that develops. We want a good recital at the end of the term so enter now. The prospects are very bright, promising much pleasure as well as hard work.

We are glad to hear that Miss Speer has accepted the position of instructor of music in the Seminary for women at Washington, Pa.

The Adelpic and Leagorean Societies gave a reception on the evening of the 15th of Sept. to the faculty and students in the gymnasium. It was the most original entertainment we have had for some time. The room was artistically draped with gay bunting and Japanese lanterns shed a soft light over the quaint Japanese costumes. A Russia-Japanese spelling bee was the most original feature of the evening.



ATHLETIC NOTES.

THE hot days of Summer are nearly over and the cool, frosty nights of Autumn are once more at hand, and with

the cooler weather of the Fall months comes the game of all games for the college man. Baseball still holds its place as our national sport in professional circles, but football has long ago won its right to be called "our national college game." And despite its roughness football is entitled to its place, for no other game combines so many qualities that appeal to college spirit, and no other sport is so nearly free from the bane of professionalism.

Our prospects for the coming football season seem to be even brighter than usual. For some years Westminster has had the reputation of having the most plucky football team for its weight in Western Penna. This year the material at hand is heavier than it has been for some years. Of last year's team we still have Cleland, Love, Long and Smith for the line, and Mercer, Stewart, Scott and Calhoun for the backs. Among the new players of experience are Locke and Marks of last year's Grove City team. Of last year's second team Everhart, Orr and Tannehill should develop into first team men. Besides these there is no lack of new fellows who should make first class players.

The football management has secured Capt. Hays of W. & J. to coach the football team this fall. Mr. Hays is a fine player and knows the game thoroughly.

He has begun his work with energy; and it is felt that he is the man to bring out a winning team.

W. D. Cleland '05 has been elected captain of the football team to succeed Tennant who is out of school this term.

W. K. Long '05 has been elected captain of the second team for the season.

Manager Fulton has submitted the following schedule of games. It is incomplete as yet.

Sept. 24, Westminster vs. U. of W. Va. at Morgantown:

Oct. 1, W. vs. Geneva at Beaver Falls.

Oct. 8, W. vs. Waynesburg at New Wilmington.

Oct. 15, W. vs. W. U. P. at Allegheny.

Oct. 22, W. vs. Allegheny at New Wilmington.

Oct. 29, W. vs. State College at State College.

Nov. 5 or 12, W. vs. Hiram at Hiram.

Nov. 5 or 12, Open for Geneva.

Nov. 29, W. vs. W. & J. at Washington.

Nov. 24, W. vs. Allegheny at Meadville.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.



The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. reception was the opening social event of the season. An unusually large crowd gathered in Philo Hall the first Friday of the term and enjoyed an evening of merry making. Some games were played, then Dr. Ferguson made a few remarks of welcome and also introduced Prof. Peterson, Miss Acheson and Mr. Mack Weddell, who rendered a short program, which added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening.

Miss Mary McElree delegate to the Summer Conference of the Y. W. C. A. at Lake George gives a very favorable report of the meeting and is very enthusiastic about the Association's work.

THE HOLCAD.

THOMAS ASHMORE



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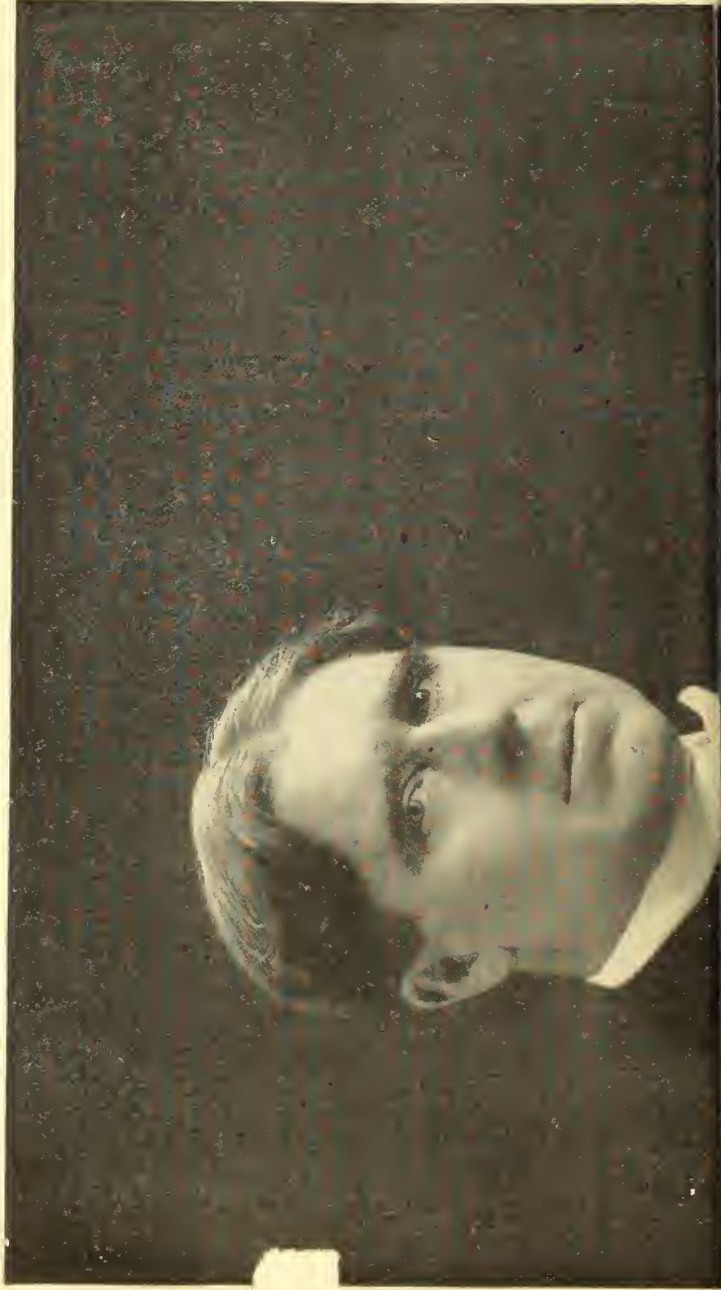
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Hon. William Jennings Bryan

I know him personally. I take pleasure in commending him to those who are arranging lecture courses.

Rev. Sam D. Jones

I was charmed with Dr. John Merritt Driver. He is a profound student, a magnificent orator, and a vivid thinker. I heard him with delight, and so did the great audience. He thrills, he instructs, he uplifts, he thoroughly interests.

Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of
the Treasury, Washington, D. C.

You did yourself proud before the Grant Club last night. Allow me to thank you, personally, for your splendid address.

A. H. Denworth, Director of the
Famous Eastern Star Quartette

Your lectures have stirred my soul as it was never stirred before.

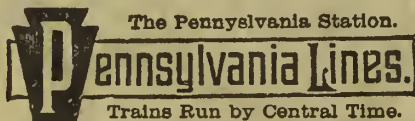
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Fall Term Will Begin
Sept, 6th, 1904

The curriculum will be enlarged for the coming year. The catalogue will be out in June. Send for it.

Address R. G. FERGUSON, President.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.



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In Effect May 15th, 1903. Central Standard Time.

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DEPARTURES.

- 8:15 A. M. For New Castle, Beaver Falls, Pittsburg, Youngstown, Alliance, Sharon, Greenville, Chicago, St. Louis Erie and intermediate points.
- 9:43 A. M. For Oil City, Franklin, Stoneboro, Mercer, Wolf Creek Branch and intermediate stations.
- 5:47 P. M. For New Castle, Beaver Falls, Pittsburg, and intermediate points.

- 6:23 P. M. For Oil City, Franklin, Stoneboro, Butler, Grove City, Wolf Creek Branch and intermediate stations.

ARRIVALS.

- 8:15 A. M. From Oil City, Franklin, Stoneboro, Mercer, Butler, Grove City, Wolf Creek Branch and intermediate Stations.
- 9:43 A. M. From Pittsburg, Beaver Falls, New Brighton, Sharon, New Castle and intermediate points.
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THE HOLCAD

OCTOBER, 1904.



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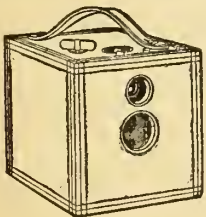
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THE HOLCAD,

VOL. XXV.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., OCT, 1904.

No. 2.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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OUR ITALY.

WALTER T. SCOTT, '05.

Twenty two centuries ago a vast army lay encamped in the plains of southern France. Behind them was the swift current of the Rhone and the long path leading back to Spain whence they had come. Before them, opposing their further progress, stand the Alps uplifting their snow clad peaks high toward the heavens. Hannibal, their great leader, is at last carrying out the plan formed long ago and a Carthaginian army is on its way to invade Italy and to attack Rome. For years Hannibal has toiled with this end in view. But now as he is on the point of its achievement difficulties arise. The Alps must be crossed. His army, shrinking from unknown dangers, is in doubt whether to go forward or to return.

Calling his officers he encourages them and in conclusion says "Soldiers across the Alps lies Italy. Shall we return like cowards, dishonored and disgraced? It is far better to go on and to gain the glory which awaits the brave." Fired by these words his army goes forward.

At first the ascent was easy. But soon it becomes harder. The way grew rougher and narrower and more difficult with every advancing step. Up, up it wound, now crossing a mountain torrent, now a deep ravine, evermore dangerous and perilous. The mountain tribes rolled huge stones upon the soldiers, killing many. Some, discouraged and weary, fell

behind. The rest swept every difficulty aside and still advanced.

As they approached the summit intense cold added to their discomfort. But at the same time they were encouraged. For as they came out through a defile near the top, the clouds below them opened and there spread out before them was Italy. Italy warm and bright, smiling under the southern sun, its mountains and plains, its rivers and lakes, its cities and villages unfolded to sight. Long they gazed upon it until the gathering clouds shut it from view. Then they went on with renewed determination.

The summit was soon gained and the descent begun. Down, down they went by ways ever easier, ever smoother, ever more pleasant. And at length the descent was finished and they entered Italy, there to meet the fate which awaited them.

The shaping of our own life is our own work. It is what we make it. It is a thing of beauty or a thing of shame as ourselves determine. We lay the cornerstone and add joint to joint. We give the proportion. We set the finish. Ours is the blame if it be a failure. A beneficent Creator has endowed us with the power of choice and with it we are constantly adding to or taking from our lot in life.

As children we exercise this power almost by instinct. But, as we grow older and as we learn better the conditions of life, we must use this power more and more.

We see what people are doing in the world; what pursuits and occupations they have; what their aims and ambitions are. All around us men are striving and toiling for this thing and that. No where are they contented.

In time we too begin to turn our minds toward some aim or aspiration. At first we are bewildered. There are so many things we may choose. There are so many ways in which we may gain them. Pleasure, fame, wealth, honor, a thousand and one things for which men strive, hold out their hands to us. Each shows a hundred paths by which it may be gained. Shall we choose this? Shall we choose that? Well may we stop and consider, well may we hesitate. The whole course of our future life depends on our decision now. What shall our aim in life be? The decision must be made and when it is made we begin our journey to Italy.

When we first start the way may seem easy. Full of hope and enthusiasm, we overcome with but little effort in whatever hindrances we meet. To us our aim seems close at hand, almost within our grasp. But as we go farther, unexpected difficulties are encountered, making our task harder and harder, delaying our advance, sometimes even forcing us to turn back a little before renewing our attempt. Others, perhaps wishing to gain the same object, may try to hinder or prevent our progress, placing every possible obstruction in the way. Things we counted on to help us may fail. Every difficulty may be met but still we must overcome it and go on for our goal lies ahead, not behind.

Perhaps as we struggle on, our minds beclouded, worn out and wearied, almost

ready to quit, our object seemingly farther away than when we started, then a rift in the clouds may appear and give us a glimpse of our Italy. Long we gaze upon it noting every detail giving every particular. And as we look we renew our courage and our determination to proceed. For what before may have seemed to us but an ideal, something shadowy and but vaguely known, now has become a reality. Now we know that it requires but a continuance of our effort to be gained.

When the view is at last obscured, we again go forward, attacking each hindrance with renewed vigor. The difficulties are as numerous and as hard as before but the assurance of success, if we persevere, enables us quickly to overcome them. We may wander from the way for a time, led astray by doubt or ignorance but we soon regain it and press on.

At length our labors begin to grow less. We have reached the descent. Though we meet obstacles, we have learned by our former failures and successes how to overcome them. As we realize that the greatest part of our toil is behind us, we push aside the remaining troubles with but little effort. And now and then a glimpse of our goal, ever nearer, ever clearer, beckons us on.

Now we have finished the descent, now we are entering Italy. At last our aim is attained. All the weariness and pain are forgotten. What are the toils and perils of the way now? The memory of them but adds the more to our pleasure. What do the long days and months and years spent in gaining our end count for now? They but give zest to our enjoyment. They are behind us, they are past.

Our hopes and our wishes are fulfilled. We settle down to enjoy our good fortune, content with the result of our endeavors, happy in the assurance that we merit success.

Our success, the result of gradual progress, is but one of countless successes gained in the same way—successes which have raised the world from barbarism to its present high state of civilization. Our age does not end this progress. The evolution must continue on and on until at last the ultimate destiny of the human race is attained. What this destiny may be is unknown, can only be conjectured. But it is certain that it can be gained only at cost of much suffering and effort. The world's present conditions are far from ideal. Many Alps must be crossed before these conditions can be changed so as to become perfect. The change will require centuries and ages to be completed but at some time or other it will come.

The question arises "Shall we oppose destiny? Shall we hinder progress? Or shall we give them every possible aid?" Our duty is clear. Every honorable consideration demands that we give them our aid. Let us then determine, that in choosing our personal aim, we will choose something which will help in the advancement of our race; that not only we may reap a personal reward but that our fellows may be benefited also.

"Build thee more stately mansions oh my soul.
While the swift seasons roll

Leave thy low vaulted past.

Let each new temple nobler than the last

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast.

Till thou at length art free.

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

FOR OLD ELL.

BY LOYD O. THOMPSON.

CROWDED to their utmost capacity were the grand-stands of Yale Field on this the day of the annual field meet between Harvard and Yale. At one side of the vast enclosure were the "rooters" from "fair" Harvard with girls in crimson dresses, who were no less fair than the fair college in whose honor they were present. At the other side were the supporters of Yale; undergraduates, massed in the centre and cheering lustily under the direction of the waving arms of a bare-headed coatless youth who stood in front; "old grads," many of whom had won honor for "dear old Yale" in hard fought battles; and last but not least, the "daughters of Yale" in blue dresses, wearing immense bunches of violets and waving Yale banners.

The end of the game was approaching, and the excitement ran high. All through the contest the outcome had been in doubt, for first a Yale man would win an event and then a Harvard man. The score now stood 24 to 24, Yale having won six firsts and six seconds and Harvard a like number.

But one race remained, the mile run, and on this event depended the contest. Harvard men were jubilant, for did they not have Colwell, a man past twenty-five who had never yet been defeated? Yale's hope was in Alcott, the Freshman, a boy under twenty, whom Mike Murphy said was a wonder, but who had never been tried in a race.

As Colwell came onto the track in his crimson bath-robe he was greeted with a mighty cheer from the Harvard side. A

moment later the Yale cheer leader spied Alcott walking slowly toward the track, with "Mike" Murphy and Captain Thomas and cried, "Now fellows a long cheer with nine Alcotts." It was given with a will for Yale men know how the help that hearty support from the spectators gives a man in a race.

As Alcott reached the track he glanced to the right of the cheering section where his father and mother were sitting. Beside them was a beautiful girl in blue, who resembled neither of them. One could easily guess what relation she bore to Alcott. She smiled at him and his heart gave an extra throb against the dainty lace handkerchief pinned under his jersey. His father sat grim and straight, but nodded his head encouragingly. Well did he know the bitter struggle into which his son was entering, for it was only a few years ago that he himself had run the mile for Yale.

A great hush fell on the crowd as the two runners shook hands and went to the scratch. It was broken by the voice of the starter, "Gentlemen I wish to caution you against cutting in in front of each other. This is a mile race, four times around the track. The pistol will be fired for the last lap." A moment of intense silence followed while the starter walked to the rear of the runners. "Are the timers ready? Are the starters ready?—Get on your marks." Both men toed the scratch. "Get set." Their bodies stiffened and were poised for a start. Bang! and they were away.

Colwell had the pole and Alcott was instructed to follow just at his heels till the last hundred yards, and then—do his best.

"You have got it in you to win, boy," Mike Murphy had said, "and don't forget what I have told you."

"We count on you, Old man," said Captain Thomas as he pressed Alcott's hand just before the start.

Now these words were ringing in his ears with every stride. "You—have—got—it—in—you—we—count—on—you—Old—Man." Old Man! Captain Thomas had called him Old Man! him, a Freshman. Ah, he must win now.

Presently they were around the track and both running easily. The timers shouted, "Sixty two seconds." On they sped and soon had completed another course. "Two ten" shouted the timers. One more lap was soon covered and again the timers announced the time: "Three fifteen," they said.

By this time Alcott was beginning to show distress, although the gap between him and the Harvard man did not widen.

At the 220 mark Colwell quickened his pace, but Alcott held grimly to his heels.

There was not a thought left in Alcott's head but that he must win. His father and mother were there. She was there, and all Yale looked to him to win.

As they rounded into the home stretch Alcott knew the time had come to obey "Mike's" instructions. Although his body felt numb from the waist down he knew that somewhere within him there remained a reserve for the sprint. So now he quickened his pace and drew up beside the flying Harvard man. Down the stretch they came neck by neck and stride for stride, the grim vissaged hero of a score of races and the youth who was running for his

father and mother, his sweetheart and for Yale.

The vast throng was on its feet and cheering like mad. To and fro across the field swept the waves of sound, "Colwell! Colwell! Colwell!" "Alcott! Alcott! Alcott!"

Out of the wavering mass of humanity Alcott saw his father. The grim old man was leaning forward and shouting in a voice which was heard above the roar of the crowd, "On, my boy! On! On, for Yale!" And at the cry the boy was seen to shoot ahead and breast the tape a fraction of a foot ahead of the Harvard man.

A few minutes later when Alcott regained consciousness he was lying in the dressing room. From outside he heard the undergraduates singing the closing words of "Bright College Years"—"For God, for country and for Yale" and he said to himself, "For father and mother and her."



PIPE OF PEACE ORATION.

'05's Reply to '04, Commencement '04.

BY R. W. YOURD.

SACHEMS! Warriors! Chieftains! All!

Not many moons have passed since runners from the camp of Naughty-four, brought word to us of the great pow-wow, to be held at the yellow wigwam of the great white father Doc Ferguson on this, the night.

And they, your envoys did bear us word of your intended departure to other lands, and of your desire for peace, before you left. They bade us assemble here on this night and we are come.

We would confess to you that it was not with joyful tread we came. We have

been bitter foes. For more than forty moons we have roamed o'er these slopes of the Neshannock and struggled ever with you for their possession.

We have fought you for supremacy upon the field, the track, the floor. At times you have defeated us but e'en when crushed apparently we rose again and lived to see you also fall.

Our braves have ever been of fleetest foot and Stewart and Clark have won great glory for our tribe. Ay, you have seen them run and others with them, and for their tribe three times they've won the silver trophy?

And who in all your tribe will not acknowledge the prowess of our Tennent and Love, upon the foot ball field. They are peerless there, in their positions.

And there is Sharkey too a tennis champion. Nor would we fail to mention Sewell, who often with his tricky curves has brought us victory on the diamond.

Others are there also in our tribe of like renown Long and Mercer mighty with the hammer and the shot. Stranahan great in eloquence and Bennett who with his arguments is powerful in the council.

And there is Nimrod too, the mighty hunter, great in the chase of rabbits and of the peaceful deer.

Our maidens are the fairest of the fair. Tradition in our tribe forbids that their names be mentioned, but there are those among you who have not scorned to seek them.

We cannot longer eulogize. The camp fire is burning low. When we came here tonight it was with bitter hearts. We did not wish for peace. We did not fear you!

Have your braves turned cowards, we thot, that they should dress in gowns as women, and lay aside the hatchet and the bow? What has the great white medicine man Ferguson taught you that you should be so changed. We did not understand.

But when the camp fire blazed up brightly and cast its ruddy glare far into forests and the echoes of the shouts of the assembled tribes had died away, your Sachem spoke to us his words of peace and they have quelled our hearts.

They have brought to mind tender thoughts, of times when Naughtly-four and Naughty-five have been as one and side by side have battled for Our Mother, Fair Westminster. In fancy we've wandered back over the past and our hearts have been softened as childrens.

They are gentle words, these words of peace, and in them we have heard the voice of the Manitou, bidding his children cease from struggling and forever be at rest.

Warriors of Naughty four—

You are going away soon and we will miss you. We are sorry to see you go, but we are glad you leave these hunting grounds to us.

These are pleasant lands, these slopes of the Neshamock, and in the forests here and by the rippling brooks, we have all spent happy days. We will go home again and see our friends but we will return when the forests are crimson to occupy these lands which you are leaving.

The camp fire is burnt low.

The night advances. We cannot stay here longer. Ere morning's light we must

be far on our march to the southward to our lodges midst circling swamps.

You too must get you hence and knowing this, we bid you God speed. You are leaving these hunting grounds of knowledge and are about to push through the forests of life toward the better land which the Manitou has in store for you.

Go in the spirit of that ancient warrior, whom the poet makes to say—

"Come, my friends, 'tis not too late, to seek a newer world.

Push off and sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be, that the gulfs will wash us down.
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles, and
see the great Achilles whom we knew.

Tho much is taken, much abides and tho
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved heaven and earth, that which we are, we
are,
One equal temper of heroic hearts
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will.
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.

My brothers we have heard your words of peace and the voice of the Manitou in them. They are sweet to our ears as the murmur of the brook or the song of the thrush. They are the words of the great chief who said, "Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory but in lowliness of mind, let each esteem others better than himself.

The Great Spirit has given his children the hatchet and the knife, that they might kill and eat and prove their courage in the fight, but he has also given them the good tobacco and the pipe of peace.

Let us bury the hatchet my brothers and smoke the calumet. Thus say the hearts of your brothers. We have spoken.

EDITORIAL.



There is abundant evidence of the partisan spirit just now during the campaign season. Parties were organized in the first place in order to bring about some result which might be for the country's welfare. Men of different views regarding the nation's needs formed different parties, of course. The citizens of the United States are now divided and standing on different platforms and all too frequently some of them entirely obscure whatever feeling of patriotism they may have possessed by an overflowing desire for their party's advancement. Such men are pigmies in character and the fewer there are of them the better for the country. The majority of American citizens are, we believe, men of large enough spirit to let their regard for party be subordinate to their love of country.

It is very easy to trace an analogy between this state of affairs in civil life and the condition in college life. There are two objects of the student's affections, his school and his class. The classes are not organized primarily for the good of the college but they should use their good in that direction. Class spirit, as has been said innumerable times, is perfectly right and proper. The student who can't arouse any feeling of loyalty for his class will not probably be very enthusiastic in his love for his college. However in the exercise of class spirit, as in every thing, there is a happy mean beyond which it is dangerous

to pass for just the moment a student allows himself to be carried beyond this safety point in his zeal for class glory, he is likely to do harm to his Alma Mater's reputation.

The recent outburst of excitement brought about by some of our own students who were overly desirous for class glory and mistaken in their ideas as how to obtain it, was unfortunate because it may work contrary to the interests of our college. Students would do well to think to the end before acting.



OUR committee appointed to arrange for the Lecture Course this year have completed their task and offer us a list of attractions better than any of former years. All the performers come highly recommended—some with national fame. It has been the object of the committee to select members widely different yet within the scope of our appreciation.

Since they have had our pleasure at heart, the least that we can do is to show them how much we appreciate their efforts by procuring a season ticket and attending the lectures as they are given. The committee will have the tickets on sale soon so we may each have an opportunity to purchase one.



IN a recent daily paper a short extract was printed of Pres. Hadley's opening address to the Yale students. He said,

"The man whose tale-bearing has made mischief in college will make quarrels in after life. The man whose morality is no better than that of the men about him may be sure that his after life will have no more safeguards than his college life. * * *

The man who uses unfair methods for getting an examination mark which he did not earn because some other people use similar methods will find exactly the same unfairness in the ways by which his competitors earn money in after life, and if he is content to accept their standards he will go to lengths which will land him in jail if he is found out." There is no reason why the standard of honor should be lower in

school than in business life. Dishonesty is just as much a crime there as elsewhere.

IF practice makes perfect, we may expect great things of our foot-ball team this year. Our boys have been under the supervision of Coach Hays for several weeks and are doing good work.

While we regret that there are not more games at home where we can give encouragement by our attendance yet we wish the team to feel that wherever they play we are interested though not often present and that we rejoice with them in their victories and urge them on to renewed efforts when they have been defeated.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.

One of the most pleasant social events of the term was the reception given by the Y. P. C. U. of the 2nd U. P. Church, Friday evening, Oct. 7. The church was tastefully decorated in autumn leaves and fall flowers. Entertainments which had been provided were heartily enjoyed by all after which refreshments were served in the room above. A delicious fruit salad was served in hollowed apples.

"Are you going to Geneva, Cap?"

"Yes, if my girl will let me."

Miss Melville—"I'm undecided whether to join the 'Old Maid's Society' or the Lover's Club, but I believe I will choose the latter."

After a discussion on love in Prof. Hewetson's class Dodger Barr was heard to

remark "I believe in love from the bottom of my heart."

In discussing the difficulties of getting to the Hall, one was heard say "I like Jamison's way; he goes by N. Kline (incline).

Mr. Tannehill, sitting beside Miss Metz—"This surely is heaven."

Miss Bell—"I do love the Woods."

Mr. Cox meeting Newt Tannehill—"Hello brother-in-law."

Miss McVey—"No, I havn't a case on 'Bottle.'" It takes twelve bottles to make a case."

Cascade boys' new song—"I aint got no use for the twins."

Billy Morrow—"How far is it to West Newton. I guess I'll walk down."

QUERIES—

Why Dodger eats only one kind of pickles?

Why Mr. Irons always spends his afternoons in the library?

Why Cap wears only the L. B. T. brand of hats?

Why Miss Metz turns round when she hears a bee buzz?

Why Mr. Morrow wants a covered buggy for Grove City?

Why Newt's favorite expression is "I judge so"?

Why Teck wanted the "red ear" at the Husking Bee?

Mr. Deever—"I never knew before that girls were so strong. Why I was holding her left hand in my right, and she actually got away."

Mr. McGill on Impromptu—"I thank the president and the impromptu committee for their kindness in choosing for me such an appropriate subject for me to discuss before such a superbly unique audience."

McCowan, meeting Todd Scott—"Hello Scott, how are you today?"

Scott, walking briskly as usual—"Pretty near dead, thank you."

Miss Philips—"Love isn't blind, for if it were we should have been falling into all the ditches when we took our stroll into the country, yesterday."

Prof. Martin, as Mr. Cochran made a mistake in scanning a sentence in Virgil—"Can anyone tell me what is the matter with Mr. Cochran's feet?"

Prof. Freeman in Astronomy—"Mr. Tannehill, when does day begin?"

Tannehill—"Monday morning."

Miss — On the evening of the Geneva game—"Oh what's the use in going up town tonight?"

Prof. Hewetson discussing love—"Mr. Deever does that agree with your experience?"

Silence from Deever.

Mr. Galbreath no longer travels by boats as he no longer has an Orr (oar) but he is still a smiley fellow.

Miss Turner—"I could name a great many disadvantages in being an old maid."

McClurg, on Sabbath evening proved that the old adage "Love is blind" was true.

The other day in Psychology class Prof. Shott gave an illustration of association of ideas that made the subject very clear—"When you think of a hill you think of the walk you took there last night, and when you think of the walk you think of something else."

Prof. Campbell to McClurg—"Well Adam, how's Eve?"

ALUMNI NOTES.



Miss Margaret McLaughrey formerly professor of English Literature at this college has been elected editor of the Junior Missionary Magazine published under the direction of the Woman's Board of the U. P. church.

Rev. D. E. McGill, '84, has left his charge at Welda, Kansas, having accepted a call to the Homer, Pa., congregation.

Rev. M. M. Pollock, '64, has removed from Gladstone, Ill., to Little York, Ill.

Messrs. Allen J. Crooks and William E. Minter, members of the class of '04 were received as students of theology at a recent meeting of Kiskiminetas Presbytery. They take up their work at the Allegheny Seminary.

Willard Reed, '64, has resigned his school at Saranac Lake and has gone to Ft. Morgan, Col.

H. Breaden McElree, '96, has entered the Allegheny Theological Seminary.

Dr. C. E. Trainor, '67, of New Wilmington and Miss Mary Newmyer of Wilkinsburg will be married in Pittsburgh Oct. 26.

Recent visitors at the college from among the alumni were Sampson, '01, Montgomery, '02, Edmunson, '01, T. C. Cochran, '01, Gibson, '02, Anderson,

'04, Minter and Hazlett, '04, C. H. Yourd and W. C. Witherspoon, '03, Parisen, Tweedie and Miss Mary Grier, '04.

George B. Parisen and A. M. Tweedie, are attending Western Reserve University at Cleveland, Ohio.

R. H. McCartney, '04, is attending Princeton Theological Seminary.

Baldinger, '03, Hazlett, '04, and McClelland, '03, have entered Allegheny Seminary.

Edythe Davidson, '04, is teaching school at Wampum, her home town. She has about sixty scholars under her supervision and her method of teaching is very successful.

Bessie Gilkey, '04, is teaching at Sandy Lake.

Ed. Anderson, '04, is surveying in the neighborhood of Fairchance.



MUSIC AND ART.



The Chorus Class has an enrollment of about fifty this term. Professor Peterson is drilling them thoroughly for the recital at the end of the term.

While in the city, Professor Peterson visited the Exposition to hear Damroch's famous orchestra. Several students were present also.

During the second week of October, Julia Marlowe and Southern starred in "Hamlet" at the Nixon theater in Pitts-

burg. The holiday at the end of the week gave several students, who are studying Shakespeare this fall, an opportunity of seeing one of his plays well produced.

The most original and entertaining reception this fall was that given on the evening of Oct. 3rd by the Philomath and Chrestomath societies. The invitation to the Faculty and Students read: "Come and see the Pike." In the gymnasium a miniature Midway Plaisance was represented.

Booths of gay colors and various shapes were built along one side. At nine o'clock the "Pike" was opened and then Bedlam was let loose in truth. At the door of each tent stood a crier who told the public the chief features of interest in the tent. The Negro Minstrels and Fortune Tellers lent a zest to the journey. After the "Pike" had been "done" refreshments were served in a charming bower of autumn leaves and pine trees, faintly lighted by Japanese lanterns and shaded candles. The entertainment of the evening was so delightfully quaint and informal that everybody seemed pleased with their view of the "Pike."

Unusual entertainments seem to abound this year for in the same week with the Philo-Chresto reception the Adelpheic society gave a "Huskin' Bee" to the League Society. The gymnasium was transformed into a veritable corn-field. Old-fashioned country games were played. The fact that the gymnasium was almost set on fire was one of the most exciting events of the evening.

The following were initiated into the

Tetraletic club on October first. Miss Edith Galbreath, Miss Winifred Orr, Mr. Adams, Mr. Deevers and Mr. Nevlin. They acquitted themselves nobly and were accounted worthy of membership.

The Faculty in the Music and Elocution Departments gave a recital on Friday, Oct. 21st. The following is the program which was greatly appreciated.

Mendelssohn, - - - Lieder ohne Worte,
Scherzo in E minor.

MISS WARNER.

Mendelssohn, Lord God of Abraham }
It is enough - } - Elijah
MR. PETERSON.

Van Dyke, - - - - The Lost Word
MISS ACHESON.

Sehman, - - - - : Warum
Grillen

MISS WARNER.

Hervey, - - - - Violet.
Thou art the Sun
MR. PETERSON.

Schubert, - - - { Haiden Roslein
Du Bist die Ruh
Der Wanderer.
MR. PETERSON.

Haynes, The Wetheral Wedding (Monologue)
MISS ACHESON.

Liszt - - - - Lie bestraum No 3.
MISS WARNER.

ATHLETICS.

THE work of the foot-ball team so far has been quite satisfactory. It is true that we have won but one game as yet, but without doubt things will change when our boys go against a few teams of their own weight.

The first game of the season was with the University of W. Va. While we suffered a defeat at the hands of the West

Virginia men, still the result of the game was by no means disappointing. In fact the score this year is the lowest that W. V. U. has ever made against a Westminster team.

Westminster kicked off to W. V. U. who were unable to gain the necessary five yards. Mercer, for Westminster, made a pretty end run for 20 yards, but the ball

was lost on downs within a few yards of their opponents goal line. After a few gains the locals lost the ball on a fumble, but Westminster was unable to gain and so for the second time were held for downs. Then after a series of line plunges, Martin made a 45 yd. run, scoring the first touchdown for W. V. U. The remainder of the first half was all in the visitors favor. Locke, Calhoun, and Mercer made gains for 5, 10, and 15 yds. and time was called with the ball in Westminster's possession in her opponents territory. In the second half W. V. U. played with five fresh men and succeeded in scoring two more touchdowns over the wearied team of the visitors. The line up follows:

| Westminster 0 | W. V. U. 15 |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| Smith.....l. e..... | Hall |
| Love.....l. t..... | Leahy |
| Clark.....l. g..... | Post, Hammer |
| Everhart.....c. | Yeardly |
| Cleland.....r. g..... | Backman, Ruble |
| Marks.....r. t..... | Nulton |
| Stewart.....r. e..... | Allison, McDonald |
| Scott.....f. | Bingamon, Fleming |
| Mercer.....l. n..... | Martin |
| Calhoun.....r. h..... | Ilman |
| Locke.....f. | Core, Carr |
| Touchdowns; Martin 2, Carr. | |

The Westminster-Geneva game at Beaver Falls was one of the most hotly contested games that we have seen in years. It should have resulted in a victory for the White and Blue, as the Geneva boys were clearly outplayed.

Geneva kicked off to Westminster's 20 yard line. By a series of line plunges and short end runs the ball was carried without a stop to Geneva's 3 yard line. On the next down the ball was carried over, but was lost by an unfortunate fumble. Geneva then worked the ball to the middle of the field where she was held for downs. The first half ended with the ball in Westmin-

ster's possession on Geneva's 35 yard line. In the second half the playing was nearly all in Geneva's territory, and the half ended with the ball on their 25 yard line, neither side scoring.

Mercer carried off the honors for Westminster, but the showing of the whole team was highly creditable. The Pittsburg Dispatch made the statement that "the teamwork of the visitors was the best seen on the field for years."

On Saturday, Oct. 8, a good crowd turned out to see the first game of the season on the home grounds. Westminster defeated New Brighton by a score of 75-0, the largest score ever made on the local gridiron. The game was too one-sided to be interesting to the spectators.

What was probably the hardest game of the whole season for the local team took place with W. U. P. on the 15th inst. The team was accompanied to Pittsburg by a crowd of over 100 loyal rooters, who occupied a special car decorated in college colors.

The outcome of the game was somewhat of a disappointment to local fans. We had not looked forward to a victory, and yet we had not expected so decisive a defeat. Still it was a far better game than the score 38-0, would indicate.

Nearly all the gains of the Pittsburgers were made on short end runs. Westminster was unable to advance the ball when she had it in her possession, which was not very often. For W. U. P. Thompson and Mehl were the best ground gainers, while Scott and Mercer did the best tackling for Westminster. The game was marred somewhat by the rough playing on the part of the home team.

The lineup.

| | |
|--------------------------------|----------------|
| W. U. P. 38 | Westminster 0 |
| Perry.....t. e..... | Smith, Calhoun |
| Waddell.....l. t..... | Love |
| Leadenroth, Zeig.....l. g..... | Clark |
| McKean.....e. | Everhart |
| Edgar.....r. g..... | Cleland |
| Marshall.....r. t..... | Marks |
| East.....r. e..... | Stewart, Wood |
| Richie.....q. b..... | Scott |
| Thompson.....l. h | Mercer |
| Schmidt.....r. h..... | Davidson |
| Mehl.....f. b..... | Locke |

Touchdowns—Mehl 2, Thompson 4, Marshall 1.
Goals—Edgar 3, Referee—Dr. Fararr.

The second team has won two games so far this season. The first was with Geneva second team—score 33-0. The second game was with Slippery Rock. Westminster Reserves 10—Slippery Rock 0. The Reserves are strong and play together well. The strength of the Varsity eleven de-

pends to a great extent on the work of the "Scrubs." Captain Long and the other members of the second team deserve credit not only for the splendid showing of the Reserves, but for that of the first team as well.



Y. M. & Y. W. C. A.

On the 27th of September a Mission Rally was held in the Chapel in order to organize the mission study classes for the year. Three books were reviewed, "The New Era in the Philippines," "The Knights of Labarum" and "Japan and its Regeneration." About fifty are enrolled in the classes and more are dropping in.

THE HOLCAD.

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IMPRESSIONS OF ITALY,



WE reached Naples Friday, Aug. 18, about 5 a. m. After arranging for our baggage or "bagaglio" as the Italians called it, we set out to see the city. One notices peculiar things almost the first time he sees them, and to an American there are many such things in Naples. The manner of dress is not materially different from that of our own country. The city is much dirtier than American cities and one cannot pass through the streets without seeing many things at once pitiful and repulsive. This is partially due to the fact that the houses are built very closely together. They are very high and almost all furnished with balconies. The tenement houses, which are plentiful, are very thickly inhabited. In the suburban districts large families often eat, sleep and live in one small room. The population of the city is something more than 500,000 while the territory covered is comparatively small.

The streets are mostly narrow but are well paved with blocks of lava. The wagons which one sees passing along the streets are very rude and the teams drawing them are most peculiar. You see all sorts of combinations, for instance a horse, a donkey, and an ox hitched together. The queerest combination I saw was a man and donkey working together; neither seemed much ashamed. A foreigner is continually beset by beggars of whom there is a great number. They sometimes follow one for a long distance whining most pitifully. Passing along late at night you find men,

women and children asleep on the streets. The great mass of the people are very poor and for every one who lives in a palace surrounded by all the luxuries which wealth can buy, there are scores that have scarcely enough for the bare necessities of life.

Naples is most beautifully situated and is said to have no rival in Europe in this respect except Constantinople. It rises in the form of an amphitheatre from the shores of the sea to the tops of the surrounding hills. Vesuvius rises in its solitary grandeur on the East, while the beautiful island of Capri breaks the horizon about the middle of the gulf. The soil in and surrounding Naples is entirely of volcanic origin and is surprisingly productive. One thinks of Goldsmith's words,

"Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest."

The cabmen of Naples are the bane of a foreigner's existence, for they are continually offering their services and after having had them and having paid them more than the amount bargained for they still beg for more "macaroni." Like guides everywhere they know a few stock expressions in several different languages and when asked if they can speak English are liable to answer "Very well," while you will perhaps learn later that they cannot understand anything you say to them.

Friday afternoon we visited the aquarium which is said to be one of the finest and most interesting in the world. It is certainly well worth seeing.

We also visited a number of the larger churches. They are massive and magnificent structures. The old sextons take you through them with a great deal of pride and show you many relics to which they attach a great amount of sacredness. The shops and stores are numerous and contain many goods of an excellent quality which can usually be obtained at a lower price than in America. The larger stores have fixed prices. But to avoid being cheated in the smaller shops and by the peddlers of the street you must offer a much less amount than is at first asked for their goods. We sometimes had difficulty making the shopmen understand what we wanted. One of our number asked for candy and was brought a candle by a young man who pretended to know English, "very well." Ice-cream is not so common as in America and is served in very small dishes. I have not seen such a thing as ice cream soda since leaving the land of the free.

Saturday we visited Pompeii taking our first ride on an Italian train. The cars are divided into apartments, each apartment accomodating about eight persons. The train officer does not pass through the cars but walks along a step on the outside. The engines look like toys when compared with the ones that we see on the main lines in America. It is wonderful that Pompeii, that has slept beneath 40 feet of lava for so many centuries should be so perfectly preserved. The streets of this old city are very narrow only permitting one vehicle to pass at a time. The wheel ruts are still visible in the pavements. The bakery, the public baths, theatres, forums, etc are most interesting, while on the walls of the private dwellings are many well preserved

paintings although most of the finer paintings and statues have been removed to the National Museum in Naples where there is also a miniature representation of the ruins of Pompeii.

Sabbath day we went to the Scottish Presbyterian church and it seemed good to hear the English again after listening to the ceaseless flow of Italian. Monday we went through the Catacombs which are very large and are composed of long galleries dug out of the tufa rock. They are in three stories of which only the two uppermost are accessible now. There are an infinite number of niches on each side of the galleries containing bones and religious symbols for the Catacombs served both as a burial place and a meeting place for the Christians of the early centuries.

Tuesday we took a most delightful trip by boat to the Blue Grotto which is on the shore of the beautiful and picturesque island of Capri. Small boats were waiting to conduct two and not more than three persons into the grotto at one time. The passage way is so small that as the boat enters, the passengers must stoop low to avoid knocking their heads against the rocks. The grotto is a sort of a large cave about 90 feet wide by 160 feet long by 40 feet in height above the level of the water. It is called "blue" because of the peculiarly blue appearance given the water by the sunlight as it comes in through the small opening. We took dinner in the city of Capri which is the capital of the island and is famous in art and history for its beauty.

Wednesday we visited Mt. Vesuvius under the care of Thomas Cook and sons. The journey occupied about 8 hours from Naples. We rode several miles in carriages

to the observatory thence 45 minutes by cable car to the station where the ascent proper is begun. By the funicolare (the Italian word for rope is fune, hence the name funicolare) this trip is made in ten minutes. The road appears to be inclined at least 45 degrees. Under the care of a guide we were allowed to approach the edge of the crater and looking over we could see the fire and smoke which no man can regulate, rising from the great depths below.

Wednesday evening we boarded the Oldenburg and at ten o'clock we watched the beautiful city of Naples disappear as we steamed toward the shores of Egypt.

F. S. THOMPSON.

SAD AUTUMN.

SWIFTLY the autumn days are gliding by.

The forests, that a week or two ago,
Were gorgeous in their colors, red and gold,
Will soon be void of foliage.
Song birds are leaving fast,
But yet remain the blue jay and the winter wren.
And flitting in and out among the pines,
May still be seen, the crossbeak cardinal
Who stays the cold days through
And lends to winter scenes among the brush,
His coat of scarlet red.

The withered leaves that o'er the ground are
strewn,
And scattered are by every breath of wind,
Which might be fitly termed the tears of Nature
In sorrow shed, for her loved creatures dying,
Bring to the mind of him whose trend of thought is
sober

Memories he fain would shun and never have
again;

Of shattered hopes and dreams unrealized;
Of days of joy, now fast beyond recall;
Of scenes of childhood, that may nevermore
Be viewed by us again and more than all

The rest, the thought of death, and of the dear ones
Gone before.

To-night the sky is overcast,
The sunset's glory hidden
By clouds. The deep blue dome
That only yesterday was scattered o'er and o'er,
With fleecy cirrus, fit semblance to the ocean
Dotted here and there with sails
Of merchantmen; and seemed to be
So broad in its expanse and of such wondrous
depth,
Is darkened by the threatening hand
Of nimbus.

Without the wind is howling down the vale
And moans among the branches of the trees.
It seems to lend its voice to Nature's wail
In endless lamentation of her dead,
Nor can be hushed; and as it rushes by
Again are stirred within, those doleful thoughts
Of all the past, its sorrow and its care,
Its struggles toward the light, and in pursuit
Of truth — of wisdom's star.

Oh Autumn, somber season of the year
Thou' lovely in thy robes of death and full
Of pleasant and of tender memories,
Yet thou art harsh at times and art unyielding
In forcing home these truths so undesired.
That time speed on and death must cross the
portal
Of all God's creatures, living on the earth,
For they are mortal.

But yet on Nature's face in this sad season
May still be seen the signs of hope and cheer
And if in faith we look, and search believing
We'll find God's love, dispelling doubt and fear.

The little brook, that yesterday I crossed
When wand'ring aimlessly among the hills
Had messages of peace in its calm flow
And onward movement.

It stemmed within the tide of restless passion
Brought peace to mind, taught patience as the
secret

Of all success in purpose; bade me be of cheer
And left me, laughing in its onward course
Among scenes drear.

R. W. YOURD '05.

"DEACON" BRUCE'S PRAYER MEETING.

ONE evening in October a little knot of students were strolling slowly across the campus of one of the colleges in Western Pennsylvania, and as they went they were talking earnestly, making the final arrangements for a "spread" they had planned for that evening.

"Billy and Clarke will bring the basket of grub over as soon as it gets dark enough to smuggle it into your room, Bruce," said Worrell Oldham, one of the leaders in the scheme.

"All right," answered Bruce, "You fellows come around any time after ten o'clock; everything will be quiet by that time."

So the boys separated to meet again in Bruce's room at the appointed time. They had chosen the room occupied by Duncan Bruce and Charley Wheeler because it was on the fourth floor of the main college building at quite a distance from all other buildings, and they would therefore not likely be interrupted. This room had been intended for the Janitor's room, but had always been occupied by students, as the Janitor lived elsewhere.

Shortly after ten o'clock the boys began to gather. Every few minutes a dark figure would make its way cautiously up the fire escape to the fourth story, pause a moment to give the pass-word agreed upon, and then disappear through the window of Bruce's room. After all the boy's had arrived they sat telling stories for some time, but the talk and laughter was subdued, as it was still early, and some of the other students or some of the faculty

might discover their secret and spoil all their plans.

They took turns at standing guard in the hallway outside the door to be secure from a surprise from that quarter, and as the time wore on, and at each change of guards all was reported to be quiet, they gradually became more boisterous, and made the room ring with their laughter.

It happened that Doctor Brownlee, the president of the college, had remained in his office on the first floor of the building to do some extra work that evening. He had become absorbed in his work and time passed unnoticed till he finished and gathered up his papers to lock them in his desk. He then glanced up at the clock and was surprised to see that it was after eleven.

Hurridly donning his hat and coat he stepped out into the hallway, and as he was in the act of turning the key in the lock he paused and listened intently. An echo of a faraway peal of laughter rang faintly along the empty hall, and caused the doctor to prick up his ears like a terrier coming suddenly on the scent of game. He listened again for a moment, then tiptoed his way along the hall and up the stairs. Up the first and second flights he mounted, but as he started up the last flight of steps he stumbled, and made a slight noise. He paused and listened, but hearing no sound from above, again started upward.

Slight as the noise had been the wary guard had heard it, and creeping to the railing and peering over, had seen the round figure of the Doctor ascending through the shadows.

At almost the same moment that Doc-

tor Brownlee began the ascent of the stairway, Bruce dragged the huge basket of good things from its hiding place under the bed, whereupon the assemblage quieted down and, watched him almost in silence as he prepared the study table to receive the contents of the basket.

Just as Bruce stooped to take the things from the basket, the guard slipped into the room and said hurriedly, "Douse the lights, boys, Doc. Brownlee's coming."

For a few seconds all stood still, staring at each other in consternation. Then Bruce, with a quick shove sent the basket under the bed, and rising to his full six feet, and holding up his hand to command attention, said in a quick sharp whisper, "Down on your knees, boys, down on your knees."

Perhaps not one of the others comprehended the plan that had flashed into Bruce's mind, but all obeyed blindly, and by the time the Doctor's steady knock sounded on the door everyone in the room was kneeling with bowed head.

One of the boys arose and admitted the Doctor, who for a moment seemed nonplussed, but quickly taking in the situation he dropped to his knees, and all remained kneeling for a few moments. Then they arose and the Doctor greeted all kindly, and expressed his pleasure at seeing them gathered there. He then took a seat and talked and chatted with the boys, apparently unconscious of the flight of time. As it grew later and later the boys became uneasy, not knowing whether the Doctor had discovered their ruse or not.

Finally, as he seemed determined to stay as long as anyone, they took their

hats and departed. The Doctor walked with them to the door and bade them all good night.

The story was too good to keep, and soon the whole school knew how Doctor Brownlee had turned a feast into a prayer-meeting.

One morning, as Bruce came down the street to breakfast, some one hailed him as "deacon." The name stuck and "Deacon" Bruce he remained till the end of his college career. S. B. MITCHELL, '07.



COLLEGE JOURNALISM.

[The paragraphs printed below were written by members of the Sophomore English class as a part of the regular class work. Though not written especially for the Holcad they certainly deserve a place in it because of their direct bearing upon the character and management of such a journal—EDITORS.]

THE MOUTH-PIECE OF THE STUDENTS.

THE fields of activity which present themselves to the willing college student are many; but one particularly worthy of its full share of his time and attention, is that of contributing to the success of college journalism. The college paper stands for the college before the public. Each month's issue is a letter written by her students, and it remains as an example of the literary progress of the college at the particular time of its publication. A great responsibility rests upon the editor, and for this reason he should be a person of varied ability, clear headed, and unbiased, ready to express his own opinions and to be benefitted by the opinions of others. But not the editor only should be responsible. It should be the interest of each and every pupil to make each number the best that can be offered to the public. Freshness and

vigor are essential to the success of the paper. The best productions of the ablest students should be sought, and when possible, should go directly from pen to press without having served any intermediate purpose.

NELLIE MCAULEY.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF THE EDITORS.

The rights and duties appertaining to the college journal may be shortly summed up in the familiar phrase, "the liberty of the press." By liberty of the press is meant the freedom to write and publish without censorship and without restriction, save such as is absolutely necessary for the preservation of college social life. One duty of the Holcad is to give a clear, unbiased account of the events and incidents of school life. In so doing, it promotes unity of student life, by bringing together the student body in a common interest and sympathy. It is also a privilege of the college journal to comment upon the acts and proceedings of both students and Faculty, and to criticize them in a sympathetic and unprejudiced way. Friendly criticism expressed in a tactful manner and free from personalities and the spirit of fault finding, will be received in the spirit in which it is offered, and will prove of lasting benefit to both student and instructor. Abuses, when existing, must be denounced; and when reforms are needed, they should be suggested. By thus arguing existing conditions, the college journal will fulfill its primary duty of preserving the unity of college life; it will unite students and faculty in a common desire for the welfare of the school. This then is the liberty which the Holcad may rightly claim—liberty to state facts, liberty to argue them, liberty to denounce abuses, liberty to advocate reforms. ELLA MONTGOMERY.

A HINT FOR THE LOCAL EDITOR.

The college journal is a very essential feature of college life, especially in bringing professors and students into close contact with each other, and in giving general information regarding the school to all who are in contact with it. While college journalism is looked upon by some as a matter of slight importance, there rests upon the editor, no little obligation as to what may be published. There are some things which are worthy of public notice, and which it is the duty of the journal to report, but on the other hand there are, in college life many events, about which the less said the better. A student in the class room may make a mistake, which may be noticed by only a few of his fellow students. Is the college paper justified in publishing it, and exposing its author to the ridicule of the whole student body? Such things should never be noticed outside the class room, much less in the college journal. On the other hand, some modest, bashful student, who is moving along very quietly, scarcely attracting the attention of his nearest neighbors may accomplish some notable piece of work—it may be in writing an oration, or in preparing a thesis, or some similar work which is more successful than any one ever dreamt of coming from his pen. Here is something for the college journal to publish and thus make known the student's worth, to those who have no other opportunity of observing it. The college journal should publish as far as possible, all articles that tend to strengthen the unity of the student body, and to develop the closest friendship among the students as they come in contact with each other.

WILSON REID

OPPORTUNITIES FOR LITERARY TRAINING.

Journalism is one of the most attractive arts in the literary field. A person can become a good journalist only by unceasing practice; and one of the best ways of obtaining this practice is by writing for some paper. Thus in the college paper, the student has placed before him the best of opportunities of learning the difficult art of journalism. Such an opportunity should not be neglected, as it enables him to develop his originality and power of expression. The college paper, although it may be small, makes room for all the various kinds of writing—short stories, editorials and the like—found in larger papers. Not a few persons have become noted journalists by availing themselves of just such opportunities.

HERBERT PATTERSON.



SOME THINGS WE OUGHT TO DO.

In these days nearly every college has its journal. The worth of the college journal is one of the means that outsiders have of placing the college in the rank they think it should occupy. If a college wishes to rank well with other colleges, it is most important that it should have a good journal. The more interesting a journal is, the more people there are who will read it. And since it is beneficial to the college to have its journal popular that interest may be excited in the school, the main object of the paper should be to entertain. I think that the HOLCAD sadly lacks this quality. It publishes orations and other pieces that everybody in the school has already read or heard. These might be replaced by articles written espec-

ially for the paper. Then, too, the Local department should be much enlarged, for when a person opens the paper he naturally looks at this department first, as this is the feature of the HOLCAD of most general interest. Another way the paper might be improved is by the printing of illustrations made by the students of the school, instead of photographs of people that are familiar to everyone. Above all things, the HOLCAD would be benefitted if every student felt that it was his duty to contribute to the paper. ELIZABETH DONALDSON.



THE COOPERATION OF THE STUDENTS.

The college paper is not the least of the many things outside of the curriculum which go to make up college life. It is or should be, the organ of the school, and particularly the organ of the students. No paper can become this without the cooperation of the students, both financial and otherwise. A student should subscribe for his own good, or for the good of the school, if for no other reason. But his duty should not end with the payment of his subscription. Every student should have a direct interest in his paper, for it is on his account that it is published. The paper is always open for contributions or suggestions and it is very seldom that the editor is troubled with too much material. The result of work by all students should be a bright and instructive paper. In most cases this is true of college papers, but in other cases the college paper is neither instructive nor entertaining. In all cases the character of the paper portrays the character of the school and its students.

S. N. WATT.

EDITORIAL,

IN ancient times and even among uncivilized people a guest was treated with the utmost respect. Yet we of the twentieth century who consider ourselves better educated, more enlightened and cultured than they, at times forget the common courtesies due our guests, forget those little acts of politeness which alone mark the true gentleman.

We have been asked to speak of this because of the treatment we received when we played W. U. P. recently. They forgot that we were their guests and on account of this many unpleasant incidents happened. Now that we appreciate the feelings of a visiting team let us try to treat our guests as we ourselves wish to be treated in their place. We can rejoice over our own playing but let us recognize the work our opponents are doing and let them cheer for their men and not try to overpower them by our more numerous rooters. We can work hard to defeat them but we can treat them courteously during the game showing them that we at least can be gentlemen.

THE present Junior class has undertaken the preparation of the college annual for this year, and the recently appointed staff are hard at work. Their task is not by any means an easy one and upon the result of their labors will depend, in a measure, the view which persons outside will have of the college.

Although the responsibility of the undertaking rests especially upon the Juniors, yet the Argo belongs to the college and ev-

ery student ought to be interested in doing his part to make it the best possible.

AN interesting feature of the Holcad this month is a collection of paragraphs written by members of the Sophomore English class on the different phases of college journalism. Each paragraph expresses the opinion of the writer with regard to what the college paper should be, how it should be conducted, or what its purpose ought to be. There are timely hints for the staff and for the student body in general as to improvement in our own journal and kindly criticisms of the different departments of the Holcad.

The free expressions of opinions is mutually helpful among students. And if as one of the above paragraphs has it, the college paper is the representative of the student body, it certainly ought to contain the thoughts and ideas of the students concerning the things which interest them. If the students would feel free to express their opinions with regard to athletics, society work, and all phases of college life through the columns of the Holcad it would add much to the interest and value of the journal.

“IF a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand.” The same principle holds good for any group or society of men. Internal strife is a far more dangerous enemy than outside opposition. It is the greatest folly for a body of students to suppose that their side could be victorious over outside opponents when they permit disputing and wrangling among their own number.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.



SING a song of street cars,
Seats all full mit chaps;
Four and twenty ladies
Hanging to the straps.
Ven der door vas opened
Der men began to read
All der advertisements
About the new breakfast feed.
All der wimmen smiling,
Hopped from feet to feet,
Bud der mucilage brothers
Stuck fast to der seats.—Ex.

Marks, looking over the newspaper—
“Hello! I see my brother-in-law is playing
foot-ball.”

“Who is that?”

“Oh Dave Melville.”

Do the recreative laws suit you, Milo?
Mr. Cox—“They don’t suit me at all;
there’s nothing doing in the evening.”

“I suppose the day you give your ora-
tion will be the big day of your life.”

Miss Finney—“No my wedding day
will be the big day.”

Pop Hays to Cooper—“Are you going
to be my brother-in-law now?”

Prof.—“What word in English comes
from the word facilis meaning easy?”

Student—“Faculty.”—Ex.

When asked why he didn’t dress up,
Marks replied: “Oh she loves me just as I
am.”

Cap. Davis says if he only had \$5000
and a good job he’d get married.

Poor Feebles, (about to be operated on
for appendicitis)—“Doctor before you be-
gin I wish you would send and have our
pastor, the Rev. Mr. Harps come over.”

Dr. Cutter—“Certainly, if you wish it,

but—ah!—” “I’d like to to be opened with
prayer ”—Ex.

Miss Melville is now recognized as one
of our best hunters. She can catch rabbits
without snow.

Don’t forget the Holcad box. If you
want to make the local department better,
help it along yourself.

Went to see a foot-ball game
Thought I could play the same
So in hustle I joined the eleven
I am writing this from heaven.—Ex.

Milo Cox, In an impromptu on good
roads.—“Why good roads are good for sev-
eral things and then they are good to take a
stroll on.”

A new word has been added to our
language by Walter Todd Scott. It is “un-
overcomeable.”

As Miss Caster finished her oration
Shrader was heard remarking, “Gee that
was pretty fine wasn’t it!”

Captain of Salvation army (to by-
standers)—“What is your business, sir?”

“I am a commercial agent, sir”

“Are you saved?”

“Oh I’m all right.”

Captain (to congregation) “Hallelujah
A commercial agent saved. He can save
to the uttermost.”

Teacher—“Tommy repeat after me,
Moses was an austere man and made atone-
ment for the sins of his people.”

Tommy—“Moses was an oyster man
and made ointment for the skins of his peo-
ple.”—Ex.

Miss Finney,—“I like sleepy things.”

Jno. Campbell—“I’d rather sleep than
eat.”

ALUMNI NOTES.



A. R. HUNT, '02, professor of mathematics in Greenville High School spent a few days recently with college friends.

A. B. Reid '01 has been unanimously called to the strong congregation of Service, Iowa.

Wm. E. Porter, '89 was elected Judge of Lawrence County at the recent election. He was nominated by the Democrats and was endorsed by the Prohibition Party.

Harold Thompson, ex. '03, of Mercer, but at present a student in the Medical Department of the University of Southern California, was married recently to Miss Elsie Ford of Los Angeles, California.

Lloyd O. Thompson, class of '04, has not yet taken up post-graduate work at Yale as he had intended. He is at present engaged as Physical Director in a California College.

Rev. J. A. Alexander, '86, of Cambridge, Mass., is home in New Wilmington visiting his mother, Mrs. L. H. Alexander.

We are glad to announce to our Alumni and friends that Prof. McElree, who has been seriously ill at Boulder, Col., is steadily improving. His father has returned home very much encouraged by his present condition.

Rev. Robert Hamill, '95, of Fayetteville, Tenn., has received an informal call

to the Mt. Hope congregation, Chartiers Presbytery.

Miss Mary E. Cochran, '04, while attending the Teachers' Institute at Mercer, spent Sabbath, November 13, with friends in New Wilmington. Among other Alumni attending Institutes were Bessie Gilkey, '04, Mabel Welsh, '03, and Charles Porter, '02.

One of the recent happenings in Society's Realm was the pretty wedding of Miss Bessie Whitney, '06, and Rev. Ira Leeper, '01, which took place at the Whitney home in New Wilmington on the afternoon of November 16. Rev. David Taylor, pastor of the Methodist church, New Wilmington, performed the ceremony. The bride was given away by her father. The maid of honor was Miss Bernice Lindley of this place, while Rev. R. R. Littell, '99, of Cannonsburg, acted as best man. After the ceremony had been performed, the guests partook of an elaborate wedding dinner. Congratulations followed, and the newly wedded couple left immediately for their new home at Clinton, Butler County, where Mr. Leeper has been unanimously called to the pastorate of the U. P. church. Among the alumni who were present at the wedding were: M. McKim, '01, Vera and Howell Getty, '03, Lewis Perkins, '04. Elizabeth McBane, '01, Edith Mercer, '02, Corrine Mercer, '01.

Gilfilan, '03, paid a visit to New Wilmington, recently.

ATHLETICS.



If the present rate of our Football team continues, it is probable that the records for many years will be broken. Out of seven games played we have lost but two. So far this season we have scored 197 points to our opponents 53. The record our team is making far exceeds the expectations of the most ardent rooter at the first of the season. Indeed, when we consider the fact that only three regular players on last year's team are playing this fall, the work of the team seems truly marvelous.

The Allegheny-Westminster game was played here on Oct. 22. The result of the game was a surprise not only to Allegheny but to ourselves as well. We expected to beat them, but no one entertained an idea that we would score the half of 76 points.

The two teams seemed evenly matched in weight but the game had scarcely begun till the superiority of the home team made itself felt. In Westminster's every play there was noted a vim and dash that seemed lacking in the work of the visitors.

The game opened with Allegheny defending the west goal. Locke kicked off for Westminster, and Allegheny was downed on the 25 yard line. They could not gain and were forced to kick, Westminster getting the ball on the 40 yard line. Then, after a couple short gains, Locke burst through the line and ran 35 yards, for the first touchdown.

From this on the game was all our way. Scott ran the ends for 30 and 40

yards, while Mercer, Calhoun and Marks made gains of 50, 55 and 65 yards. Westminster gained through the line at will, while her defence was like a stone wall. Only twice in the entire game did Allegheny make first down. Westminster scored 8 touchdowns in the first half and five in the second. The feature of the game was the goal kicking of Locke. He kicked 10 goals in succession, missing the 11th by a few inches. The "varsity" lined up as follows.

| | | |
|----------|---------------|-------|
| Davidson | r. e. Calhoun | l. e. |
| Cleland | r. t. Love | l. t. |
| Gorden | r. g. Clark | l. g. |
| Everhart | c. Scott | q. |
| Marks | r. n. Mercer | l. n. |
| Locke | f. | |

Subs. McKay, E. Calhoun, Nevin.

Touchdowns: Marks, 2; Mercer, 3, Locke, 4; Scott, 2; E. Calhoun, Cleland.

The Westminster-Grove City game resulted in a victory for Westminster, 23 to 0. This is the first time in the history of football that Westminster has defeated Grove City on her home grounds. The game was fought bitterly from the kick off, Eddie Campbell, G. C.'s plucky quarterback playing a desperate game. He did most of the tackling for Grove City, and in the second half, by a twenty yard run, made their only real gain. For Westminster the whole team played a fine game. Love, Mercer, Locke and Marks were the men who had the honor of scoring touchdowns, and each of them played brilliantly. The work of

Everhart at center deserves special mention, as he more than held his own against Grove City's star center.

Grove City kicked off to Mercer who was downed on the 25 yard line. The visitors began a steady march toward their opponent's goal, but their offence was marred by three unfortunate fumbles. Each time the ball was lost, however, the line held fast, and G. C. was forced to punt. Finally, after a series of line plunges, Locke was pushed over for the first touchdown. One more touchdown was scored in the first half. In the second half two touchdowns were scored in quick succession, and each time Locke added another point by kicking goal. The game was called before the second half was nearly finished. Had the full game been played it is probable that Westminster would have scored a couple more touchdowns.

The game was largely attended, over 1000 people being present. A large crowd of Westminster rooters cheered the team on to victory. Their presence aided no little in the brilliant victory of the team. The line up.

| | | | |
|---------------|-----------|------------|---|
| Westminster | 23 | Grove City | 0 |
| Davidson..... | r. e..... | McConnell | |
| Cleland..... | r. t..... | Bozelle | |
| Gordan..... | r. g..... | Reed | |
| Everhart..... | e..... | McCullum | |
| Clark..... | l. g..... | Dight | |
| Love..... | l. t..... | Burns | |
| Calhoun..... | l. e..... | Dodds | |
| Scott..... | q..... | Campbell | |
| Marks..... | r. h..... | Sandalls | |
| Mercer..... | l. h..... | Welty | |
| Locke..... | f..... | Irwin | |

Officials, Aiken and Campbell of W. and J.

On Saturday, Nov. 11, the "varsity" defeated the Hiram college team, 23-0. The game was a hard one on the players. Wearing by a ride of 14 miles on hacks, and 50 miles by train the boys were in poor shape for the hard game. The game itself was marred by roughness and wrangling. Offside plays and forward passes were features. Canfield, who filled the double office of coach and referee, refused to notice the foul tactics of the home team, and materially aided them in keeping down the score.

Several players were injured and forced to leave the game; and while the substitutes did good work, still the absence of the regular men weakened the team. Of the four touchdowns, Mercer scored 3 and Love 1. Calhoun, who took Locke's place at full, played a good game.

— —

The Reserves have won and lost since our last issue. On Nov. 5th they defeated Rayen High School's strong team, 16-0. The game was a good hard one from start to finish. Tannehill, Stewart and Cochran scored the touchdowns.

Grove City's second team defeated the Reserves, 6-5. The Reserves were hampered by the absence of several of their regular men. Otherwise it would have been an easy victory for Capt Long's husky lads.

Look at our advertisements; it will pay you.

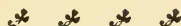
MUSIC AND ART.



THE first concert on this year's lyceum course was given on Wednesday evening, November 2, by the Lulu Tyler Gates company. Mrs. Gates' readings were the chief feature of the evening's program. The harpist's playing won general approval.

The first lecture of this same course was given on November 18, by Dr. A. A. Willitts, generally known as the "Apostle of Sunshine." The subject upon which Dr. Willitts lectured was "Philosophy of a Happy Life."

Junior orations began Friday evening, November 11. A new rule has been established and all Juniors are required to give their orations this term, and they will give them in alphabetical order every Friday evening the rest of this year.



Y. M. & Y. W. C. A.

TO the conscientious student the question of time is an oft recurring one: "Have I time for this?" "Have I time for that?" Not least important among the matters which claim its attention are Y. M. C. A. and Bible Study. Instead of asking ourselves 'Have I time for these?' let us say rather "Are they worth the time required for them?" For just in proportion as we value a subject, to such an extent do we find time for its study. Once get an idea of the value of Y. M. C. A. and Bible study in the development, wid-

The following have been chosen by the literary societies as their representatives in the contests next spring:

PRELIMINARY ORATORS

| Adelphic. | Philomath. |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| L. J. Davidson '07, | J. A. Stranahan '05. |
| E. E. Hazlett '06, | W. V. Irons '06. |
| D. T. Rose '06. | D. J. Moore '07. |

INTER-SOCIETY CONTESTANTS.

| Adelphic. | Philomath. |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| Declamation | |
| J. W. Acheson '07 | J. C. Campbell '07. |
| Essay | |
| G. A. Lewis '06, | W. D. Mercer '05. |
| Oration | |
| D. C. Fulton '05, | R. W. Yourd '05. |
| Debate | |
| R. A. Henderson '06. | W. T. Scott '05. |

ening and deepening of life, and the matter of time will largely solve itself.

The Tuesday evening meetings while generally not largely attended, are always interesting and helpful. There is manifest in the meetings this term more than for several terms, a freedom of expression and a disposition to take part that makes them well worth attending.

The Bible and Mission Study Conference held at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., October 29 and 30 was attended by six delegates from Westmsnster: Messrs. Henderson, Adams, McCown, Acheson, Brown, and Laughlin, Grove City College

was represented by twelve men and Edinboro State Normal by twelve men. In addition to addresses by Mr. R. H. Edwards of Yale and Dr. C. H. Haas of Michigan University, conferences on Mission Study were conducted by Dr. Haas and on Bible Study by Mr. Edwards and Mr. W. J. Miller, Jr., State Secretary for colleges. The addresses were earnest and uplifting, the cordial reception and considerate attention accorded by the Allegheny men to their visitors made the short stay a pleasant one and was appreciated by all the delegates. At the closing conference of the convention, Sabbath evening Westminster declared herself as determined to close the school year with 80 men in Bible Study classes and 50 men in Mission Study classes. What will you do to help realize the number?

The delegates to this convention gave short reports in the Tuesday evening meeting, Nov. 8, each man reporting on some phase of the conference.

The week beginning Sabbath November 13 is the Week of Prayer for colleges. Daily meetings are held by the young men at 1:30 P. M. and by the young ladies at 4:45 P. M. Thus far the meetings, particularly the young men's meetings, have not been so well attended as they should be considering their helpful character. Every one who wishes to spend a profitable half hour should come.

Union meetings were held in the chapel Sabbath afternoon and Tuesday evening and were well attended.

The topics discussed are:

Sabbath: The Royal invitation to Prayer. 2 Chron. 1:7; John 26:24; Luke 18:41.

Monday.

Our confidence in prayer is strengthened by the Glorious Character of Him who invites us. Matt. 7:11; Heb. 7:24, 25 10:23; Rom. 7:26.

Tuesday.

The One way of Access—The Unfailing name of Jesus. John, 14:13; 1 Tim. 2:5. Wednesday.

Our Divine Temple of Prayer—His Presence. Matt. 6:6; 18:20.

Thursday.

Where, When and for whom ought we to pray. 1 Tim. 2:1; 2:8; Luke 18:1.

Friday.

In what spirit must we Pray. 1 Peter 5:2, James 1:6, Mark 11:22, Col. 4:2.

Saturday.

The Divine Measure of Answer. Rom. 10:12; Heb. 11:6; Eph. 3:20, 21.

W. J. Miller, Jr., the State Secretary for college associations, expects to visit us about December 12 or 13. Let us begin now to prepare for his coming in order that the day which he spends with us may be productive of the most good.



Exchanges.

AMONG our new exchanges we note the "State Collegian" published by State College, and The Clarion, East High School Rochester, New York. The State Collegian is published weekly. It makes no pretence of literary excellence, but gives the facts and the news of the college work.

Professor—"What happens when a man's temperature goes down very low?"

Student—"He has cold feet. Sir."

A newly discovered law in physics: The deportment of the pupil varies inversely as the square of the distance from the teacher's desk.

There was a crowd for there were three,
The girl, the parlor lamp and he;
Two is company and no doubt
That's why the parlor lamp went out.

THE HOLCAD.

College Songs.

Dashing thro the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh;
O'er the fields we go
Laughing all the way."

If the present kind of weather keeps up we won't have much chance of enjoying this pastime; but we can at least sing about it. Of course there are other things necessary besides the snow and a one-horse sleigh. You must have an "Annie Laurie" or if you prefer it, a "Darling Clementine" to occupy the other seat. Perhaps you are not so situated. Well then, write to "Rosalie," "Down by the Riverside," near "Your Old Kentucky Home." Let her know that vacation comes in five more weeks. Tell her and "Dear Evelina," too, about your friend "Bohunkus" who is coming down with you. There would be no end to the things you might say if you had these seventy-eight college songs at your tongue's end.

Haven't I mentioned those songs before? Well, they need no introduction. You all know "Solomon Levi" and "Old Black Joe." These old friends and a lot of new ones, you will find in an attractively bound book entitled "The most Popular College Songs." Fifty cents will buy it from Hines, Noble & Eldridge, New York City. If you like bright, cheerful songs you will find them in this book.

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T. H. Jewell

DRUGGIST.

At McKinley's old stand, where he would be pleased to meet all old customers, and some new ones.

A BIT OF THE NORTHLAND.



FAR to the north, in the province of Ontario lies Caoutchiching, not so extensively known as the great chain of the Muskoka lakes, but in itself a beauty spot. Connected by a strait with Simcoe, whose 40 miles of water lie to the south, it is drained by the Severn River, which finds its source in Caoutchiching waters and its outlet in the Georgian bay.

Caoutchiching is twelve miles in length and from one to four miles in width. It is not a deep lake, in which respect it differs from Muskoka, and while its waters are not dark and treacherous looking, it bears this characteristic, that it is the lake of many winds, as its Indian name designates.

Its waters are dotted with islands the largest of which is called Chief Island from the fact that it belongs to the chief of the Ojibwah Indians whose reservation lies on the eastern shore and bears the name of Rama.

This island was reserved for these Indians by the Canadian government, and contains the burying ground of the tribe. Upon the death of the chief it passes to his successor, to be held in trust for the tribe.

Attempts have recently been made to secure it, by enterprising individuals, for the purpose of erecting cottages thereon but tradition is not yet extinct among the Ojibwahs, and they hold to it with the tenacity characteristic of their race.

At Rama there is stationed a white missionary and here this humble servant of

God lives year by year faithfully plying his tasks.

It may be of interest to note that Longfellow mentions the land of the Ojibwahs in the famous poem Hiawatha.

In the summer small steamers, sailing yachts, canoes and row boats ply Caoutchiching's waters and she receives her quota of tired men and women from the cities and from the "States" who seek a respite from labor and come where the lake breezes blow.

The country surrounding this little lake is picturesque to say the least.

True Canadian forests or as they are termed by the natives the Bush, border the shores and here we find the birch, the pine, the cedar and the maple in abundance.

Farther north are situated the lumber camps and in the fall and winter great crowds of men from the region of Caoutchiching bid their families farewell and are off to the "shanties." Many tales may be heard from these shantymen of their life in the bush, if one cares to inquire in the right way of them.

The soil in this region resembles that of New England and is not very fertile. The country is exceedingly rocky and some men find it more profitable to convert the lime stone into lime, than to spend their time farming. Swamp hay is raised for their scrawny Canadian ponies and some attention is paid to bee hiving.

If one wanders off among the hills he may run across Silver Creek, the home of

the speckled trout, and if he pause on the summit of one of those high hills he may catch a glimpse of the blue of the Georgian Bay twenty miles to the west.

The Canadians invariably use the canoe when on the water and have a certain contempt for the work required by the row boat. Their skill is remarkable and races are annually held for canoes and sculls, for scull racing is also popular.

In the winter the waters of Caoutch-iching are frozen to considerable depth. The thermometer in common weather is 25 and 30 degrees below zero. Farther north it falls to 45 degrees below.

Spearing fish, skating and hockey are amusements in the winter, while La Crosse is their great outdoor game in the summer.

It is this region of Ontario that we Americans on the whole know most about. East of it are Labrador and Nova Scotia, to the west Manitoba and British Columbia rich in lumber and possessed of fertile soil.

To the north are great forests, so aptly described by Longfellow's words: "This is the forest primeval."

The Canadian people are kind hearted and loyal to their country and their king.

It is to be regretted that our knowledge of this vast country whose area is almost that of the United States, but whose population is only a few millions, is not larger.

Great possibilities lie wrapped in this country. Immigrants are flocking to Manitoba and British Columbia, the railways are extending their lines and Canada is branching out in every direction.

Toronto next to Boston perhaps is the greatest educational center on the conti-

nent and is fitly called the city of churches and universities.

Much newspaper talk is in evidence these days concerning the annexation of Canada, but such a move while probably being to our advantage would never be consented to by Britain without terrible and bloody opposition, which should never be permitted to occur again between these two great Saxon powers.

ROBERT W. YOURD, '05.

TWO LITTLE RAG DOLLS.

THE meadows were still covered with dew as Little Miss Ray passed through the park gate and along the path which led to the stile. Not knowing just where she was, she sat down to rest and it was then she discovered that the Nurse Marie was missing. Miss Ray was not in the least concerned at this. At four you don't worry at not being over-watched. Then, too, Marie's presence reminded her of the big house where she always seemed in some one's way. There was the Beautiful Lady whom Marie told her to call mother and whom she often saw passing through the halls with her bright dress rustling as she went.

One day as she was coming up the stairs she met the Lady going down just dressed to go out. How pretty she looked! How soft and fluffy that white thing round her neck! Ray wondered if it would feel as soft as the woolly toy dog that Marie sometimes gave her when she left her alone in the dark. She put up her little arms to see, and to kiss her as she did Marie. But the Beautiful Lady cried "No, No, you will crush my dress," and went on down the stairs to make herself as agreeable and

sweet as she could to everyone at the party. The baby's little yellow head dropped and a few hot tears fell on the soft carpet. She did not move, tho' she heard some one coming slowly up the stairs behind her. She knew from the tap of the cane that it was the old man who they said was her grandfather. She loved this old man; but Marie said he was childish. What did childish mean?

Just then a trembling hand was laid on her soft hair. "There, little girl, don't cry. Your little troubles will soon be forgotten." She lifted up her head and a smile came through the tears, but the old man didn't see it for he was blind. And that was the last time she ever tried to kiss the Beautiful Lady.

But children are never unhappy long at a time, and Ray soon forgot everything except how beautiful was this new world into which she had wandered. The sun was so much warmer here than in the Park. Even the birds sang sweeter and everything seemed to smile on her. She threw up her little arms and laughed aloud.

This startled a rabbit that was hiding near in the grass, so that he jumped out and ran quickly down the path. As Ray followed him with her eyes she noticed two little girls about her own age sitting on the top of the stile far down the path. She got up and ran towards them. Reaching the stile Ray noticed that these little girls had on no shoes or stockings. She began to feel ashamed of her own, and sat down on the grass and tried to pull them off, but they wouldn't come. So she stopped tugging at them and looked at her neighbors.

They were pleasant, happy looking

children, and tho' they did not have Ray's beautiful features they also lacked the wistful, hungry look in her eyes. These children evidently knew a mother's love, tho' their clothes were faded and worn. They thought everyone loved them, and they in turn loved and trusted everybody. The smile they gave Ray from their perch filled her little heart with sunshine, and she immediately loved them better than anyone she had ever seen before.

"Won't you climb up here by us, and see my new sunbonnet. My muver made it for me, and one for sister, too. My muver loves me and sister, and she told us not to lose our bonnets, cuz they's just new."

Ray did climb the stile after a good deal of puffing and felt very important when she at last reached the top. The Little Lady admired the bonnets exceedingly. She liked pink and her bonnets were always white.

"Do you think that my mother would love me, and my father would let me play with the papers in his waste paper basket if I had a pretty bonnet like this?" she asked wistfully.

But the children did not answer for a gust of wind came along and blew the bonnets down among some bushes, which were growing near, and all three climbed down to get them. After they found the bonnets the children discovered some berries growing on the bushes. They decided to eat them, for they looked so pretty and round. When they grew tired of this they went back to the stile and played with two little rag dolls which belonged to the peasant children. Little Lady Ray was greatly taken with these dolls. Their faces would not break, and they had no hair to get

tangled, so she could love them far harder than she ever dared love her own. What a grand time she had!

But it was beginning to get warm, and after playing a short time they all felt very sleepy. They fought it off for a while, but soon the two children on the top step put their dark tousled heads down on the hard stile. Then without any more hesitation the gold one dropped down with them, and before long the three were dreaming of the little rag dolls.

The children had not slept more than five minutes when Ray was awakened by the sound of her Grandfather's voice. She sat up, brushed the curls out of her eyes, and called to him. "Here Grandfather, I'm down here by the stile. And, Oh, I do feel so sleepy, and my head's so hot! Won't you carry me home, Daddy dear?"

The old man followed the direction of her voice. "My. Oh! Have you wandered so far? We've been looking for you for some time. This is a pretty place, tho' there is nightshade near, I remember having to watch for it when I came for dew berries. Are the dew berries here still? I remember gathering them in this very meadow long ago. They don't have such fine ones now. How sweet and bright were the berries that grew on the vines that trailed by the paths of my youth! but I wish the nightshade did not grow here." The old man could not see; but his memory went back to the field of his boyhood, and found the morning sunshine bright and fair.

When Ray's Grandfather went to lift her, half sleeping, from the stile, the child did not seem to want to go. Poor little girl! This was the happiest day she had

ever had! As she bent over to kiss her sleeping playmates goodbye the youngest one opened her eyes and smiling sleepily held out the doll to Ray. It was her most treasured possession, yet something in her baby heart told her that Ray needed it most.

One day the following winter Lady Raedon called at the home of her laundress to leave some fine laces which she wished to have mended. The kind working woman's heart was filled with pity as she took the order from the mistress. Everyone in the valley was remarking about the change in their Lady since Little Miss Ray's death. She was not seen as much riding about in her fine clothes, but the peasants found that she was more sympathetic with them when they met. In her eyes was the same wistful look that little Ray had had. She had found too late the value of a baby's love.

"Have you found what was wrong yet, My Lady?" asked the good woman respectfully.

"No Nora, the doctors do not know, she just seemed to sleep away. When we fixed her for her last rest we found in the bodice of her dress a little rag doll. I put it back in her little hands. Likely she picked it up in the fields that afternoon."

"Strange," thought Nora, "Just like my babies. And they could do no more for mine."

We all crave sympathy. And perhaps that is what the poor laundress wanted as she turned and went slowly to her crude cupboard which stood in one corner of the little room. Silently she opened the drawer and brought to her mistress the shoes that covered the feet that once pattered about

her cottage door. In one of them was a little rag doll. The woman fingered it tenderly with her hard rough hands. Poor little relic of baby dreams that once made the cold hearts beat so warmly. She hid her face in the doll's soft dress. Tears came to the eyes of her mistress, and the cold face softened as the proud Lady gave her hand to the one who was poor and lowly and mingled her grief with her servants. And outside the same snow fell on three little graves, tho' one was marked with a marble shaft, while on the others a few white snow drops grew.

ELIZABETH DONALDSON.



PEACE TRIUMPHANT.

SINCE time began there have been battles to win. Since man first left the garden, he has had the forces of the elements to fight against; himself with his genius for scheming on one side, nature with all her forces on the other.

The world is the battle ground. Victory remains to be won. To gain this victory generals strive, that they may taste the glory of its fruit; for it, politicians bitterly contend; toward it, the man of business looks longingly, hoping that he too may win gold and the power that it brings.

These all by turmoil and strife, seek to win some prize of worldly power. But there are victories won without turmoil that bring glory to men politically, commercially, morally and intellectually—The Victories of Peace.

To the best political development of a nation, peace is essential. The politics of a nation cannot advance unless that nation

has a stable government. This is impossible when war is continually waged. Notice how Germany existed for centuries as many small kingdoms. Torn apart by the cruel hand of war a strong political union was impossible. But it is altogether different with a peaceful nation. See how the United States has been united from the beginning of her national existence. One by one the defects in our government have been removed. Year by year the standard of our politics has risen, until today we have the ideal government of the world. Our influence is felt over all christendom. Other nations are patterning after us. With peace as our motto we have set a standard for the world. And so it is with any nation when she follows directly the principles of peace.

The next attainment of peace that makes it the predominant propagator of the world's progress, is its commercial victory.

This is a world of mutual helpfulness. One man depends on the help of another, that he may secure a living; and one nation depends on the help of another that her inhabitants may have the necessities of life. So it is a nation's duty as well as its gain to carry on commerce. But as a ship will not put out to sea during a storm, neither will those engaged in commerce risk their wealth to the hazards of war.

But peace increases a nation's commerce at home as well as abroad.

Men are renowned in the degree that they are industrious. The literary man is famous according to his skill in writing; the politician according to his work in politics; and the business man according to his energy in business. Thus it is with nations. A nation's activities decide its

fame; and its greatest activity is its domestic commerce. But industry cannot be carried on at home while war is raging. Hear the cries of the French, as the wars and persecutions of a tyrant king deprive them of bread! Hear those of the Germans, as they suffer under the cloud of the Thirty Years War! See the still wheels of American factories during the Civil War! And then, see how in the last few years, these nations have been gaining in internal prosperity. To what is this prosperity due? Peace! Peace without parallel in all the former history of the world.

But a greater victory of peace, is found in its moral victory.

Immorality is the greatest disaster that can come upon a nation. To it many kingdoms owe their fall. Rome ruled the world. Her victorious eagles were found in all known lands; her scholars and orators acquired a degree of education almost as high as that of the Greeks; her commerce assumed a magnitude not equaled by the Phœnicians. And yet the immorality of Nero and others of his type, undermined the foundations of the empire. This immorality is traced directly to petty wars, carried on for avarice, glory or hatred.

Today, upon the ruins of this fallen power, is rising a pure, vigorous, constitutional monarchy. She is carefully cultivating right habits of living among her subjects. She is zealously avoiding giving offence to any foreign nation. Peace is her motto; for under its guidance with true virtue as a helper, she sees her only development.

The greatest victory of peace however, is in the intellectual realm. Education is one of the great sources of national success.

It brings out the undeveloped resources of a nation, cleanses the politics, improves the morals, and puts that nation forward as the predominant factor in the affairs of the world.

But education cannot be gained by a nation that is continually engaged in war. Some of the South American countries are the most ignorant in the world. And they will be ignorant as long as the petty jealousies and wars of scheming politicians exist there. And so it is with all war-like nations; for war and education cannot flourish together. Reading the history of the middle ages, one of the twentieth century is amazed at the stagnation of progress among the nations. There were few books, the very simplest kind of machinery and many of the highest rank could not write their own names. Their attention was wholly taken up by the innumerable wars among the nations. It was only during a lull in the storm of war that progression was begun and then the advancement was slow, until the last of the eighteenth century, when there was inaugurated the beginning of a wonderful era of enlightenment. Unheard of machinery has been invented, the civilized world has been flooded with books; never was art cultivated more extensively. So peace is responsible for our wonderful advancement in civilization.

Having seen the victories of peace, we can say with Milton: "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." But her good achievements shall not stop here. The coming ages will see her wholly triumphant; for arbitration is her hand-maiden; the golden rule is her embodiment; the millenium is her ultimate goal.

E. E. HAZLETT, '06.

EDITORIAL.



THE bete noir of the Juniors lives is a thing of the past and their anxious minds are again at peace. The orations and essays this year deserve a great deal of credit, being above the average in thought and delivery—and their appreciation was testified by the large audiences which attended each evening. While some evenings the subjects became monotonous yet they were treated differently and many of them showed great originality.

There is still room for improvement however. It is not easy for those who appear before an audience for the first time to do themselves justice but since the course in public speaking is now compulsory we may hope for great things from the Juniors of future years. To sway an audience the speaker must not lack the art of oratory. The powerful orator not only gives his listeners word pictures but he emphasizes his ideas by his gestures which are spontaneous, easy and simple. He follows Hamlet's advice to his players, which many of our speakers might heed, in which he says, "Speak the speech, I pray you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand but use all gently."



ON the first of this month the doors of the great Louisiana Purchase International Exposition were closed. And now that it is a thing of the past we begin to wonder whether or not the results are

such as to justify the great expenditure of labor and capital which were necessary to prepare such an exposition.

There have been so many fairs of a similar sort in recent years that people have lost some of their interest in them. This fact may in a measure account for the comparatively small number of visitors at St. Louis. And yet, though the crowds of sight-seers were smaller than might have been hoped, the success of the undertaking financially was beyond the expectations of the most sanguine.

For beauty of architecture and symmetry of arrangement the Ivory city was noted. The stately white palaces, the broad plazas, and the lagoons attracted beauty lovers by day while the cascades with their changing lights and the electrical illumination composed a display at night of which one never grew tired.

But as an educational agency the World's Fair at St. Louis was perhaps most successful. Every one of the great palaces of the arts and industries was a veritable store-house of knowledge. The studious visitor was simply overwhelmed with the number of interesting and valuable things presented for his notice and appreciation. One could not walk through the Philippine villages without discovering a great many facts with regard to the new proteges of the United States, their condition and needs. The Japanese exhibits were also highly interesting and instructive. In fact it was impossible to be on

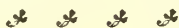
the grounds of the Exposition for even an hour or two without absorbing as it were, some new ideas.

This exposition was certainly a worthy memorial of the Louisiana Purchase. Almost the only fault one can find with it is that it was of too great magnitude to be appreciated even in its main features by the average person.



THE time for final examinations has arrived with all its attendant train of horrors. We may expect now to hear on

nearly every lip those saddest of words, "It might have been." If we pass we sigh, it might have been with greater credit." "If we fail we declare in despair. "It might have been otherwise." We smother the insinuations of conscience with the assurance that it was just "bad luck" and adverse Fate has far more blame laid at her door than she deserves. When will man ever awake to the fact that he himself—and not whimsical chance is master of his fate and that he has but himself to blame if each day of his life closes in vain regrets.



HOLCADES MIKRAI.



Irishman—"How does me photygraft strike ye?"

Wife—"It hasn't struck me yet, but it is so much like ye I expect it to any minute."—The Princeton Tiger.

"If a man is so thin that he can put his hand through the neck of a bottle, is it a slight of hand trick?"

Ross D. passing an empty dish to Miss Finney at a party—"Will you have some—Honey?"

Cap.—"Any one who takes me from my girl will be hurt."

Prof.—"What are you copying those Latin rules for?"

"Why, you said to learn them by 'wrote'.—Ex.

"You say your washerwoman reminds you of a good preacher?"

"Yes, she's always bringing things home to me that I never saw before."

Miss B., looking out of the window Friday evening as some one approaches—"My man! My man! My kingdom for my Man!"

"I'm deeply touched," remarked the diver as his head struck a rock on the bottom.—Harvard Lampoon.

Mr. Welch, as Miss Bigger was being congratulated on her oration—"You may guess how proud I am."

"John has spent his time trying to elevate struggling women."

"A philanthropist?"

"No, elevator man in a department store."

The miser was carefully digging a hole in the earth in which to hide his ill-gotten hoard. "I always have thought it best," he remarked, with a chuckle, "to put my money into real estate."—Princeton Tiger.

Bill—"Heard the story about the bed?"

Bob—"Nothing in it?"

Bill—"No, that's where you lie."—Ex.

Gumps—"You have got to admit that many a man has gone to Heaven solely through the efforts of his wife."

Dumps—"That's true enough, otherwise the men would be living yet."—Harvard Lampoon.

Dr. Campbell—"Mr. McNary, what are the three high crimes for which a senator can be arrested?"

Mr. McNary—"Treason, felony, and breach of promise."

Miss M. Masters—"Those two people manipulate (monopolize) the library all the time."

"Why does that lad talk under his breath!"

"I suppose he isn't a tall enough talker to get over it."—Harvard Lampoon.

Miss Elizabeth Douthett, of Butler, and Miss Sara Douthett, of Brownsdale, spent Thanksgiving with Miss Jane Douthett, '06.

As a group was discussing how dear diamonds are becoming, Shrader remarked—"I think Pearls are dearer."

Mr. McNary—"I don't see how you know anything about it. The side curtains were on."

"Why was Bismark called the Iron Chancellor?"

"Because every time he got hot he lost his temper."—Ex.

"Martha isn't at school today, Adam."

Adam—"Now I wish I hadn't come either."

Minnie—"Pat intends to be a lawyer, but I think he ought to be a minister."

About two minutes later—"I'd like to be a minister's wife."

Hav'n't you a wish bone to put above the door also?"

Miss F.—"No, but I don't need one."

Miss Douthett at meeting of the "Annual" staff—You can think of the boys you know, Mr. Cochran.

Mr. Cochran—"It would be easier to think of the girls you know."

Two advocates of love at first sight: Miss Kline and Mr. Deevers.

"Papa, what is a grad?" asked Jimmie. "A grad?—Jimmie, I never heard of such a thing." "It's something to eat." "To eat?" "Yes, I heard you tell mamma about a graduate."—Ex.

Miss M.—"I would like to get a real bad case once."

Miss H.—"I would too, it would certainly be lovely."

The ship was sinking. Mike jumped overboard, reached the shore in safety, then started to swim back. "Why are you going back?" cried out a survivor. "I've saved myself, now I am going back to save Pat," answered heroic Mike.—Princeton Tiger.

Miss Melville will have her Marks whether she takes her examinations or not.

The Junior class has decided to undertake to prepare a College Annual this year. At a recent class meeting the following Editorial Staff was elected:

Editor-in-chief—Mr. R. S. McCown.

Ass't Editor—Miss Lucile Nevin.

Associate Editor—Mr. G. L. Cochran.

Ass't Associate Editor—Miss Jane Douthett.

Business Manager—Mr. W. V. Irons.

Assistant Bus. Manager—Mr. W. F. Christee.

Miss C., looking out of the window, and seeing a boy riding on a velocipede: "Oh, look at that little boy riding on an encyclopaedia."

One of the most entertaining events of the term was a Two Act Comedy, "Nance Oldfield," given in the College Chapel, Monday, Dec. 5, for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The following was the Cast of Characters:

Nance Oldfield.....Miss Acheson
Susan (her cousin).....Miss McLachlan
Nathan Oldworthy.....Mr. J. A. Stranahan
Alexander Oldworthy, Mr. J. C. Campbell
Robert.....Mr. J. A. Barr

The performance of the play showed much talent and study on the part of the actors; and it was greatly enjoyed by the spectators. Between the acts Misses Hines and McVey, Prof. Peterson, and the Crystal Quartette favored the audience with music which was highly appreciated.

The Junior Orations ended last Tuesday, Dec. 13. This is the first time in the history of the college that every member of the class has given an oration in the Junior year.

Mr. Laughlin, as he is about to play on the mandolin—"This piece is in the key of S."

Miss Bigger—"I am going to get a music box."

Mr. Welch—"You'll wan't some one to turn it for you, won't you?"

ALUMNI NOTES.



A NUMBER of the alumni, students and friends of Westminster College who attended the Missionary Convention in Pittsburg recently, assembled together on the evening of December 8th, between sessions. Supper was served and after dinner speeches were made in the interest of the old college.

F. J. Warnock, '04, and Gilfillan, '03, were in Pittsburg at the first of the month, taking an examination in law.

Miss Sarah Gealey has been teaching the New Bedford, Pa., school which Miss Dora Cowden had to give up on account of sickness.

Alumni visitors to New Wilmington during the last month were A. R. Hunt, '02, R. N. Grier, '01, W. R. Ferguson, '00, H. V. Kuhn, '01 and R. McGill, '02.

Geo. Perkins, '04, has obtained a position in the chemical department of the Carnegie Steel Mills, New Castle.

At the required services in the Chapel in the last month sermons were preached by Revs. J. A. Bailey, '59, J. W. Gealey, '83, W. M. Barr, '88.

Mr. F. J. Warnock, a distinguished member of the class of '04 was united in marriage Thursday, Dec. 15, with Miss Jean Lawrence, of New Castle. Miss Lawrence is a graduate of Grove City College, and a musician of rare ability. Mr. Warnock distinguished himself in College by winning the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest prize. He was also a very valuable friend of the Holcad. The members of the Holcad staff with the other students of West-

minster extend to the newly wedded couple their heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

Miss Ellen E. Russell, class of '81, formerly assistant principal in the New Castle High School, and for ten years professor of English in Tarkio College, died suddenly of heart disease, at White Haven, Pa. Interment took place from the family home in Mercer, Pa., Nov. 28.

Mr. John O'Neill, a graduate of Westminster, is engineering the elevation of railroads through Chicago. Mr. O'Neill is known in Chicago, as Track Elevation Expert O'Neill. He has already succeeded in abolishing 1400 of the 3000 or more grade crossings in the city. After the abolishing of the remaining crossings the money expended will have reached about \$97,000,000.

MUSIC AND ART.

THE end of the term finds very fair records of good work done, in the Departments both of Music and of Art. Although the enrollment in the Art Department is far below the usual number yet the work that has been done is good and we may look forward with confidence to the exhibition, feeling that it will do this department justice.

The students of the College were favored with a rare treat in Professor Peterson's Lecture-Recital on the 22nd of November. The average student does not appreciate the music of our concerts and recitals simply because he does not understand it. No one however, attending this recital of Professor Peterson could fail to

catch at least a distant glimpse of the sublime beauty in some of the masterpieces which have become the property of the public. The following is the program:

- | | | |
|-----------|-----|---|
| BACH | - | Prelude and Fugue in B flat. From the well tempered clavicorn. |
| | | Gavotte in D. From the 6th violoncello suite. |
| BEETHOVEN | | Sonata Op. 13, (Pathetique) Grave Molto Allegro Adazio, Allegro. |
| GODARD | - | Au Matin Op. 83. |
| GRIEG | - | Butterfly Op. 43, No. 1. |
| SCHUMANN | | Teasing Child. Rider of the Hobby-horse. From Scenes from Child- hood Op. 15. Traumeri. |
| RICHTER | | Gondellied in F sharp minor. |
| CHOPIN | - | Prelude in D flat. Valtz in A flat Op. 34, No. 1. |
| LISZT | - - | Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 6. |

In connection with the recitals and Junior orations Professor Peterson has submitted this little criticism and we must all confess that it is just. If the audience only knew what months and weeks of hard labor a number represents, and the very nervous state in which the performer is, making him unusually sensitive to any disturbance, that audience would surely show a little more thoughtful sympathy and help the performer all it could instead of interrupting and annoying so. Each student has some experience in public performance and knows what it means, so let him show that courtesy which is due to other performers. It is undeniable that a spirit of levity predominates during our musical numbers. "Before the establishment of the Department of Music of Westminster college, the Junior class had to

arrange for the musical numbers that constitute one of the features of "Junior Orations." This was sometimes at considerable expense to the class. In recent years the musical numbers have been furnished through the courtesy of the Department of Music. Since all college students have been, or are, or expect to be Juniors they are in a measure under obligations to this department. However, the department would be fully satisfied if the musical numbers were accorded the quiet and courteous attention that is ordinarily given to the orations. Probably this lack of attention, this annoying whispering, is due in most instances to thoughtlessness. In some cases, however it must be due to ignorance or rudeness. There are some habitual offenders whose conduct can be explained in no other way. The students who furnished the music labor long and earnestly to prepare their numbers and they are sometimes so disconcerted by the constant movement and whispering that they can scarcely render their selections. It is due them that they should be given considerable attention. Some persons may excuse themselves by saying they do not understand or they do not care for the musical numbers. Probably their appreciation would be greater if they would really listen. Then, too, there are always those who do understand and appreciate and they would like to listen in peace. It is possible that some persons in the audience come to hear the music. We are apt to judge of the culture and refinement of any person by his conduct at a public performance. It is then a courtesy not only to the performer but also to the other members of the audience to give attention to any performance

and this applies not only to Junior orations but also to all public performances, even including chapel services."



ATHLETICS.



The Westminster foot-ball team, for the season just closed, has been a decided success. Out of a total of nine games our boys have won four, tied two and lost three. We have scored 202 points to our opponents' 59. The result of the whole season is calculated to give Westminster a higher place in the opinion of the football world than she has held before. Even our rivals at Grove City pay us a compliment, though in a depreciative manner, when in their college journal they refer to our team as the "much talked about Westminster eleven."

About 175 loyal rooters accompanied the team to New Castle, on Nov. 9, and witnessed the second game of the season with Grove City. Grove City was far stronger than she was the first time we met her this season, but she would have been easily defeated had the varsity players been in the same condition they were three weeks before. The team had not recovered from the injuries received in the Hiram game the week before. With Locke and Marks on the side-lines, and with Love, Scott, Calhoun and Cleland suffering from sprained ankles and other injuries, it is a wonder that Westminster played so strong and plucky a game as she did.

The game was a struggle from start to finish. Grove City kicked off to Westminster and the ball rolled over the line West-

minster kicked out from the 25 yard line and Grove City was downed on the 45 yd. line. By end runs and line plunges the ball was carried to Westminster's 10 yard line where it was lost on downs. Westminster lost the ball in the middle of the field, but got it again on her own 20 yard line. This time by a series of five and ten yard gains on tackle bucks, Westminster carried the ball without a break to Grove City's four yard line, where it was lost on a fumble. The half ended with the ball in the center of the field.

The second half was as hotly contested as the first. Westminster gained almost at will through Grove City's line, while Grove City ran our ends pretty freely. The game ended with the ball on Westminster's 20 yard line. The tackling of Scott for Westminster, and the all round work of Welty for Grove City, entitle them to special mention. The line-up follows:

| Westminster | Grove City |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| Everhart - - - - | C - - - - McCullum |
| Gordon - - - - | R. G. - - - - Dight |
| Clark - - - - | L. G. - - - - McConnell |
| Cleland - - - - | R. T. - - - - Shaffer |
| Love Tannehill - - | L. T. - - - - Burns |
| Davidson - - - - | R. E. - - - - Marshal |
| Calhoun - - - - | L. E. - - - - Dodds |
| Scott - - - - | Q. B. - - - - Campbell |
| Leach - - - - | R. H. - - - - Sandals |
| Mercer - - - - | L. H. - - - - Welty |
| McKay - - - - | F. B. - - - - Simmons |

Referee, Campbell, W. and J.
 Umpire, Walker, U. of P.

Of the game played at Meadville on Thanksgiving day, the less said the better. Our boys went to Meadville with a team that easily outclassed their rivals, but the game ended 6-5 in favor of Allegheny college. Allegheny made her touchdown on a trick play. Westminster made hers by straight football, and, but for the most barefaced robbery, would have scored a

second one. She had the ball on Allegheny's 5 yard line, but was penalized twice in succession for offside plays she did not make, and so lost the ball. The game was then called on account of darkness.

The first basket-ball game of the season was played with New Castle. It resulted in an easy victory for Westminster by the score of 62 to 11. While the game was one-sided, it was full of interest. The home team showed good team work.

Indications point to the strongest basket-ball team the college has ever had, for the coming season. Lambie, Deevers, Calhoun, Patterson and Smith of last years five, are back in school, while Locke and Marks will decidedly strengthen their team. Young, from Butler, is also expected next term.

The basket ball management submits the following schedule which is subject to changes:

Jan. 9—Open for Geneva.
 Jan. 15—Grove City at G. C.
 Jan. 25—Morgantown at New W.
 Jan. 30—Open
 Feb. 6—Grove City at New W.
 Feb. 11—Buhl Club at Sharon
 Feb. 18 and 20—Morgantown at Morgantown.
 Feb. 27—Allegheny at Sharon.
 Mar. 4—Geneva at New W.
 Mar. 11—Wooster at New W.

Locke, who was captain of Grove City's foot ball team last year, has been chosen captain of the Westminster eleven for next season.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association on Dec. 6, Roy Deevers of Wilmerding was chosen Football manager for 1905, and J. A. Barr, '06, was elected to manage the second team.

Y. M. C. A.



THE last meeting of the fall term was held Tuesday evening, December 13, in the college chapel. Mr. W. J. Miller Jr. State Secretary for colleges, was present and spoke on the phases of a positive and negative christian life. It was a talk which might well come home to every one present and should be kept in mind when forming plans for next year's work. While here Mr. Miller met with the Y. M. C. A. cabinet and with the various committees and suggested plans for work during the coming term.

The completion of this term's work, ends our work for 1904. Before we again meet as an association, the year 1905 shall have begun and with it some new plans, new purposes, new ideals. Shall we not give the Y. M. C. A. during the coming year its rightful place in our considerations?

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THE POWER OF HABIT.

LIFE is made up of habits. When we look upon living creatures from an outward point of view one of the first things that strikes us is that they are bundles of habits. Habit is the child of impulse. There is, in the human life, the period of impulse when habit is nothing and there is the period of habit when impulse is nothing. In childhood all is impulse and there is nothing that can be called habit. In the second childhood of old age all is habit and there is very little that can be called impulse. Impulse is habit in formation; habit is impulse fixed. And when it is once fixed, impulse is powerless against it. Indeed, all impulse falls into it. It is like a deep, swift and resistless river into which an opposing mountain current may pour, with tremendous momentary shock and agitation, but with no effect whatever save to increase the volume, rapidity and fury of the tide, as it turns and sweeps downward to the sea. We are all the time following the influences that will presently be our rulers; we are making our own destiny. Habits, good or bad, are forming. In time these acquire a power over us that enslaves the will and from which, we neither will nor can break loose.

The human nervous system is composed of a plastic substance which is weak enough to yield to an influence, but strong enough not to yield all at once. What are the influences to which nervous tissues yields? Are they any of the common forces? Nature has carefully enclosed the brain and spinal cord in bony boxes where

no common influences can get at them. She has floated them in fluid and blanketed and wrapped them in altogether an exceptional way. The only impressions that can be made upon them are through the blood, on the one hand, and through the sensory nerve-roots, on the other.

It is to the nerve currents that pour in through these latter channels, that the nervous tissue finally yields. It is fashioned and arranged by these currents, acting along the same path in the same way, as the hours come and go. As this process is slow on account of the resistance of the material in question, so by the same inertia the new condition becomes comparatively permanent. These currents circulating through the nervous system must either make new channels or deepen old ones. The whole plasticity of the nervous system sums itself up in few words when we say that the nerve currents, circulating through it, make, with extreme delicacy, channels which do not easily disappear. It is thus that the nervous system becomes a labyrinth of channels.

How the nerve currents establish these channels is not well known. It is probable that every current rearranges a small part of the matter along its path. When an act or a thought, with its accompanying nerve current is many times repeated, much of the matter along its path is rearranged, until finally the organs of intelligence ossify, as it were, and the mysterious channels of habit are formed.

Channels, thus formed, are practically

indestructible. They are highways of the human brain neither to be constructed or obstructed by anything save nerve currents. They are not the product of man's artifice or skill but the result of physical, mental or spiritual activity. Truly we learn to do by doing, and to be by being. Riderless horses, in many a battle, have been seen to come together and go through their customary evolutions at the sound of the bugle call. Men grown old in prison have been asked to be readmitted after being once set free. How use does breed a habit in man! It alone is what keeps us within the bounds of ordinance and saves the children of fortune from the envious uprisings of the poor. It alone prevents the hardest and most repulsive walks of life from being deserted by those brought up to tread therein. It keeps the fisherman and the deck hand at sea through the winter. It holds the miner in his darkness and nails the countrymen to his lonely cabin through the months of snow. It dooms us all to fight out the battle of life along the line of our nature or early choice. Even at the early age of twenty-five you see the professional mannerism settling down upon the young commercial traveler, upon the young doctor, upon the young counselor-at-law. You see the little lines of cleavage running through the character, from which the man can no more escape than can his coat sleeve suddenly fall into a new set of folds. No act, not thought is, in a strict scientific literalness, ever wiped out. This has its good side as well as its bad. As we become drunkards by so many separate drinks, we become saints in the moral, and authorities and experts in the practical and scientific spheres, by so many

separate acts and hours of work. Let no youth have any anxiety as to the outcome of his education, in whatever line it may be. If he keeps faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he can with safety leave the result to itself. He can, with perfect certainty, count on waking up some fine morning to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation. Silently, between all the details of his business the power of judging in all that class of matter shall have built itself up within him as a possession that shall never pass away.

The great thing, then, in all education is to make our nervous system our ally and not our enemy. It is to fund and capitalize our acquisition and lie at ease on the interest of the fund. For this, we must make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can and guard against growing into ways that are likely to prove disadvantageous to us as we should guard against the plague. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the effortless custody of automatism, the more the higher powers of mind will be free for their proper advancement.

The physiological study of mental conditions is the most powerful advocate for hortatory ethics. If you would know who is the most degraded and wretched of human beings, look upon a man who has practiced a vice so long that he curses it, and yet clings to it, that he pursues it because he feels a great law of his nature driving him on, but reaching it, knows that it will gnaw his heart and make him roll himself in the dust with anguish. Could the youth but realize how soon they

will become mere walking bundles of habit, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own character, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or vice leaves its never so small scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle in Jefferson's play excuses himself for each fresh dereliction by saying, "I won't count this time." Well, he may not count it but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve-cells and fibers the molecules are counting it and registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. They become promoters of passion. It is thus that man loses his birthright. He becomes a machine of passion. The voice of the body becomes louder than the voice of the will and conscience, the voice of the soul, yea, the oracle of God, cannot be heard. The high resolve and the fine glow of feeling evaporate fruitless. Instead of intemperance being hard and hateful, it becomes, easy and even necessary. Instead of honesty being natural and unconscious it becomes foreign and contrary. Instead of the motives that govern human life, coming from the high observatory of moral judgments they must come from the deep dark cell of the wasted heart. Reckless profligacy, thus, grows into a deep law of human nature and the divine plan necessary to thwart its evil tendencies involved the deepest paradox of eternal law; the sacrifice of Heaven—the divine for the human—a Deliverer was sent and tonight we hear his words; "I came to seek and to save that which was lost."

Like flakes of snow that fall imperceptibly upon the earth the seeming-

ly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow flakes gather so habit, the deepest law of human nature, is formed. No single flake that is added to the white blanket produces a sensible change. No single action creates a man's habits. Habit cannot be contained in any single action; but every single action is contained in it. And why should we marvel at the power of habit? It is the only product of man's entire life. Neither is it confined to this life; it is the soul's dress for eternity. It passes with its owner beyond this world, to a world where destiny is determined by character; and character is the sum and expression of all previous habit.

F. JUDSON SEWELL.



THE LEGEND OF CASCADE.



ALTHOUGH most Westminster students are familiar with Cascade Park, not many perhaps are acquainted with the legend connected with it. It is a beautiful place, but the real beauty is not known until one follows the stream a little piece and comes to the Cascade. There the water falls from a height of some thirty feet to the rocks below. It is a miniature Niagara Falls, especially in the Spring when the floods increase the size of the stream.

A long time ago, before the Revolutionary War, the Indians lived in this part of the country. Here and there could be found in the forest, a path, winding in and out among the trees over hill after hill. Finally one would come to a group of little wigwams, set up in a small clearing, where the Indian women are doing the work while the men sit around and smoke.

One wigwam is a little bit larger than

the others and is set apart. We know this one must belong to the chief. We see him wrapped in a bright colored blanket, sitting at the door of this wigwam, smoking a great long pipe. In front of him, sitting in a semi-circle, are his braves. Their faces are very stolid and expressionless to one who does not know their ways. But to one of their own number it is not very hard to see that something has happened—something of such grave import that even the expressionless face of the savage has lost a little of its blankness.

And there was good reason for all this suppressed excitement. Eagle Eye, the eldest son of the old chief, was madly in love with Wyoma, a beautiful Indian maiden. One day she was wandering through a forest near their settlement and was standing dangerously near the cascade, when suddenly a dark form sprang from a rock near her and hurled her to her death on the rocks below.

The enemy then fled but was pursued by Eagle Eye and finally captured and, after the manner of the Indians, was tortured to death. Eagle Eye did not show his feelings much but he thought a great deal and remained alone as much as possible. He paid many visits to the cascade and as time went on, he grew melancholy and spent more and more of his time at the place where his Indian bride had met her death. One day he did not return and after awhile a search was made and his body was found on the stone below the cascade. He had carved the face of his loved one on one of the rocks and then going above had hurled himself down to the death which had come to his fair Wyoma.

MARY EVE COCHRAN.

WHEN THE LIGHT IS DIM.



ROBERT W. YOURD 1905.

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all;
nor be afraid.'"

Rabbi Ben Ezra—Robert Browning.

Browning was an optimist. To him life was beautiful and for him death had no terrors. His picture of old age in the opening stanza of 'Rabbi Ben Ezra' perhaps displays him in his optimistic mood, as well as any other passage of his writings.

He here portrays old age, as that for which youth was made, and casts aside as untenable the view of the pessimist that old age is useless.

Life of Browning was a constant satisfaction. Hear him as he exclaims in his matchless 'Saul,'—

"Oh, our manhood's prime vigour! No spirit
feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor
sinew unbraced.
Oh, the wild joy of living the leaping from
rock up to rock,
The strong rinding of bough from the fir tree,
the cool silver shock.
Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the
hunt of the bear
And the sultriness showing the lion is
couched in his lair."

And on a little farther in that ninth stanza—

"How good is man's life, the mere living!
how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses
forever in joy."

And then note the tone of satisfaction with which a few lines farther he says,—

"I have lived seen God's hand thro' a life-
time and all was for best!"

What a world of truth and meaning

are in these passages! No one who has read much of Robert Browning's poetry will hesitate to say, 'What a marvelous conception of the beauty and nobility of the human life, that man possessed.'

Alfred Tenneyson echoes throughout his 'In' Memoriam,' this truth,—

"That men may rise
By stepping stones of their dead selves,
To higher things."

And but adds testimony to the fact that the experience that comes with years should be held in high esteem.

There is something noble in the sturdy youth as he plunges into life's duties, bravely facing hardships and temptations, but there is something akin to sublimity in a grand old man who has come safely through it all and in the end of his days can look with satisfaction over years that are no more.

An uncomplaining old age has lessons, grumbling youth should learn, and there is nothing more inspiring than to see the old, with little to look forward to in length of day upon the earth, press steadily forward toward the life beyond.

In the 'De Senectute' of Cicero, four objections to old age are brought forward, viz.

1. It withdraws men from active life.
2. It weakens the physical powers.
3. It takes away the capacity for enjoyment.
4. It is unhappy since it involves the anticipation of death.

Cicero ably refutes each of these arguments. In brief, he says (1) that there are employments suited to old age that are as necessary to the well being of society as those that require greater physical powers.

The special objection that old men have weak memories is answered by showing that this is due to original defects or to insufficient exercise.

As an argument from fact he gives instances of old men who in public and private life were till death actively at work.

In refutation of the second objection, Cicero says in substance, (1) that old age does not require the strength of youth because it may exert influence through other means. (2) That temperate habits will retain a good measure of strength; that there are many instances of weakness in old age that may be attributed to ill health which is common to all periods of life and that proper care will greatly retard decay.

As to the third objection, Cicero refutes it in this manner. (1) The pleasures in which youth finds its keenest enjoyment are in themselves bad and old age is beneficial in freeing man from their allurements. (2) Old age has pleasures far more refined and satisfying than those of sense.

Of the fourth objection Cicero says (1) that since the right aim of life is to live not long but well, death ought not to be dreamed at any age. (2) Old men, especially those of culture and learning ought not to fear death, for it is in accordance with nature and what is in accordance with nature is good; (3) that the process of dying is brief and often painless and (4) that death is probably the gateway to a happy immortality.

We of a more modern age have somehow gained the opinion that old age is useless. Too often men, lacking perhaps a little in vitality and suppleness but vigorous in mind and schooled in experience are

cast aside for the impetuosity of youth. However the idea is erroneous that men at fifty are past their prime. If they are in some cases, they should not be. The argument now is in the realm of the intellect.

Some of the best works of man have been those of men advanced in years. Milton's "Paradise Lost" was written in his declining years. Does it show signs of weakness compared with earlier production?

In view of the fact that old age is that 'for which the first of life was planned,' let us heed Bryant as he says to us in his poem, 'The Old Man's Counsel,'—

"Wisely my son while yet thy days are long
And this fair change of seasons passes slow—
Gather and treasure up the good they yield,
All that they teach of virtue, of pure thots
And kind affections, reverence for thy God
And for thy brethren,—so when thou shalt
come
Into those barren years, thou may'st not
bring
A mind unfurnished and a withered heart."



LIFE IN AN EASTERN COLLEGE.

TO attempt to give a full description of *Bryn Mawr College* and the life here, would be to write a treatise on women. For to any one who has ever been here, the name, *Bryn Mawr College*, certainly stands, not for the college buildings and the campus, but for a motely array of girls—girls from almost every quarter of the globe, and of so many different types that it would be an endless task to describe them.

Of course one cannot pretend to have learned all its phases in a half-year's residence, and another might view the same facts in an entirely different way, but from an educational standpoint, this close contact with so many different classes of peo-

ple and the efforts we make to adapt ourselves to each type, seems to me one of the greatest advantages of the life here.

One also finds many interesting things in the College itself, and there is an indescribable charm about the stately old buildings and the beautiful campus.

An unusually well equipped gymnasium, the crying need of our own Alma Mater, makes athletics a most important part of the college life. And nearly all the girls take an active part in athletic sports, an honest desire to be looked upon as the heroine of her class being abundant inspiration and incentive to any ambitious girl. The favorite out door sports are hockey, golf, la crosse, cricket and tennis, and in spite of the patronizing way in which men regard athletics in a girl's school, the vim with which the girls go into these games might well command the respect of the sterner sex.

But do not imagine for a moment that the Bryn Mawr girl's life is all play and no work, although the temptation to make it so is very great,—the fascinating Quaker City with its limitless resources for amusing people being only a few miles distant. There one finds museums to visit, art galleries, beautiful parks and gardens, and many quaint old places whose names we have been familiar with from childhood—Betsy Ross' House, William Penn's home, and Independence Hall. But in spite of this, the first concern of almost every girl is her work. Of course there is the usual quota of idlers, but the girl who expects to take a degree must do a great deal of hard and earnest work.

Much more might be said in appreciation of the Eastern College life. There

are many charming things about it—not enough, however, to take away the love we all have for old Westminster. There is an incredible something which connects us with our Alma Mater, her students, and Alumni, and which never leaves us but rather grows stronger with the flight of years.

'04.

A RETROSPECT.

As I sit solemnly musing,
After the day's task's are o'er,
My thoughts restlessly wander,
Back to the year of '04.

Then does new interest awaken,
Bound by the rapture of thought,
Oblivious to all that's about me,
Thinking of things that are not.

I take down my harp from the willow,
And sweetly the muse on it plays,
Bringing back fond recollection,
Of past and premature days.

And as I am led all enchanted,
In paths made more pleasant by art,
My heart strings respond to her music.
In a manner I can but feebly impart.

They vibrate with a varied inflection,
With every new touch of the heart,
They speak a various language,
As each classmate plays his part.

But the day came at last for parting.
And the rolling billows of time
Bore us away on their journey,
Leaving some in every clime.

And as each is striving daily
To fill his allotted place,
May his efforts be an honor,
To his class and to his race.

My hope is with the class '04,
My place with it will be;
And I with it shall journey on.
Through all futurity.

When the school of life is ended,
When its trying tests are o'er,
May each receive his sheepskin,
As he did in 1904. D. L. M. '04.

IN SUCH A NIGHT AS THIS.

“IN such a night as this,” quoted Leonard, and laid his hand over Miss Carter's, as it rested on the railing between them.

That's right, blame it on the night,” said Theodora Carter, quietly, but decidedly pulling her hand away. “I don't see why people can't blame themselves for their sentimentality, instead of accusing the moon, or the night. Why, the comic papers are always having jokes about moonlight's being bad for heart trouble, and other such nonsense, and were Shakespeare” —

“Just so,” interposed Leonard, “as I was about to quote when you so rudely interrupted me, and stopped the flow of my eloquence. Now if you will kindly give me your attention:

‘The moon shines bright; in such a night as this
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise; in such a night.
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay that night’ —

“He'd far better have been asleep than ‘sighing his soul’ toward some old tents” —

“In such a night,” continued Leonard, paying no attention to this frivolity.

“In such a night,”
Did Thisbe fearfully o'erstrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself
And ran dismayed away.”

“If she'd been at home, where good little girls ought to be at that time of night, there wouldn't have been any tragedy.”

“I protest!” cried Leonard, “how can I quote, even from Shakespeare the immortal, if you will not cease your vain and foolish talk? I should advise you, Miss Carter, to write a book.” Raising his

voice, he added, "Latest thing on Shakespeare. Just out! All the rage! Well known selections, annotated by the world renowned Theodora Carter, X Y Z. Worth five cents, selling for two and a half. Ladies and gentlemen—"

"Now who's being silly?" was his companion's only reward for his efforts. "Do keep quiet."

Leonard subsided with a chuckle, and they looked out over the moonlight waters of the lake, in silence. She was sitting on the veranda railing, and he was standing beside her, and all around them was the radiance of a perfect night. The gentle lapping of the water on the nearby beech, the dark shadows under the trees, the chirp of the crickets, the croaking of the frogs in the marsh, and above all the clear June light of the moon, certainly had a restful, soothing effect, and possibly they might foster feelings of a sentimental nature—but as Miss Carter would say, "that is all nonsense."

"If I wasn't too worn out, my dear," said Leonard, at last. "I'd prove to you that the night does have an influence on people. There are any amount of examples. Take for instance—"

"Oh, for pity's sake, don't let's argue," Theodora hastened to say, "and anyhow, I'm not your 'dear,' and you have no right to call me so."

"Yes I have. You are my dear, whether you want to be or not, and hasn't a man a right to claim his own? But seriously, Theo," and his hand closed over hers, this time with a clasp that she could not withdraw from. "Seriously, I ask you for the right to call you so. Will you give me this privilege?"

And Theodora looking off over the water murmured, "yes," then turning to him with a flash in her merry brown eyes, "But it isn't the fault of the night,"

B.

PRESIDENT ELIOT ON FOOTBALL.

THE game of foot-ball has become seriously injurious to rational academic life in American schools and colleges, and it is time that the public, especially the educated public, should understand and take into earnest consideration the objections to this game.

Some of the lesser objections to the game are its extreme publicity, the large proportion of injuries among the players, the absorption of the undergraduate mind for two months, and the disproportionate exaltation of the foot-ball hero in the college world. The crude and vociferous criticism, blame, and praise which fall to the lot of the foot-ball player can be of no possible advantage to any young man at the opening of his active life; on the contrary, they keep before him an untrustworthy and unwholesome standard of public approval or disapproval. Some danger attends almost all the manly sports, and taking their risks makes part of the interest in them; but the risks of foot-ball are exaggerated and unreasonable. In a well-managed college, where men physically unfit for foot-ball are prevented from playing the game, the risk of death on the foot-ball field within four years is not so great as the risk in riding horseback, driving an automobile, or boating and yachting, if these sports are followed for years. Nevertheless, many serious injuries occur

which are apparently recovered from in good measure, but which are likely to prove a handicap to the victim in later life. Sprains, strains, concussions of the brain, and injuries to bones are apt to leave behind them permanent weaknesses, which in later life become troublesome. The distraction from proper collegiate pursuits of multitudes of undergraduates during the foot-ball season has become a familiar phenomenon; but it is, nevertheless, a mortifying one. The foot-ball hero is useful in a society of young men, if he illustrates generous strength and leads a clean life; but his merits of body and mind are not of the most promising sort for future service out in the world. The alert, nimble, wiry, tough body is, for professional or business purposes in future life, a better one than his; and the mental qualities of the big, brawny athlete are almost certain to be inferior to those of slighter, quicker-witted men whose moral ideals are at least as high as his. The state of mutual distrust and hostility between colleges which all too frequently foot-ball creates is another of these lesser evils. This distrust is publicly manifested in humiliating ways, as when a member of the opposing team, or an official of the game, puts his ear close to the mouth of the the trainer who has run out from the side-lines to wash the face of a prostrate player. The precaution taken against trickery, like the armor and padding against hurts, show what the game has come to be. The carrying into elaborate and highly artificial practice the enfeebling theory that no team can do its best except in the presence of hosts of applauding friends is still another of the lesser evils of foot-ball. Worse

preparation for the real struggles and contests of life can hardly be imagined. The orator, advocate, preacher, surgeon, engineer, banker, tradesman, craftsman, admiral, general, or statesman who cannot do his best except in the presence of a sympathetic crowd is distinctly a second-class man.

None of these things, however, enter into the main objection to the game, for the main objection lies against its moral quality.

As developed in this country under fierce intercollegiate competition, it has become a game in which the actions of the individual players can often be entirely concealed, not only from the mass of spectators on the benches but from the nearer observers on the side-lines, and even from the umpire who gets as near as possible to the combatants. The game is played under established and recognized rules; but the uniform enforcement of these rules is impossible, and violations of the rules are in many respects highly profitable toward victory. Thus coaching from the side-lines, off-side play, holding, and disabling opponents by kneeling and kicking, and by heavy blows on the head and particularly about eyes, nose, and jaw, are unquestionably profitable toward victory; and no means have been found of preventing these violations of rules by both coaches and players. Some players, to be sure, are never guilty of them, and some are only guilty of them when they lose their tempers; but others are habitually guilty of them. The rules forbid unnecessary roughness. To strike a player with the clenched fist is unnecessary roughness; to give him a blow equally severe with the

base of the open hand is not unnecessary roughness. Even in perfectly visible cases of violation of the rules of the game officials often fail to punish the offenders; particularly if an offender on one side can be offset by an offender on the other, and both allowed to remain in the game.

The common justification offered for these hateful conditions is that foot-ball is a fight; and that its strategy and ethics are those of war. One may therefore resort in foot-ball to every ruse, strategem, and deceit which would be justifiable in actual fighting. New tricks are always desirable, as surprises. The weaker man is the legitimate prey of the stronger. One should always try to discover the weakest man in the opponent's line, as, for example, the man most recently injured, and attack him again and again. If a man, by repeated blows about the head and particularly on the jaw, has been visibly dazed, he is the man to attack at the next onset. If in the last encounter a player has been obviously lamed in leg or arm or shoulder, the brunt of an early attack should fall on him. As a corollary of this principle, it is justifiable for a player, who is in good order, to pretend he is seriously hurt, in order that he may draw the opponent's attack to the wrong place. These rules of action are all justifiable, and even necessary, in the consummate savagery called war, in which the immediate object is to kill and disable as many of the enemy as possible. To surprise, ambuscade, and deceive the enemy, and invariably to overwhelm a smaller force by a greater one, are the expected methods of war. But there is no justification for such methods in a manly game of sport between friends.

They are essentially ungenerous, and no sport is wholesome in which ungenerous and mean acts, which easily escape detection, contribute to victory, whether such acts be occasional and incidental or habitual.

The general public that witnesses with delight these combats can seldom see or understand these concealed and subtle evils of the game. They witness with pleasurable excitement a combat which displays courage, fortitude, and a spirit of self-sacrificing cooperation in the players on each side. The college public is intensely interested in the qualities and the fate of the individual players, and is stirred profoundly by the sentiment of devotion to the institution,—because they believe that success in foot-ball is for the advantage of the institution. All parties welcome the chance to see a strenuous combat,—as their ancestors have for unnumbered generations. The respectable people who attend foot-ball games—collegians, graduates, and others—do not prefer to witness injuries, violations of rules, and penalties. On the contrary, they always prefer to see skilful, vigorous playing, uninterrupted by such repulsive incidents. The responsible heads of secondary schools do not wish to have their pupils taught by college athletes that skill in breaking the rules without being detected is essential to success in playing foot-ball. The average college player had much rather play fair than foul. The players have not devised or enjoyed the stupid methods of training which impair the physical condition of most of them before important games take place. What then are the sources of grave evils in this effort? They are (1) the immoder-

ate desire to win intercollegiate games; (2) the frequent collisions in masses which make foul play invisible; (3) the profit from violations of rules; (4) the misleading assimilation of the game to war as regards its strategy and its ethics.

On the question, whether or not foot-ball victories do, as a matter of fact, contribute to the growth and reputation of a college or university, there are evidently two opinions. But if a college or university is primarily a place for training men for honorable, generous, and efficient service to the community at large, there ought not to be more than one opinion on the question whether a game, played under

the actual conditions of foot-ball, and with the barbarous ethics of warfare, can be a useful element in the training of young men for such high service. The essential thing for University youth to learn is the difference between practising generously a liberal art and driving a trade or winning a fight, no matter how. Civilization has been long in possession of much higher ethics than those of war, and experience has abundantly proved that the highest efficiency for service and the finest sort of courage in individual men may be accompanied by, and indeed spring from, unvarying generosity, gentleness and good-will.



EDITORIAL.

WE take up our editorial pen now for the last time with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret. The joys which we have realized in the year's work, have been genuine but very often overshadowed by the feeling of responsibility that rested upon us. It would not be right for us to hide from the members of the in-coming staff the fact that it is a very great responsibility to be made the servants of the students and friends of our Alma Mater. However our satisfaction is very great when our service has been in the least measure acceptable to our long-suffering patrons.

Our short comings have been numerous and evident but we console ourselves with the thought that "the man who does not make mistakes does not make anything." The ideal Holcad is still a thing of

the future; but we trust that our efforts toward hastening its coming have not been altogether vain.

Let us say right here that if we have attained the slightest measure of success it is because of the faithful support given by the students. But incidentally one reason why the ideal Holcad isn't a present fact is, that the students do not support it as faithfully as they should. We are most thankful for the interest shown in the Holcad by many of the students and alumni.

For our successors we bespeak the heartiest support from every student. Our blunders may do them service as effectual warnings. As they step into our places we desire that they may have the same kindly interest and forbearance shown to them by the students that made our service so pleasant.

IT is of course a fact familiar to every one that near the first of this term the chorus class gave a concert or recital. They were ably assisted by Mr. J. McC. Weddell, pianist, and Mr. J. C. Ussher, tenor. The chorus class had been working for a great many weeks on Henry Stainer's "Crucifixion," of which the chorus and solo parts are both very beautiful. There was not a single part of the whole program that could fail to please one who loved music at all.

After the program had been arranged with such care to make it pleasing, it must have been very disappointing to those who were in charge, to see so small an audience assembled to hear it.

It isn't the student's duty to study all the time to the exclusion of the refining and broadening pursuits which are not required of him. He is going to miss many of the pleasures in life if he fails to cultivate his musical sense. This sense may be entirely lacking in some persons; but the vast majority of people appreciate and thus take delight in music to some extent and this feeling of appreciation may be in-

creased. Music in its highest form is elevating and uplifting to man's highest nature. It is even refreshing and helpful to break into the humdrum routine of study for one hour a week to attend chorus rehearsal.

It may not be out of place in this connection to remark that if the students generally would take a little more interest in music the singing in our chapel services would be a little more inspiring than it is sometimes.

IN a recent letter from one of our alumni a plan for enlarging our library was suggested. Each member of the Senior class in Princeton Seminary gives a book to the Mission Library. This is not a burden for any one and it adds very substantially to the library. The number of volumes reported for any college library is a good indication of the character of the college. It would not be necessary to restrict the books given to the missionary part of the library. All its departments need replenishing. We merely mention this plan as one that might be good to adopt as suggested.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.

Mr. Bennett, after slipping on the ice and lighting on his eye—"I'd fall again if Miss Metz would only pick me up."

In Vassar they call gum an elective because no one need take it unless she chews.—Ex.

Miss Quay—"Hopes and husbands are the same thing."

Robert Marks, in a discussion about Washington's trip across the Delaware—"O, that wouldn't be anything if there was a girl at the other side."

"This is what they call transparent" said the latin scholar as his father laid him across his knee.

One of the most enjoyable banquets

ever given here was held Friday, Feb. 10, when the Juniors banquetted the Freshmen. The Hotel McCreary, which was the scene of the banquet, was wonderfully transformed by the beautiful and artistic decorations. The entertainment committee deserves great credit for the pleasant amusements provided for the entertainment of the guests. The Traxler American Orchestra furnished delightful music for the evening. The dinner was greatly enjoyed. J. A. Barr, president of the Junior class was an excellent toast-master. The toasts were as follows: The class of 1908, S. E. Calhoun; The class of 1906, J. O. Welsh; The Ladies, Clark Bell; Our Alma Mater, D. Rose. All present pronounced the banquet a grand success.

A man's last will and testament is often a dead give away.—Ex.

Doyle, translating Latin—"He lay down beside himself in the path."

Prof. (to student)—"Define mind."

Senior—"It's no matter."

Prof.—"But what is matter?"

Senior—"Never mind."

"He only lived three years after he was married"

Miss Wray—"Did he die then?"

Ferguson—"I wish Corinne was my cousin."

One of the prettiest affairs given this year was the "At home" given by the ladies Christomath Society on Monday afternoon, Feb. 13. The hall was daintily decorated in evergreen and smilax and the orchestra furnished delightful music. The refreshments were enjoyed by all, and everyone left saying that they never had a better time.

One of the Freshmen girls is talking of writing her autobiography.

"Professor"—said the weeping graduate, I'm indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray don't mention such a trifle" was the reply.

Cap. Davis—"There's one girl I love better than my sister; put in poetry it would be something like this:

Good boys love their sisters,
So good have I grown
That I love other boys' sisters
Better than my own."

Miss Hoagland, cutting hearts—"I'll be all worn (Warren) out the night of the banquet."

Long to be remembered was the lecture given on Tuesday evening Feb. 7th by Dr. McArthur. All were impressed by his depth of thought and fluency of delivery. For over two hours he held his audience spell bound.

Miss McVey—"Well, Ross has some wit if none of the rest of you have."

Bobby—"Mamma, am I a lad?"

Mamma—"Yes Bobby."

Bobby—"And is my new papa my step father?"

Mamma, "Yes."

Bobby—"Then I'm his step-ladder."

Mr. Woods, airing his knowledge in chemistry at table, wishing the salt—"Please pass the H. C. L.

Prof. Hewetson, speaking of the poet Collins, said that he was a very lovable man, whereupon Miss Melville remarked, "I wish I could have known him."

"You are not fond of money for itself?"

"No, I'm fond of it for myself."

Miss G.—“I always fall in love with the men in books.”

Miss Bell—“I always fall in love with the real kind.”

Dr. Campbell—“Yes the disease is carried by those little insects called mosquitoes which sing their little song and then send in their bill.

Robert has had his picture taken and Helen says she'll have something to look at now and won't have to just think all the time.

Cap.—“No, I can't go to Sharon. I promised Laura not to.”

The Sophomore-Senior banquet, which is to be given Friday, Feb. 24. promises to be an unusually grand affair

John Campbell, listening to the Wedding March—“I tell you, that makes me feel bad.”

AUMNI NOTES.

REV. S. G. HUEY, '88, and wife, of Rock Prairie, Wis., have been in New Wilmington for several days. The late Mrs. Donaldson was Mrs. Huey's mother.

Miss Margaret McLaughery, former professor of English at Westminster, recently paid a visit to her sister Mrs. A. M. Phillips. Miss McLaughery and her sister will spend the remainder of the winter in the south.

Rufus McKinley, '97, was in town on business last week.

Clyde Anderson, '04, professor of English at the Jackson Center High School; and Grier Thompson, '04, of New Castle were visitors last week.

Rev. John M. Cameron, '01, was installed on the evening of Feb. 8, as pastor of the Roseville U. P. church of Newaak, N. J. The following evening W. C. Press, '04, preached a sermon preparatory to taking the Lord's Supper.

Ralph McGill, '02, at present a Senior in the Allegheny Theological Seminary expects to take up mission work in the Soudan next fall.

Dr. Ferguson came home last week to celebrate his 63d birthday. Dr. Ferguson has been president of Westminster for 22 years.

Miss Sara McKinley, '98, and her friend Miss Anna McKee were in town recently.

E. D. Miller, '02, and R. N. Grier, '00 were guests of College friends for a few days.

Prof. W. B. Smiley, '79, paid a visit to Westminster and preached an excellent sermon to the students in the College Chapel.

Prof. A. C. McClelland, formerly of Westminster, gave us a chapel speech one morning last week.

Miss Martha Gamble, '04, recently returned from a visit to the West.

Willard Reid is teaching school in Southern Colorado.

Monroe Witherspoon, '99, was married Feb. 9th to Miss Julia Marquis, of Allegheny. Mr. Witherspoon is assistant treasurer of the Dollar Savings Fund and Trust Company, of Allegheny. The couple left immediately for a trip south, after which they will be at home at 615 Allegheny Ave. Allegheny.

MUSIC AND ART.



THE greatest musical event of the term was the concert given of Friday, January 27 by the chorus class assisted by Mr. Usher of New Castle and Mr. Weddell. Mr. Usher sang two solos which were greatly appreciated, and Mr. Weddell played two numbers from Grieg beautifully and artistically.

The chorus class sang two songs besides "The Crucifixion" which was the principal number on the program. Professor Peterson had a task on his hands when he undertook to train a chorus for rendering this beautiful bit of music.

"The Crucifixion" is a very well known and highly appreciated work at large, and we cannot help saying a word about the unusually small audience which turned out to hear a production the like of which this college does not often have on its programs. It undoubtedly showed a lack of musical taste, of appreciation for the work done by the students of the chorus class and of Prof. Peterson's careful training.

The program rendered was:

| | |
|--------------|--|
| Ambrose..... | A Madrigal |
| Hawley..... | She Wears a Rose in her Hair |
| | Mr. Ussher. |
| Grieg..... | Bridal Procession Passing by, and on the Carnival. |
| | From Suite Op. 19. |
| | Mr. Weddell. |
| Cnandon..... | An Old Love Song |
| Stainer..... | The Crucifixion |
| | Mr. John C. Ussher, Tenor, |
| | Mr. Chas. Freeman, Bass, |
| | Mr. William P. McCormick, Baritone. |

"In an old part song the following verses were found defining the duty of the voices in the contrapuntal quartets of the sixteenth century, they are translated from the German.

Ye little Youths and maidens neat,
We want your voices high and sweet,
Your study to the discant bring:
The only part that you should sing.

The alto suits to nice young men
Who can sing up and down again
This surely is the alto's way,
So study at it night and day.

The tenor has the following verse:

The middle paths are all my arts.
The holder of the other parts.
They lean on me through all the song,
Else all the music would go wrong.

Finally the base states:

My station is a lower lot
He who to Middle age hath got,
And growleth like a bear so hoarse,
Why let him sing the base of course."

—Selected.



Y. W. C. A.

MRS. THURSTON, a returned missionary from China, at present representing the student volunteer movement, visited the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Feb. 9th and 10th. At the union meeting on Thursday evening she gave a most interesting and helpful talk regarding the duty of the Christian church to the people in foreign lands and that of Christians at home to those in the field. On Friday morning she conducted chapel service and gave another short talk. Mrs. Thurston was in China only one year but will return again soon under the Yale Mission.

ATHLETICS.

SINCE our last number six games of basket-ball have been played, two of which we have won. Indiana is the only team that beat us by a large score. Basket-ball is a game in which a great deal depends upon the playing floor. Any one of the teams that have beaten us this year would be easy for us on our own floor.

The trip to Indiana and "Kiski" was attended with two defeats. The "Old Boys" of Indiana, who are almost invincible on their large and slippery floor, defeated us by the score 37-15. While the victory was decisive yet the game was more hotly contested than the score would indicate. Lambie played a great game scoring 13 of our 15 points. Marks threw the other goal.

At "Kiski" the score was even at the middle of the second half when "Kiski" drew away from the visitors, the game ending with the score 23-13. Deevers was the star for Westminster, getting four field goals. Marks threw one field goal while Lambie threw one from field and one from foul.

On Jan. 26 Westminster defeated the University of West Va. five by the score 39 to 10. The visitors secured but one field goal. The game was too one-sided to be interesting, but the large score against our old football rivals was appreciated.

The best game that has been played on the home floor this season was with Grove City on Jan. 30. The game was fast and clean throughout. Each team gave a good exhibition of team work, tho'

the guarding on both sides was rather loose at times. The features of the game were the goal shooting of DeFrance and Calhoun and the guarding of Brown. The line-up and score follows:

| Westminster 30. | Grove City 16. |
|-------------------------------|------------------|
| Lambie.....F..... | De Armitt |
| Deevers, Armstrong.....F..... | Hiekman, Sandals |
| Calhoun.....C..... | DeFrance |
| Marks.....G..... | Campbell |
| Patterson.....G..... | Brown |

Field goals—Lambie 3, Calhoun 5, Patterson 3, Marks 2, DeFrance 4, Campbell 2. Foul goals—Lambie 4, DeFrance 4. Referee—McKean of W. U. P.

On Feb. 6 our boys met defeat at the hands of the Geneva five. Geneva started the game with a rush and had scored ten points while Westminster scored but one. Westminster took a brace, however, and the first half ended 14 to 7. In the last half the playing was almost even and the game ended 22 to 16 with Geneva in the lead. The game was won on fouls, each team getting the same number of field goals. The work of East as referee was not satisfactory to the visitors. Geneva will play on our floor on the fourth of March.

One of the most exciting games of the season was played with the Buhl Club at Sharon on Feb. 11. The game was close from start to finish, the first half ending with a score a tie 17 to 17. The second half was played under National League rules which gave the home team a great advantage. The game ended 32-27 in favor of the Buhl Club.

On March 4 Geneva will play on our floor. On the 11th of March the strong team from Wooster will play us here. Both games should be good ones.

THE HOLCAD.

INAUGURATION EXCURSIONS.

To Washington via Pennsylvania Lines.

Excursion tickets to Washington account Presidential Inauguration Ceremonies will be sold March 1st, 2nd and third via Pennsylvania Lines. Return limit March 8th, inclusive. For particulars about through train and through car service, extension of return limit and other details, inquire of Pennsylvania Lines ticket agents.

Colonist Tickets to the West and Northwest via Pennsylvania Lines.

One-way second class colonist tickets to California, the North Pacific Coast, Montana and Idaho, will be sold via Pennsylvania Lines from March 1st to May 15th, inclusive. For particulars apply to nearest Ticket Agent of those lines.

MARDI GRAS EXCURSIONS.

To New Orleans, Mobile and Pensacola via Pennsylvania Lines.

Excursion ticket to New Orleans, La., Mobile, Ala., and Pensacola, Fla., via Pennsylvania Lines, will be sold March 1st. to 6th., inclusive. Apply to ticket agents of Pennsylvania Lines for information about fares, time of trains, and checking baggage through to destination.

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Oratory



THERE are some who say that the invention of printing sounded the death knell of oratory; that the press is the friend of reason, but the foe of rhetoric; and that the art of oratory has been falling in value ever since. They say that the newspaper has usurped the power of the orator, whose influence is necessarily confined to those within sound of his voice, whereas the newspaper reaches its thousands of readers. Again others claim that in this realistic age, oratory in order to prove effective must be narrow'y logical. They argue that oratory must consist wholly of appeals made directly to the intellect, and that the orator must renounce his sway over the emotions and the imagination of his hearers.

But these are empty arguments. The perfecting of the Krupp gun has not done away with the Colt revolver. There are still many opportunities for the orator to exercise his art. The printed word is indirect, impersonal, and unimpressive. But exactly the opposite is true of speech. The very best way to arouse interest and enthusiasm is to say what you have to say in a speech. The newspaper appeals almost wholly to the intellect. Although it is true that most of the oratory of modern times is terse and logical, on the other hand the orator's word very frequently appeals to the emotions. An example of this is seen in the famous "Crown of Gold" speech of William Jennings Bryan in 1886, which aroused the Democratic convention to such

a pitch of enthusiasm by its appeal to their emotions and feelings that he was unanimously nominated as candidate for the presidency. It was because of such speechless as these that he was called the silver-tongued orator of the West.

In ancient times there were two schools of oratory, radically different from each other in their views and teachings. These two schools have in a great measure affected the style of oratory, and the characteristics of modern oratory have evolved from these two sources. The first was the Grecian, or Attic school of oratory. The orations of Demosthenes are characteristic of the speeches of this school. He kept the thoughts to be expressed always in mind, and wrote as if the audience was before him. The Roman orators, including Cicero, followed the Asian school. They looked upon oratory as a fine art, and taught that the orator should consider only his oration. They paid all the attention to form. As a consequence their oratory is florid, high-flown and often bombastic in style. Today such an oration would be called Sophomoric, and would be classed as "fine writing." Colton brings out the difference between these two schools as far as results are concerned. He says, "When the Roman people had listened to the diffuse and polished discourse of Cicero, they departed saying one to another, 'What a splendid speech our orator has made!' But when the Athenians heard Demosthenes, he so filled them with the subject-matter of his oration that they

quite forgot the orator, and left him at the finish of his harangue, breathing revenge and exclaiming, 'Let us go and fight against Philip.' "

Thus earnestness is a prime requisite of a good orator. Speaking is an art and does not come by nature. Some people think that orators are born and not made. In a certain sense this is true. The speaker must have a sound nervous system, else he will never be able to recover from stage-fright and he must also have a reasonably good voice. But it has been shown that the speech which comes from the heart is most powerful and earnestness will atone for many natural defects along this line. There are two classes of speakers; those who speak because they have something to say, and those who speak because they have to say something. There are so many good reasons for a person's not making a speech, that unless he is wrapped up in it the speech will never be made.

Their are four different methods for spoken discourse. The first is to write out the address and read it from the manuscript. The second is to write out your remarks and commit them to memory before delivering them. This latter is generally called an oration. The third is to write out the introduction and conclusion and some salient points and extemporize the rest. The fourth is, "to fill yourself full of the subject, then open the spigot and let her flow." These are nearly all equal as to merit and the amount of work involved. There are many devices for improving these methods. The oration may be written with the emphasis and rhythm of actual speech. Then the manuscript may be committed so thoroughly that the words fall trippingly

from the tongue. Another device is to keep the audience before you when you write the address. In order to obtain force in an oration the author should use an irregular style, repetition and unusual sentence construction. The long sentences in an oration should be mainly periodic, and there should be an abundance of short, pithy sentences

J. A. '07.

A SKATING PARTY AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

DOROTHY KNOX, home for the winter vacation from W—, where she is going to school, is sitting in an easy chair looking very much provoked. Her mother enters the room and says, "What's the matter, Dorothy?"

"Why, it is just this mama, Tom Weston has brought a Yale friend of his, and he will spoil all our fun at the skating party tonight. Nell said that she was counting on my entertaining him all the time, too, for she simply had to patch up that quarrel between Ruth and Lew."

Mrs. Knox smiles but only says "It is time to dress for dinner, dear, and your father does not like you to be late."

At about seven o'clock "the crowd" comes for Dorothy. Quickly putting on her coat and furs she goes out on the porch, where she is introduced to the "Yale man." Then with horns in full blast and jingling skates, they start for the pond, half a mile distant.

Dorothy had expected to find the "Yale man" like some other people she knew, always beginning their remarks "Well at my college we do -" She is very agreeably disappointed however, for he is not at all

like this and when he tells her that he is on the crew, though he doesn't mention that he is captain, she feels that he is quite nice after all.

At last they reach the pond and are soon skimming over the ice. The 'Yale man' is a very good skater and Dorothy and he soon leave the others far behind. Suddenly the ice cracks, they go on a little farther and it cracks again. The 'Yale man' stops. "We must not go any farther" he says.

Dorothy laughs, "Are you afraid?"

"No."

"Then why don't you come on?"

"It isn't safe."

Dorothy laughs again and a step forward, then looks back, "Arn't you coming?"

He shakes his head. The rest of the crowd coming up just then tell her not to go on, but she goes. Three steps and then there is a crash, a scream and Dorothy disappears. The crowd stands still in horror, but the 'Yale man' springs forward and is soon backing water manfully and trying to keep Dorothy's head above water. The crowd comes to its senses and tries to help them out, but every time the 'Yale man' grasps the ice it breaks. At last by the help of a long plank they are pulled out, a sleigh is brought and Dorothy is soon at home, and the evening seems almost like a bad dream, all except the 'Yale man.'

Two weeks later Dorothy is back at W—. The room is full of girls, for Dorothy is quite a favorite. One of the girls is telling about "an awful Harvard chump" she had met. Dorothy emerges from the depths of a huge trunk which she is unpacking, with a large Yale banner in her

hand, "Well I don't know anything about Harvard, but there are some mighty fine fellows at Yale."

"Oh!" laughs her roommate, "Is that what came of the skating party you wrote me about?"

BERTHA ALEXADER.

THE TENDERFOOT.

CHARLES CURTIS banged his heels against the side of his trunk as he sat perched upon it, near the end of the little station platform, and looked disconsolately at the stretch of rolling, brown prairie sweeping away to meet the horizon.

Curtis had graduated from an Eastern college in June, and as his health had been impaired by hard work, he had decided to take his father's advice and spend a year of open air life on a ranch in the Canadian Northwest. So here he found himself at a little frontier railway station waiting for a conveyance to take him to the Three—I Ranch. Presently Curtis saw a light cloud of dust off in the distance, and as this came nearer and nearer he made out a rickety buck-board, drawn by a pair of wiry ponies. The buck-board soon whirled up to the platform, and the driver, a large, broad shouldered cowboy, leaped from the seat and approached Curtis.

"I reckon your'e Mr. Curtis," he drawled, as he ran his eyes over the stranger.

"Yes, that's my name," answered Curtis.

"Yes, I'm Big Bill. Th' boss sent me over to take you out to th' ranch," continued the cow boy.

Without further words Big Bill loaded the baggage on the buck-board and both men climbed to the seat. The cowboy

cracked his whip over the ponies' backs, and they rattled up the street between the straggling rows of houses, stopping for a few moments at the building which served both as store and Post office where Big Bill enquired for mail.

"Who's the stranger," asked the Postmaster, with a jerk of his head toward Curtis who sat outside holding the horses.

"Tenderfoot from out East," said Bill. "Name's Curtis."

After making a few purchases Big Bill rejoined Curtis and they began their journey to the ranch.

As they neared the ranch buildings after their long drive over the prairie trail, the savor of cooking supper that drifted out to them on the evening air was as welcome to Curtis as to Big Bill. When Curtis had been greeted by Mr. Dalton, the ranch owner, and had washed away the dust of travel, they sat down to a typical ranch supper, to which everyone did full justice.

After supper the cowboys sprawled at full length on the ground or sat on benches around a log fire burning in front of the ranch-house. Although it was only September the nights were cool and everyone enjoyed the warmth and cheer of the crackling fire. Each one drew forth a package of his favorite tobacco, and filling his pipe sat watching the rings of smoke curl upward.

Presently Curtis knocked the ashes from his pipe and rising from his place by the fire, went into the ranch house where his baggage had been placed. Soon he emerged carrying a violin.

"Huh! Got a fiddle have ye?" said Big Bill.

"Yes," answered Curtis. "Shall I play some?"

"Yes, if you're a mind to," said Bill in his slow drawling voice.

Curtis seated himself, and after tuning his instrument he ran his fingers caressingly over the strings for a moment, then began playing an old familiar melody. When this was finished he began a lively waltz, whereupon there was a general shuffling of feet and beating of time. Big Bill sprang to his feet, and seizing Sandy McPherson a little Scotchman, began shuffling back and forth in the open space before the fire, going through the evolutions of what he called a waltz. The sight of Big Bill dragging the unwilling Sandy after him, caused cowboys and musician to shout with laughter, and it was some time before the playing was resumed.

Finally Curtis began a selection breathing of home and friends and a mother's love and care. Curtis was at his best, throwing the whole passion and power of his being into the music. As the sweet strains drifted out on the still night air, the cowboys sat enthralled, eagerly drinking in the music. Now and then a rough hand would be drawn furtively across the eyes, or someone would edge out of the light into the shadow, ashamed to have the others see the tears that welled up and dimmed his eyes. But Big Bill was not ashamed. He sat with the firelight playing on his rugged features, while the tears rolled unheeded down his weather-beaten cheeks. As the last notes died away Curtis looked up and his own eyes were wet for he too was thinking of home.

Big Bill arose and walked over to Curtis with outstretched hand,

"Say Pardner," he said, as he clasped Curtis' hand in his vice-like grip. "You kin certainly play the fiddle. I haint heard nothin' like that since I left the States nigh onto twelve years ago."

That was enough. Big Bill had hailed

the tenderfoot as "pardner," and the rest of the gang were ready to do likewise. From that night forth he was no longer the "tenderfoot" but one of "the boys."

S. B. MITCHELL.



Editorial



WITH this number of the HOLCAD the new staff takes up its work. We do this with a feeling of responsibility, since we know that to keep up the present standard of our monthly a great deal of labor will be required. The retiring editors have left us a good mode'. We have heard their February issue highly praised and deservedly too. If we can make succeeding issues as interesting to students and alumni as this last issue has been, we shall have great satisfaction in the result.

But to maintain this standard of the paper we must have the support of our students. When Westminster's student's first established the HOLCAD they assumed the responsibility of its support. This responsibility has come down to each of us. If we do not do our fair share in making the paper a success, we are shirking a duty which falls on every student in the college.

The first part of our duty is to contribute to the paper. The Literary department is always open to receive essays or short stories. Some of us may know something of general interest about our alumni. Send it into the Alumni editor; he's looking for just such information. Hand in the

local news to that department. If we do these things it will make the paper more readable, will lighten the work of the editors and will increase our own interest. To subscribe for the paper is a second part of our duty—a duty so plain as to need no urging. Ask the business manager how to perform it.

Now we cannot buy "College spirit," but a dollar invested in the HOLCAD will show whether we have any in us or not. Interest taken in its literary work will be a greater proof of this spirit. Back up the HOLCAD in these two ways, and we shall surely have a paper worthy of Westminster.



THE Base Ball schedule for the Spring term is now complete. As will be seen we have some hard games to play. But the prospects for a good team are better now than they have been for two years past. Coach Williams of Indiana has been secured to train our men. Under his direction the best results possible with the material at hand will be obtained. We may therefore, confidently expect to win a majority of the games scheduled.

Heretofore Base Ball has aroused much

enthusiasm among us. The coming season which bids fair to be so successful, will surely prove no exception. Big crowds and lots of noise are what help to make a team and to keep it going. Let's do our part to make the next season a "hummer" in Base Ball.



A FEW DAYS more and examinations will begin. Then will come tests not only of our knowledge, but also of our honor. Of the two, which would we rather fail in? If we fall down in the first, and pass in the second it simply means another trial. It means a retrospection of our "doings" during the past term. To the man of backbone it means a determination to make good hereafter, and thus it comes to mean a strengthening of character; for the "try again spirit" makes the man. But if we fail in honor, and pass in knowledge, what then? We have merely gained a grade which means nothing since it has nothing to back it up. We have acted unfairly toward both teachers and other students. We have lowered our manhood by doing a sneaking, dishonest act which makes the doing of a similar act the easier. This last reason alone should keep us from dishonoring ourselves in the class-room. We need not, however, fail in either knowledge or honor. The honest student who knows that his grade must depend on his own work will apply himself to that work and when examinations are on will have no need to cribb. Cribbing is resorted to by the student who loafs thro' the term, and as a consequence knows very little about his studies. A little sustained effort, of which all are capable, will put us in a position where we shall have no fear of exam-

inations. Considering the results, then, of fair and unfair acting in the class room which are we going to do?



IN his recent lecture and chapel speech Rev. Sam Jones suggested a great many thoughts well worth the careful consideration of every student. At no time, perhaps, did he make a suggestion of more practical importance to us, than when he said, "What is your real purpose in coming to college? Are you here with the honest intention of preparing yourself for meeting the demands of life? How many are there of you who are studying solely for the sake of the good you derive from your work? How many of you are really honest?" Just at present, as examination time draws near, it is especially easy to discern the true and the false. College students may be divided into three classes. First, there are those whose highest ambition is "Not to flunk," but who regard an occasional flunk as a matter of but trifling importance. These are they who come to school for a good time, and who zealously see to it that books shall not interfere. Again, there is a second class of students—those who work for high grades, the praise of instructors, and admiration of fellow students. These are they who come to college because a diploma is fashionable and graduating honors are all the style. These study not in order to master a subject, but just to understand it enough to make a brilliant recitation. A term's work means nothing to them but a report card. The third class, the honest students, are those who study in order to know, who take real pleasure in learning, who come to college to fit themselves for their life

work. They take an honest pride in a well earned grade but only as it represents their progress in learning. What is the value of coming to school if we skip as many studies as we can, and take others with the sole purpose of getting them off? Under which class of students do we belong?

ALUMNI NOTES.

R. C. MCKELVEY.

CLYDE ANDERSON, '04, has left his position at Mt. Jackson and is now in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railway Co. in New Castle.

Carl Porter, '01, now of the Oliver Typewriting Co., was in town the first of the month.

Miss Emma Mehard, '77, and mother, also Miss Thusa McLaughry, '58, and Miss Margaret McLaughry, '74 are spending the winter in Barlow, Fla. They report a very pleasant time and express wishes that some of their New Wilmington friends could enjoy the climate with them.

Rev. James Ferguson, '97, pastor of the 1st U. P. church of New Castle was recently in town on a short visit.

R. J. Totten, '88, who has been seriously ill for the past two months is slowly improving. His many friends are pleased to learn of his recovery.

Rev. D. W. Irons, '72, of McDonald, has been called to the Second U. P. church of Mercer.

Ben Elliott, ex, '07, was home a short time ago.

Rev. J. P. Finney, '61, has changed his address from Tarkio, Mo., to Beloit, Kansas.

Miss Helen Byers, '04, who has been at Fairchance this winter is home now until she recovers from an attack of the mumps.

F. J. Warnock, '04, has recently accepted a position with the Mahoning Valley Traction Co.

Report comes to us from Egypt that Scott Thompon, '03, Zella Mitchell, '01 and R. G. Deevers, '02, a short time ago took a trip up the Nile, visiting the Assouan and other points of interest.

John Gibson, ex. '04, has been suffering from an attack of typhoid. We are happy to know that he is convalescent.

W. H. Reed, '93, was in town a few days visiting friends.

The Independent for February contains a very interesting article written by George C. Vincent, '04, on the subject, "Rhodes Scholars in Oxford." Mr. Vincent writes entertainingly of their arrival and the reception given the Rhodes Scholars by the students of Oxford. He also makes a striking comparison of the English and the American methods of education. In regard to the position of the American Scholars at present he writes: "We are welcomed socially and though unable to continue our education along the precise lines on which it was begun, we are willing to trust our American adaptability to bring us benefit from the very change itself. * * An Oxford tutor gave us a high compliment and set us a high standard to which to live, when he said: 'The Rhodes Scholars have given the impression of being picked men, and men picked along the right lines.' "

LOCALS.



G. L. COCHRAN,
EDITH GALBRAITH.

OH! HOW TERRIBLE!

Sympathetic Friend—"I see your son was injured at college; was it from playing football?"

Parent—"No, he was dropped twice."

Bill Clark, gazing at a photo of his best which was slightly crumpled—"Oh I don't care as long as I have the original."

A book in the head is worth two in the hand.

McKay, '07, and Leech, '07, spent a few days at home last week.

"I want to know" thundered the harsh father, "whether or not you intend to keep that young lawyer hanging around here all the time. Answer me, Miss."

"Father" returned the imperious beauty, "I prefer to keep my own counsel."—Ex.

Milo Cox, on our first real Spring day—"These are the kind of days that makes a fellow wish he had a girl."

Carl McNary has gone home for the rest of the term on account of illness.

Every Freshie has his fray.

The social given by the ladies of the 1st U. P. church to provide new seats was a very successful affair, over \$100 being raised. The features of the evening were Mrs. Jarleys' Wax Works and The Kitchen Symphony, which were enjoyed by all.

Louie Moore is again with us after a short illness at home.

Once again Geneva went down in defeat before our debaters. Our debaters, Mr. Frank Shrader and Mr. Wm. Everhart were given first place by unanimous decision of the judges.

Mr. Burly Clark was called out of town by the death of his nephew in Turtlecreek.

Prof. Hewetson was called home last week by the illness of his father, who is somewhat recovered.

"Just put yourself in my position," said the India Rubber Man, tying himself into a true lovers knot.—Ex.

Notice—Anyone desiring to be in the first honor class should be hard at work cramming.

The Junior's Annual is now at the printers and engravers. The books are expected back about the middle of May, and are much larger than those of last year's, having one hundred and eighty pages nine by eleven inches. The staff should be commended for the time and hard work they have spent on it, and we feel confident that their efforts have not been in vain.

Dr. Campbell attended the History Teachers' Association of the Middle States and Maryland convention held at New York last week, and reports a very enjoyable time.

A few of our lovers of basket ball witnessed the Grove City German Y. M. C. A. game at Grove City Wednesday of last week which resulted in a defeat for our old rivals.

"The Taming of the Shrew," a Shakespearean comedy arranged by Edwin Booth

will be presented in College Chapel during the early part of next Spring term. The characters of this play are taken up by college students who have had considerable experience in that line. They are already at work rehearsing under the direction of Miss Acheson. From reports we learn that the work is progressing successfully. We may therefore, expect a fine production and one well worth seeing.

Be it ever so humble

There's no place like—a cozy corner.

Buzz Tannehill is busily inquiring the price of furniture at New Castle. He would like to know the name of the best cook book.

Gossip I—"Did Miss Hanson get her good looks from her father or mother?"

Gossip II—"From her uncle, he keeps a drug store."—Ex.

Miss Quay—"Yes sometimes you can say goodbye without words."

We are glad to see Chrstie is getting over his black.

Student looking up at a chicken roost—"I'll make a roast of him that let's me."

The lecture given by Sam Jones proved a treat to every one, and while he said some hard things there was always truth to be found in all his statements. His chapel address was particularly fine.

Does this mean a wedding march?

Miss Scott—"I am going to have another name tomorrow."

Laura Turner—"I am proud of my name, but I hope to change it some day."

Query—"Need a still necessarily be run on the quiet?"

A girl of beauty has a boy forever.

ATHLETICS.



J. W. ACHESON.



THE basketball season is over. Our team has made an excellent showing and one we can all look back to with pride. Although the majority of the games have been with strong teams, we have won six out of eleven games played, and scored 344 points against our opponents 219. With prospects for the same players in school, we may hope for a still faster team next year.

The 'varsity lost to Allegheny at the Sharon Buhl Club, Monday night, Feb. 20, by the close score of 23 to 18. Both teams played fine basketball. The game was nip and tuck from start to finish, first Allegheny assuming the lead and then Westminster. Allegheny opened the scoring, but Deevers immediately tied the score by a pretty field goal. Poor shooting was the chief cause of our defeat, while by accepting several risky chances Allegheny forged ahead. The score at the end of the first half stood 15 to 11 in Allegheny's favor. In the second half Patterson and Deevers were forced to retire and Armstrong and Smith took their places. Our team showed the evil effects of practising in a small gym by frequently bunching their play. Every member of the team and especially Deevers who led in the scoring, deserves credit for plucky playing. Lineup and summary:

Westminster 18. Allegheny 23.

| | | |
|----------------|--------|----------|
| Deevers..... | F..... | Rossiter |
| Lambie..... | F..... | Russell |
| Calhoun..... | C..... | Comfort |
| Marks..... | G..... | McArthur |
| Patterson..... | G..... | Lewis |

Goals from field: Deever 3, Calhoun 2, Armstrong, Russel 5, Rossiter 2, Comfort 3, McArthur. Foul goals, McArthur 5, Deever 6. Substitutions, Armstrong for Patterson, Smith for Deever.

On the afternoon of March 4, the 'varsity five defeated the strong Geneva team by the decisive score of 57 to 11. As Geneva had won from us earlier in the season the game promised to be a close one. But from the first our boys took the lead and by clever passing rapidly increased it. At no time throughout the game was the result doubtful. The second half was rough and tumble at times, but this did not prevent the score from rapidly piling up against the visitors. The work of Marks at center and Armstrong at his usual position was especially noteworthy. The score at the end of the first half stood 30 to 8 in our favor.

Lineup:

Westminster 57.

Geneva 11.

| | | |
|-----------------|--------|-----------|
| Armstrong..... | F..... | McClurkin |
| Calhoun..... | F..... | Balph |
| Marks..... | C..... | Mitchell |
| Lambie..... | G..... | Thompson |
| Patterson | G..... | Russel |

Goals from field: Armstrong 9, Lambie 6, Marks 9, Patterson 3, McClurkin 2, Balph. Foul goals, Armstrong 2, Lambie, Mitchell 5, McClurkin. Referee; Chas. Smith, of Sharon.

Our team celebrated the closing game of the season, Saturday afternoon, March 11, by taking the strong Wooster University team into camp with a score of 53 to 22. The Wooster team played good, clean basketball and no doubt would give us a hard tussle at home, but on a strange floor they were at the mercy of the 'varsity five, who scored with ease. The visitors gained

slightly in the second half. Marks at center played a great game.

Two interclass games have been played. The Sophomore team easily defeated the Freshman five Monday evening, March 13, 47 to 15. At the end of the first half the score was 42 to 0 in favor of the Sophomore team, which was nearly the regular 'varsity. In the second half their team was changed making the game more exciting. The Freshmen played a plucky guarding game.

The Juniors lost to the Seniors, Wednesday afternoon, March 15, by a close count. The final score was 20 to 17 in favor of the Seniors. For the last few moments, until the whistle blew the result of the game was very doubtful. The playing was rough throughout the entire game. Stewart, for the Seniors and Deever, who scored all the points for the Juniors, played fast ball.

The following baseball schedule for next term has been submitted by Manager Long.

| | |
|----------|-------------------------------------|
| Apr. 22. | W. U. P. Medics at N. W. |
| Apr. 29. | Allegheny at Meadville. |
| May 2. | W. Va. Univ. at Morgantown. |
| May 3. | " " " " |
| May 4. | Pittsburg College at Pittsburg. |
| May 8. | Mount Union at Alliance, O. |
| May 15. | Grove City at Grove City. |
| May 18. | Bethany at New Wilmington. |
| May 23. | W. & J. at Washington. |
| May 24. | Waynesburg at Waynesburg. |
| May 25. | California Normal at California |
| May 26. | McKeesport Athletics at McKeesport. |
| May 27. | Indiana Normal at Indiana. |
| May 31. | Grove City at Mercer. |
| June 3. | Allegheny at N. Wilmington. |

June 6. Grove City at Grove City.
 June 12. Grove City at N. Wilmington.
 June 13. All Scholastics at N. W.
 June 14. " " " " "



Exchanges.



J. W. ACHESON.

The Triangle Club of Princeton University presented the comic opera, "The Pretenders" in the Nixon Theatre, Pittsburgh, March 17 and 18. All the parts in the cast are filled by undergraduates. The play is unique in that the whole production is purely amateur and is the result of the thought and effort of the students.

The Amity Senior from College Springs, Iowa, a new name on our exchange fulfills its mission as official organ of the Senior class.

"I simply dote on Horace,"
 Said the Sophomore maid, "don't you?"
 And the innocent little Freshman,
 Wondering, answered, "Horace who?"

The Gettysburg "Mercury" contains two contest essays, well worth reading. They represent good, hard thinking.

Dear Father—"Send me five dollars to pay for my sheepskin." Dear Son—"Sheepskins are selling for twenty-five cents here at home."

One of the neatest and most attractive of our exchanges for this month is the "Clarion" of East High School, Rochester, N. Y.

"The Russians seem to be tin soldiers."
 "Yes, with a Japan finish."

We will never buy your dry goods,
 We don't like you any more.
 You'll be sorry when you see us
 Trading at some other store
 You can't sell us an sweaters,
 Four in-hands or other fad;
 We will never trade at your store
 If you don't give us your "ad."

"The North American Review" for February contains an article of interest to every student, entitled, "Should College Students Study?" In giving the result of an investigation of the amount of work done at Harvard, it says, "the usual studies taken by the Harvard student represent four courses of three hours each a week, on which every man, on the average, spends about three and a half hours. That is, in addition to twelve hours spent every week in the presence of the instructor, fourteen hours are given to study. Twentysix hours therefore, each week, represent the entire work of the student." This may suggest that college is becoming to mean more than books, recitations, study. Professor F. H. Hall of Harvard has said, "College is primarily a place for work, but also for freedom for association, for good-fellowship."



MUSIC AND ART.



ETHEL FINNEY

IN looking over the work of the Music Department for this term there is not much to be found to report except the chorus recital given in January. There are not as many students in this department as there used to be but still the number is not small. A recital of the piano and voice students was quite expected but it was given up.

This winter several productions of

Wagner's "Parsifal" were given in Pittsburgh. These performances are considered to be true to the original and of some merit, still it is hardly to be expected that the beautiful, worshipful atmosphere of the Beyreuth "Parsifal" can be reproduced. It is a work of such a high standard that it takes the best in art and music to faithfully reproduce the "Parsifal" that Wagner gave to the world. Professor Peterson went to the city to see the performance.

Several articles on music are being published in the Ladies' Home Journal. They are practical and helpful to the music student.

There is a treat in store for the students in the shape of a comedy to be given for the benefit of the track team. It is to be Edwin Booth's acting version of Shakespeare's comedy "The Taming of the Shrew." The version is a simplified one which brings the play within the scope of the students who are to act it.

This comedy is one with which all students are more or less familiar as it is one of the merriest of Shakespeare's plays, and one greatly enjoyed. The cast which will be used contains but fifteen characters and all of these have been aptly assigned so that it promises to furnish the entertainment for a very enjoyable evening some time in the early part of next term.

Caruso, the glorious tenor of world-wide renown, sang in Pittsburg last week and quite enchanted large audiences.

The Art Department has been carrying on its quiet work on the third floor just as usual. Although not much noise is made still a great many pretty things come downstairs.

Spring Fever.



Oh these day, these perfect days!
 These days of early spring!
 When all seems light in the sunshine bright,
 When birds are on the wing.
 Why then be-jing
 I get the fever.

I do not care a fig for books
 Nor do I mind the teacher's looks,
 When he a question sharply asks
 I merely sigh and say "I pass"
 Forsooth be-jooks
 I've got the fever.

When study hours are on—O my!
 I couldn't study if I'd try,
 And tho' exams do me alarm,
 To study now just does me harm
 For I be-darn
 Have got the fever.

I must be in the open air
 Free from tho't, from every care,
 For now my heart it just goes bang!
 And if there's work, it just must hang
 Since I be-dang
 Have got the fever.

How long, how long thus shall it be!
 From this dread curse I would be free;
 This fever makes me feel so bad.
 I think it's very, very sad
 That I be-dad
 Have got the fever.

Oh joy! the fever's run its course,
 And I am feeling none the worse
 So now my lucky stars I thank
 That I be-ding, be-darn, be-blank
 Haint got the fever.

Recent Educational Tendencies,

Up to 1800 college requirements included but three subjects, Latin, Greek and Arithmetic; but after 1850 the number of requirements rapidly increased. This was all the result of changed industrial requirements. The American colleges were established on English models, but in 1850 they came into contact with the German influence and ideals—thoroughness and pure scholarship. This generated the contest between practical subjects and cultural subjects.

The latest phase of the question is the effort to shorten the combined collegiate and professional courses. To many the Dean concluded, in this connection the question suggests itself—If the professional school is to come, as come it must, shall we adopt the proverb, "A half loaf is better than no bread," and accept a two year classical course rather than have none at all?—Columbia Spectator.

Thomas Ashmore

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The Holcad.

New Wilmington, Pa., April 1905.

The Free Elective System for Undergraduate Study.



THE question of free election in the choice of studies in the undergraduate course was the topic for discussion in the recent Harvard-Princeton debate. The decision of the judges was in favor of the Princetonians who argued in favor of the free elective system. This decision arouses the interest of Westminster students and all others who are pursuing a prescribed course of study, because it awakens us to the fact that ours is not the only merited system and probably not the most advisable one. It is a fact that the leading educators for the last quarter of a century have looked upon the free elective system with no little favor and approval. However it is a revolutionary measure and is therefore a debatable one.

The aim of every college student is, or should be, to obtain a liberal education, let it come through whatever channel it may. The question then arises, which of these two methods offer the best advantages toward that end?

There are three elements that constitute the essence of vital scholarship; viz., individual interest, individual fitness and ambition and definiteness of purpose. It is

claimed by the advocates of the free elective system that it gives play to all three of these. It gives ample room, they argue, for individual interest, in that the student is permitted to choose only such studies as are of real interest to him. Now since the worth of a liberal study does not depend primarily upon the subject-matter studied, but upon the response which it awakens in the student, the weight of this argument becomes evident. For, by means of the individual interest, furnished by "free choice," there can be no doubt that a response is aroused in the student, such as it is impossible to arouse in a prescribed study where no special interest exists.

Again, it is argued that "free choice" gives room for individual fitness. The field of valuable knowledge is so broad that no man is able to traverse the whole ground. Choice must be made. Who shall make it? Are the authorities who disagree so widely as to what the standard should be, competent to do it? Surely, no one is better fitted for the task than the student himself. He can best consult the tastes and demands of his own future life. Every student knows better than anyone

else the bent of his own inclinations and talents. In a college community where there are so many different temperaments it would be impossible for all to conform to the same standard. Where such an established standard of common culture exists, the tendency is to give us only the outward form of scholarship and not its real benefits. "Free choice," therefore promotes sound habits of thought and work, the requisites to a successful scholarship. Is it not of real consequence that a student drift from so called disciplinary studies to disciplinary effort?

Besides, sometime in his life the student will be compelled to make choice for himself. What better time could there be for him to commence to make choice than when he enters college—that event which marks the beginning of his freedom? If he hasn't sufficient wisdom and foresight to do this when he arrives at the age of a college student, there is serious doubt whether he will ever have it. Surely the sense of responsibility would lead him to choose such studies as would be for his own future good.

On the other hand those arguing in favor of a prescribed course claim that although the free elective system may be theoretically sound, it is impracticable to carry into effect. They argue that many students, instead of consulting their own interest and fitness in the choice of studies, select only the "snap courses." The history of the free elective system in Harvard shows that two-thirds of the courses are elected by accidental motive. Another evil attendant upon this system is the lack of method and arrangement in the course, and many valuable studies are regularly avoided. On

the other hand the danger of extreme specialization faces the earnest student. The student is only to cultivate his peculiar aptitudes. College, however, is not principally intended to prepare a student for his calling. Its primary object is the cultivation of his mind and the enlargement of his character. After leaving college the fierce struggle to make a fortune or to win success absorbs every other motive. It is therefore at college that a man should realize the high ideals, breadth of mind and varied interests, which lend such an additional charm to life. To conclude the free elective system assumes the fallacy that the student's aim is earnest and his judgment mature, and it fails to emphasize the broadening of the intellect and the development of character.

J. FRANK SHRADER, '07.



MY FAVORITE STUDY, AND WHY I LIKE IT.



[The following articles were handed in to the English department as class exercises in paragraphing.—EDITOR.]

TRIGONOMETRY.

OF all the studies I have ever had, the one most to my liking is Trigonometry. Its explanation is sufficiently intricate to engross the whole attention yet not so difficult but that it may be easily understood by careful application. The problems to be worked are like stories to be read; and to give up before a difficult one is finished, produces such a feeling as takes possession of one when he reads one half of a story only to find the other half torn out. The reason for such a prefer-

ence is perhaps more psychological than mere choice. Languages have their interests but they are already worked out and have only to be learned. Mathematics, and in a special degree, Trigonometry gives us principles and the pleasure of working out for ourselves their application. Then because Trigonometry gives full play to the ever restless reasoning power I prefer it above all studies I have had,

NELLIE MCAULEY.



HISTORY.

History is my favorite study. I am very fond of reading fiction, and history, when told in a manner that draws on the imagination, is even more attractive for it has truth as its foundation. History offers us many high ideals. Reading what has been done by the truly great inspires a person to his best. It broadens one's knowledge of human nature. It helps us in many difficulties by showing us what has been done in similar occasions. A knowledge of the history of one's country increases the love for the land of our fathers. This love where it burns brightly, stays many a rash act and wicked deed for fear of dishonoring the land of our birth. History also shows the rewards reaped from demoralized and degraded lives and turns many from the paths of temptation. It increases ambition and yet stays it when it is apt to grow out of bounds.

GENEVIEVE KLINE.



ENGLISH.

My favorite study is English. I give it the palm, not because it is easy for it is not, but rather because of its urgent importance in our every day life. The con-

stant necessity of better English is an incentive to diligent study; and this study leads to an ever increasing interest, not only in our text books, but also in the best literary productions. There is no side of our nature left untouched by it: rhetoric develops the critical faculties; argumentation, the reason; essays, the judgment; fiction, the imagination; while poetry broadens the sympathies and enlarges and enobles the soul.

LEW DAVIDSON.



CHEMISTRY.

My favorite study is chemistry. There is a charm in mixing up various substances, noticing what phenomena occur, and then separating them again. Then too there is much about chemistry that cannot be properly learned without performing experiments and these give it an air of originality that most other studies do not have.

E. R. SAMPSON.



GREEK.

Greek, the language of ancient culture and civilization, is my favorite study. It is a language in which we should all be interested, as it is from this we get many of our own words. Many valuable books were written in the Greek language, but most of all it was the universal language when ancient civilization was at the zenith of its power. The Greeks did more for the advance of culture in olden times than did any other power. They swayed the intellectual world in their time, and the world today looks back with admiration at this highly refined race. To become acquainted with a race so interesting we must know

something of the language. The study of the foreign idioms makes our own language easier, and if studied properly tends to give a polish to our mother tongue which otherwise we would not obtain.

HAZEL BENNET.



ALGEBRA.

During my school life, I have had studies in very nearly all the branches. Of these I prefer science and mathematics. Particularly I like algebra best. It is hard to tell why I prefer it instead of languages or studies of that order. In such studies only the mechanical construction attracts me, and as for the rest I don't care very much about them. On the other hand there is something about mathematics and science which pleases me. It is probably the exactness of the science. Everything is concise and there is "no beating around the bush." It is these qualities, I think, which make me prefer mathematics.

S. N. WATT.



ENGLISH.

English is my favorite study, for two reasons: first, because of its paramount importance, and secondly, because of the interest the study of English necessarily creates in the mind of the student. A thorough knowledge of English is essential to learning; it is the cornerstone of a good education. No matter what elements compose the building, be it plain or ornamental, the builder works in vain unless

he build on the sure foundation of a thorough knowledge of English. During every hour, and in every condition it is essential. In working out our own problems, and in studying the wisdom of others, a knowledge of our own language is the one thing needful. And what could be more interesting than a study of the literature of our language. Words alone tell wonderful stories. In them we read the thoughts, the feelings and the hopes of our fathers. How much poetry and history one little word can express. Strange would it be then if we did not take a deep interest in the wonderful riches of our native tongue.

ELLA MONTGOMERY.



PHYSICS.

Of all the studies I am taking at the present time, or have taken in the past, I think physics is my favorite. I like it because it makes clear to me many things that I understood but imperfectly before, and unfolds and verifies by experiments the great physical laws of nature. These things are all of the greatest interest, and lead one on to go deeper into the subject and perhaps discover undreamt-of secrets from the common-place events that are taking place around us every day.

S. B. MITCHELL



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THE COLLEGE WORLD.

J. W. ACHESON.

PROFESSIONALISM.

TO the lover of amateur athletics the spirit of professionalism seems at the first glance, to be slowly gaining the ascendancy, and the glory and pride in the amateur to be as steadily waning. And as we look around about us and behold the degree to which the neighboring institutions of learning have yielded to this tendency, there does indeed seem to be cause for discouragement.

But certain circumstances encourage those who may be disheartened at the apparently slow progress made in ousting both the fact and the spirit of professionalism from our modern athletic sports. At any rate we have arrived at a point where professional methods are frowned upon by all who are sincerely interested in amateur athletics.

The vital principle of all college sports should be to contribute to the education of our youth. But professionalism strikes at the very heart of this principle by depriving the bona fide student of a chance of acquiring a "sound mind in a sound body" thru the channel of the typical college sports. So let us encourage the amateur and discourage the professional in our college athletics even though our teams should fal' down in defeat before the hired gladiators of our rivals.

M. '05.

OUR REVISED CURRICULUM.

ON comparing the curriculum now in force in our college with that which was in force three or four years ago we find

several marked changes. Among the most important of these changes we notice that the work, especially in the studies of History, English, and Physics, has been made more advanced and also that more work is required of the lower classmen than was done formerly.

An outsider who has never had college work to do would undoubtedly commend the powers that place additional work upon the shoulders of the students. But one who has experienced the difficulties of a college course would be likely to pass judgment, not upon the revised curriculum but upon the overburdening of the underclassmen. It is acknowledged by nearly all college students that one's first year in college is the hardest year in which to make good grades as well as the most difficult year to do the work required. Yet we find that in the Freshmen and Sophomore years of the college course especially heavy work is required.

This is made worse by the fact that, through the revision of the curriculum, and also inadequate preparation, many of the students who were conditioned under the old curriculum are thrown back a year in their work by the new curriculum.

But we would not wholly criticise our new curriculum for our college course has certainly been strengthened, especially in the departments before mentioned, and it is to be hoped that something will yet be done to relieve those who by the change have been thrown to a disadvantage.

R. G.

COMPULSORY GYMNASIUM WORK.

WHEN Westminster begins to anticipate the realization of her hopes for a new gymnasium, we begin to wonder

what steps the faculty will take to make it useful to the entire student body. In most colleges large enough to have a separate gymnasium building, regular exercise is required as a definite part of the course. This work is usually compulsory two days in the week at stated periods, the gymnasium being open at other times for any special exercise the student may desire.

The advantages of such a course cannot be overestimated. To those boys who are inclined to be indolent it is of incalculable value. Exercise steadily pursued tends to correct improper positions of the body and above all, secure that symmetrical development which is so desirable in a full grown man. This can only be secured by regular exercise for it is an established fact that a student does not take exercise as regularly of his own accord as when he is compelled to do it.

That it would be wise for the faculty to take such action cannot be doubted. Only by such means can Westminster prepare her undergraduates for a successful life career with a sound mind in a sound body."

BLACK, '07.

THE 90-PER CENT METHOD.

SHOULD the rule prevail that students who make a daily grade of 90 per cent or more shall be excused from examinations? That such a rule should not hold I maintain for the following reasons:

1. In a class of average size, it is impossible to determine a student's actual knowledge of a subject, or the amount of work he has put on it from his occasional class recitations. A grade made from such a class record cannot be an accurate representation of his knowledge of the subject.

2. Examinations are not penalties for poor class work but rather tests of student's grasp of his subject. The student who can make the best daily grade is not always the one who, at the end of the term understands best, the subject as a whole. Why not give to all alike an opportunity to show what they have got out of a term's work.

3. The concentration required during an examination and the view of the work as a whole gained by a well planned review are both advantageous to the student.

Let there be, then, a review calling attention to the important parts of a term's work and especially to their relation to each other and to the whole. Let there be an examination for all suited to the student of average ability. M. McE. '04.

SPECIALIZATION.

THAT this is an age of specialization is a statement often heard. The question of interest to us is, to what extent and when should we begin to specialize? Has the average student sufficient foundation, adequate general knowledge, upon entering college to confine himself to such narrow limits?

Specialization is the life of industry. It therefore appeals more to the scientific than to the classical student. But we do not see why a scientific man should not be as fully developed as any other. College is the place for the training of our faculties and the obtaining of general knowledge. By means of the electives now available the student has ample opportunity for all the specialization he should attempt in college.

McB., '06.

HOW ST. ANDREWS WON.

W

"HELLO, Chuck! How's your nerve? Take it easy old man." The person addressed was a tall, lithe, muscular young fellow, who, dressed in his running suit, was lying on one of the benches in the tent assigned to the St. Andrews athletes.

"Oh I'm resting first rate, fellows," he answered, but his forced smile, and the

they say Lincoln's got a daisy man up too, and if we don't get a place in the mile run we're all in. Too bad isn't it."

This was about what Chuck was thinking as he lay there, and he resolved, as he nervously clutched the sides of the bench, to count no sacrifice too great to make for old St. Andrews. Besides he did not know yet whether the trainer would "run" him or not. True he had won from Holmes in the trials; but then everybody



restless look in his eyes plainly showed that he took a more serious view of the coming race than did either of his classmates, who hurried from the tent to watch the contestants in the broad-jump,

"Chuck's got lots of speed and plenty of nerve," said one, "and if he had a little experience, but shucks! he won't stand any show at all against Hobart's crack man Gusky. I doubt if we get second either for

said that Holmes had had an off day, and he surely was the more experienced runner.

While he lay thinking the coach and trainer entered. The coach looked at Chuck and Holmes, who lay on a bench just opposite, and said, "Fellows! We've got to win that race to get the meet, and the only way we can make a stagger at it, is to put both of you fellows in. Now listen, Chuck, you are to run the first three

quarters at a real fast clip. Get so far ahead they'll take after you. Holmes you are to lag behind and sprint around them when they are winded. If you fellows can work this you may win. St. Andrews is depending on your efforts alone.

Chuck heard this with sinking heart for it meant that he would not even get to try for second place either, but at the coach's words, "It depends on you," his disappointment was forgotten, and his whole thoughts were bent on the execution of the scheme.

Just then the announcement sounded through the megaphone. "All out for the one mile run. Entries, Gusky, Adams, Holmes, Hopkins." The coach was leading Chuck by the arm, giving him a few last words of advice. Every muscle in his body seemed to be shaking, but he steadied up at the words, "Starters ready? Timers ready? Get on your marks, Get set," Crack! and all four were off in a bunch.

Chuck was running with long, even strides. About half way around the first lap he gradually lengthened his stride, and began to forge ahead. Would they notice it? The second lap was finished. Chuck was some distance ahead, gaining steadily, but the pace was beginning to tell on him. Once more they swung around between the crowds on the bleachers. What lap was this? Chuck was trying to think. The report of the pistol refreshed his memory with a start. The last lap. He slowed up, and could hear the other runners coming. Could he stop now? Where was Holmes? He glanced back. The red and white of Hobart met his gaze a short distance be-

hind. All thoughts of Holmes vanished. That settled it. If Gusky passed him St. Andrews would lose the meet. He must win.

He began mechanically to count his strides. One, Two. He could hear plainly now the thud, thud of footsteps close behind. They were past the two-twenty mark. He tried to sprint. His stomach seemed to have turned to lead. Pains were shoongti through his lungs, which felt as if they were pricked by a thousand needles. His ears were thumping, and all he heard was an indistinguishable rumbling.

The crowds seemed to be whirling around his head. Once more he started to count. The thud thud, was plainer, closer now, almost at his shoulder. In desperation he tried to lift his feet faster, but they seemed to be glued down. A few more agonizing strides, a last effort and then a white tape whized along his breast, and two runners fell into the arms of their respective attendants. He struggled to open his eyes. It was Gusky.

Next he heard, as they were putting something deliciously cool in his mouth, "Result of mile run: First, Hopkins of St. Andrews. Second, Guskey of Hobart." It was easily explained. Holmes in going around had collided with Adams and both had fallen. Chuck, already exhausted, had endured the strain of sprinting in and won by a step from Gusky.

As Hopkins was escorted to the train that evening the cheers and songs of old St. Andrew's were filled with new meaning to him, for he had helped to arouse them.

J. W. A. '07

THE HOLCAD.

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THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College. Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class mail matter.

The College World.

IT WILL be noticed in this number of THE HOLCAD that a new department has been inserted—The College World. This department has been made to include items taken from our exchanges, items of general interest to college students, and notices of important happenings in other colleges. It is also expected that our own students will contribute to this department articles which have some bearing on college life.

We have opened up The College World not merely for “instance sake;” but—as the fly did when he lit on a testy old gentleman’s pate—to provoke discussion. But such a one-sided discussion as the fly aroused will not suit. When, for example, a subject like the one in the present issue entitled “90% Method” is printed; articles for or against such a custom could be written for the next issue. Such discussions as these will help us to reach some definite conclusions concerning different phases of college life and will consequently be of great benefit. Again, by noting the doings in other schools we can keep in touch with that larger world of which we are a part. Believing, then, that the College World department if rightly used, will indirectly help the student, we ask that an active interest be taken in it. This will benefit the paper some and you more.



Head Expansion.

WE MAY often “see ourselves as others see us” in the expressed opinions of the business men of today. One of these men has recently given us a view of ourselves from his vantage point of outside observation. In a speech given in New York a short time ago, Mr. Carnegie said, “I like to see men not excelling in foot-ball or in other things pertaining to the foot, but excelling in head expansion.” From this remark it is evident that he believes that sports are too closely crowding studies.

Noticing movements elsewhere, we find that Mr. Carnegie is not alone in this be-

lief. At Washington and Jefferson College basket-ball with other colleges is not permitted. The reason is that there should be one term in the year for solid work. No athletic contests of any kind are held between Clark College, Mass., and other institutions. Carrol D. Wright, late Commissioner of Labor, who is president of the college, thro its catalogue, says that Clark College must stand for scholarship, and that in its three years course there is no time for athletics. This determination to regulate the amount of college play shows a strengthening of the belief that sports are given too large a place in college life. Obversely it means that greater attention is being paid to scholarship or head expansion.

Head expansion—not “swell headedness;” but development of the mind—is considered the more important part of education. This is generally granted. Athletic excellence is secondary. The first is acquired thro study, the second ought to be acquired only in so far as it increases one's ability to attain the first. Here is where the difficulty lies: the proper adjustment of work and play. This is a question to be decided by each student. Shall I make development of the body an end or, placing first things first, aim at head expansion?



Beyond the College.

MANY students seem to consider it their duty to spend most of their time in studying for the regular class work to the exclusion of other broadening pursuits which are not a required part of the college course. They do not realize how great and beneficent an education of mind and heart may be obtained outside of the regular class room work. Every day we are coming closer together in a new sense of fellowship. Within the little community of our own college perhaps we do devote a great deal of time to cultivating this fellowship. But at the same time do not many of us, absorbed in our work and our interests here neglect to keep in touch with the outside world? Books and newspapers are playing a great part in bringing people and nations together. They are doing away with prejudices and racial misunderstandings; they acquaint us with peoples and places hitherto almost unknown. Yet the independent reading of books and newspapers is a thing which is sorely neglected by students here. To understand this one needs only to visit our literary societies and mark the dismay with which impromptu speakers usually hear their topics, or to see a girl making her semi-annual visit to the reading room for items for her current events paper. How many of us could give an intelligent account of the Russia-Japanese situation; or even of affairs in our own country. We have special opportunities here. True the library is crowded sometimes, but only on certain occasions when the English or History department calls for a special research. An intelligent acquaintance with the outside world is a vital part of education. Acting upon this knowledge, our sympathies shall be broadened and a vital personal interest in our fellow men shall be awakened within us.

ALUMNI.



R. C. MCKELVEY.

J. W. WITHERSPOON, '03, has been obliged to discontinue his studies at Allegheny Theological Seminary on account of ill health. Mr. Witherspoon is afflicted with consumption and his physicians have recommended a Southern or Western climate as more conducive to his recovery.

Prof. I. N. Moore, '85, gave a toast at the banquet given to the Allegheny County Alumni of Slippery Rock Normal. The banquet took place on Friday evening, March 23, at Colonial Hotel, Pittsburgh. Prof. Moore's subject was "Fads."

Miss Bess Shannon, '02, was home a few days the first of the month visiting her mother. She has now returned to her work in the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia.

Rev. A. P. Hutchison, '78, was here recently attending the funeral of his late mother-in-law, Mrs. Thompson.

Rev. S. A. McCollam, '00, of Linesville, Pa., has lately been called to Leetsdale, Pa.

Rev. Ralph McGill occupied the pulpit of the 2nd Mercer, April 9th.

Hugh Snodgrass, '02, of West Middlesex attended the concert given by Ernest Gamble in the Presbyterian church.

Willard Reed, '04, is teaching in Colorado.

Jordan was back to visit us a few weeks ago. "Shorty" says he is thinking of taking his college course all over again just for the fun of it.

Miss Zella Mitchell, '01, who has been

working in the Egypt Mission is in ill health. She was advised to go to Italy, but has decided to return home this summer. Veazey, Deevers, and Baldwin, all of '02, will probably return at the same time or soon after.

Lewis Perkins, '04, who is employed in New Castle, spent Sabbath, April 9th, with his parents.

Thomas Sampson, '01, who is teaching in Mercer Academy, was a visitor here recently.

Clyde Gibson, '02, J. A. Chambers, '00, H. T. Getty, '03, and Don McKim, '01, attended the preliminary contest in the chapel April 14th.

A. D. Stewart, '04, was home recently on a short vacation.

John Lytle, '04, preached for A. H. Baldinger, '00, on April 9th.

P. H. Yourd, '03, was in town a few days ago.

 REV. JOHN WILLIAMSON. D. D.

BY DR. FERGUSON.

DR. WILLIAMSON died at Ottawa, Kansas, March 24, 1905. He graduated from Westminster college in 1863 and from Allegheny Seminary in 1867.

It was my privilege to be intimately associated with him during his Seminary life. In those days the students lodged with families of the city. John Williamson, Harry Stewart and I roomed in the same house for several terms, roomed and boarded with the Misses Creighton on Arch St., godly women who were abundant in labors in the first church Allegheny for many years.

Harry Stewart had a very brief pastorate in Jamestown, Pa., where he was known as a good preacher and a noble Christian man. John Williamson had several pastorates and in them all showed himself a "man of God." I like to think of the early fellowship with these men. We were friends indeed and took delight in each others blessings. I did not meet Brother Williamson very often but I knew and rejoiced in his worth and his work. What he was in Seminary he only developed more fully in his after life. He was intense in his convictions and emotions. His earnestness was visible and real. No shadow of doubt rests upon the genuineness of his piety and we rest assured that he has entered upon a gracious and great reward.

Rev. R. M. Russell, D. D., is a nephew and a promising son is following in his father's, steps devoting his life to the Gospel ministry.

Farewell old friend! May we be as ready for the final summons as thou and may we renew our happy fellowship on the farther shore.



HOLCADES MIKRAI.



EDITH GALBRAITH,

GEO. L. COCHRAN.

Miss Metz—"If I were an Englishman I don't suppose I'd know any better."

Wood—"To be in love is to have a liberal education."

An Irish toast—"Long life to you sir. May you live to eat the hen that scratches gravel over your grave."—Ex.

Remarks heard after the lecture on strolling:

Clark Bell—"If I wanted to spoon I'd hire a rig and flee to the country."

Miss M.—"I bet the Prof's would like to stroll themselves if they only had a chance." (In a sad tone) "I'm going to be a teacher next year."

Woods—"If I loved a girl I'd never spoon with her."

Little grains of powder,
Little daubs of paint,
Make a girl's complexion
Look like what it aint.—Ex.

Olive Smiley, as the term was drawing to a close—"I sat up late last night so I'd be used to it when I get home."

He pointed out to the newly arrived Paddy the grandeur of the Niagara with the words—"There now isn't that wonderful?" "Wonderful?" replied Pat, "What's wonderful?" "Why to see the water come thundering over those rocks." "Faith Oi can't see anything wonderful in that—what is there to hinder it from coming over?"

Long, at the fire—"Where's the nuzzle? Where's the nuzzle?"

To the Mayor, New Wilmington, Lawrence Co., Pa.—We the undersigned desire that the borough limits be extended to include Furnace Hill on the South, the Neshannock on the East, the sugar camp on the North and Shaky Hollow on the West. Respectfully, Blank Blank.

WANTED—A chaperon for a party of two. Only nearsighted persons need apply.

A teacher told her pupils to write a sentence containing the words "bitter end."

After a brief pause a little girl held up her hand and read the following sentence: "A big^d dog chased my little kitten under the porch and bitter end."—Ex.

Miss Turner—"It depends entirely on whom I'm with whether I like to walk slow or not."

I do not need an auto
To speed me on my course;
To carry me through college,
I only need a horse.—Ex.

How different from the Sharpsville is the Dublin R. R. where the conductor was once heard to roar when several people rose from their seats when nearing a way station. "Keep your sates! Keep your sates! this train never stops at all."

Heard on the way to Y. W. C. A.: "I am going to get the light of my life to-night."

We saw a thing of greenish hue,
And thought it was a lawn of grass:
But when to it we closer drew,
We found it was the Freshman class.
—Ex.

The eleventh commandment. Thou shalt not stroll.

The twelfth. Go in bunches.

LOCALS.

The reception given Friday night, April 7th by the Christian Associations was largely attended and enjoyed by all.

The last number on the lecture course held on Monday night, April 10th was to have been given by the Cleveland Ladies' Orchestra, but owing to the impossibility of making railroad connections the engage-

ment was cancelled and the Ernest Gamble Co. came instead and proved all that could be desired in the way of a musical entertainment.

Work has been begun on the tennis courts and will be finished as soon as the weather permits. Patterson, McKay and Henderson were appointed on the executive committee. It has been decided to arrange for an inter-collegiate contest to be held here as well as the annual spring tournament.

The Annual Preliminary Contest was held Friday night, April 14, 1905. The orators were: Philo's—Irons, Moore and Stranahan. Adelpics—Davison, Hazlett and Rose. Judges—Rev. Thomas Hannah, Steubenville, O., Prof. C. E. Carey, Warren, O., Rev. A. H. Turkle, Allegheny, Pa. The decisions for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd places were as follows: 1st, James A. Stranahan, Mercer, Pa. 2nd, Johnson Moore, New Wilmington, Pa. 3rd, Lewis Davison, Downieville. The Philos celebrated their victory by ringing the college bell and later built a bonfire at the Hall around which they sang and cheered as long as their voices lasted.

On Monday night, April 24, a Shakespearean play "The Taming of the Shrew" will be given by Miss Acheson and a score of students, to send the relay team to Philadelphia. The Edwin Booth's acting version is to be used with Miss McLachlan as Katherine and John Campbell as Petruchio. The plot of the play is the changing of Katherine's shrewish character by Petruchio, who marries her. By imitating and exaggerating her actions he brings them to

ridicule in her own eyes. The costumes, which come from Pittsburg and Philadelphia, will be the finest ever used in a college play here. The musical program, which will be exceptionally fine, will be given by what was formerly the "Crystal Quartette," but which now contains eight pieces.

Westminster College has just received from J. C. Nevin, of Los Angeles, a handsome donation which consists of a herbarium and botanical library. The herbarium contains six hundred and one species from south China and one thousand four hundred and fifty seven from the Pacific coast. It contains four lockers with thirty-six cases all made by himself which hold the mounted specimens and represent years of faithful and painstaking toil. The library which is a very comprehensive one, is used in the classification of the species and is considered one of the very best in existence on the botany of the coast. The gift is valued at not less than two thousand dollars and is one of which any university might well be proud.

Manager Long should be congratulated on the way he has taken hold of the baseball management this spring. It is his intention to have six home games for which season tickets at \$1 apiece are being sold.

ATHLETICS.

W. J. ACHESON

THE base ball squad has been practicing faithfully for nearly two hours or more nearly every day this term. Captain Dave Calhoun has charge until the

coach arrives. He is training the boys to play the best baseball possible. About twenty-five candidates are out for the team and all are working hard. There are good men out for each position and with some practice especially in batting the team will be the strongest we have had for several years. The first game April 24, with Mercer, will give the team a chance to prove its worth.

Franklin field on which the University of Pennsylvania will hold its relay races this year, gives promise of again becoming the Mecca for track teams all over the country. The Relay management has issued an article which says in part: "Pennsylvania's Relay Races on April 29th, will again be the biggest and most important sports of the season. Over two hundred teams will be entered when the starter's pistol sends off the first race on the last Saturday of April. Not only are the entries numerous but they are of the highest class, Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia, Wisconsin, Michigan, Lehigh, Lafayette John Hopkins and in fact all the big colleges and the best of the minor colleges have sent in their entries. With such a gathering of athletic clans, some magnificent races will surely result. The college championships are already attracting the widest attention because of the fact that the very best teams in the country are represented and new world's records are expected in each event. The day will thus be both interesting and exciting and as usual an enormous crowd will be on hand."

Our relay team is entered in class number three and will run with Gallandet, W. U. P., Temple College, Western Reserve and George Washington University. The candidates are training daily on the track, and it is hoped that the team will repeat last year's record and bring home the banner.

AT a mass meeting of all the classes recently the students of Williams college decided to abolish hazing until June. The rule may be made permanent if it proves a success.

Leland Stanford is going to have a new athletic field. Including the grandstands, track and field house it will cost about twenty-five thousand dollars.

W. and J. has been represented in three debates this year. Her debaters have met those from Western Reserve, Wooster, and Albion.

The Juniors at W. U. P. will issue an annual for the first time.

The State has recently appropriated \$250,000 to Cornell. The money will be expended on new buildings for the agricultural department.

A new dining hall is being erected at Indiana Normal. The building which is named for the present President of the board of Trustees will be known as Thomas Sutton Hall.

In a recent physical examination at Bucknell the results show that the Freshmen are from five to eight per cent. better physically than the Sophomores.

State College's base ball schedule includes twenty games, fourteen of which will be played away from home. There will be two Eastern trips, one Southern, and one Western.

Princeton and Chicago Universities are taking steps toward reorganization on the plan of Oxford and Cambridge. It is thought that by having a number of separate colleges under one management, the advantages of a small college will be com-

bined with those of the great university—State Collegian.

"The Kendall Collegian," a small but attractive paper, is a new name on our list. It comes from Muskogee, Indian Territory.

"The Erskinian" which hails from Due West, S. C. contains two well written short stories. Its exchange department is above the average.

MUSIC AND ART.

ETHEL FINNEY

ANOTHER term has begun with all of the instructors back in their places and about the same number of pupils in both departments. Work for Commencement will soon be under way.

Shortly after vacation a very good concert for a town of this size was given in the Presbyterian church under the auspices of the Westminster lecture course. It was the last entertainment of this winter's Lyceum course and was a little above the usual order. The music was furnished by Ernest Gamble Concert Company consisting of Mr. Ernest Gamble, Basso; Miss Verna Page, Violiniste; Mr. Edwin M. Shonert, Pianist. This company is very well known for the high order of music it renders. The numbers were almost all familiar selections from well known classic composers, and it was this predominance of good music which placed the concert above others which we have enjoyed during the winter. The printed program had a libretto and explanatory notes connected with it which greatly assisted the uninitiated in

enjoying the music of the evening. A dreary persistent rain kept many away but in spite of that fact the house was very well filled. The committee arranging the course deserves praise for procuring such real talent, and should be encouraged to get more of this kind of music. It is by hearing good music that a taste for it is fostered and, undoubtedly we need such a fostering here.

As it is so near the opening of the spring term, we cannot write much concerning the Art department. The pupils are at present working on some very beautiful scenes. Toward the close of this term the usual exhibition will be given.



Y. W. C. A.

THE earnestness with which the girls have taken up the work at this, the beginning of the new association year is gratifying. The attendance at the first meeting of this term was greater than at any time during the previous year.

On the evening of March 21st, a meeting was held and a final report of the year's work was given. The reports gave evidence of careful and thoughtful work. Suggestions for improvement in different lines of work were offered. New officers were elected, as follows: President, Miss Ethel Finney, '06; Vice President, Miss Nellie McAuley, '07; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Sarah McCoy, '07; Treasurer, Miss Eveline Bigger, '06.

Y. M. C. A.

THE Y. M. C. A. held its first meeting of the Spring Term Tuesday evening, April 11. It was an especially interesting one as it was then that the new officers began their active duties.

When we look back over the work of the year it is with mingled feelings of satisfaction and regret that we note our successes and failures. While it is to be regretted that there are many men in college who are not members of the Association, yet our membership is not a source of discouragement; for it is composed largely of earnest workers who attend regularly and whose influence among their fellows is always in keeping with the spirit of the organization. The meetings, too, have been excellent and the interest manifested is most gratifying.

Perhaps the most successful work in connection with the Christian Associations is that of the Bible and mission classes. These classes are more popular this year than ever before and are among the best sources of instruction to which the student has access.

Although we are proud of our Association and the influence it has exerted in our own lives, we cannot but think that there are greater things yet in store for us. As we look ahead to the work of the coming year we believe that the highest success will not be realized until every man in college shares with us the benefits to be derived from regularly attending our weekly prayer-meeting.

While we yet have much to accomplish among our own students, we feel that the new administration has begun under very favorable circumstances. The recently elected president has carefully selected the committees and the work will be taken up with vigor. It is the desire of the officers that this may be a better year than any of our history and, with the united effort of the members, it can certainly be realized.



Young Patrick Ignatius McCue
Sprang out at his pa and said "Boo!"
The youngster was tryin'
To roar like a lion,
And now he is roaring like two!

Men are like matches; no virtue comes
out of them till they have rubbed up against
a hard place.—Ex.

The gladdest words from the student's
pen are these: "Dear Dad—I've passed
again."—Ex.

"The truth will out," we're told and O!
How frequently we find,
The truth will out of some men so
It leaves no trace behind.—Ex.

He asked a miss what was a kiss gram-
matically defined.

"Its a conjunction, sir, she said, "and
hence can't be declined."—Ex.

EUSNE'T IT A SHUESME?

A girl I once knew in Duquesne,
Who lived at the end of a luesne,
Received a boquet

On a bright summer duet,

But her guest for the sender was vuesne.

—Ex.

Pa heard him give the college yell,
For joy he could not speak.

He murmured, "Mother listen to
Our Willie talking Greek."—Ex.

BILL AND THE BOARD.

Bill had a bill-board. Bill also had a
board-bill. The board-bill bored Bill so that
Bill sold the bill-board to pay his board-bill.
So after Bill sold his bill-board to pay his
board bill, the boardbill no longer bored Bill.
—Yale Expositor.

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Jean Jacques Rousseau.



ROUSSEAU'S aim in education is to return to Nature. His importance in literature and history is due to the fact that he summed up in his character and writings, the tendencies toward individualism that had been stirring society. His scorn for conventionalities in contrast with the ideal simplicity of Nature, his condemnation of the corrupt, hypocritical life of his time, with its distorted notions of education, and his eloquent plea for a return to a life truly and simply human, and to an education preparing for such a life, did much to arouse men to a serious consideration of their condition. In so far as he laid bare the defects and abuses of society, and education, and demanded reforms in the direction of simplicity, he did well; but when he came to tell how such reforms were to be accomplished he developed a system full of contradictions.

His views are found in a book called *Emile*, which was perhaps the most influential book ever written on the subject of education.

In this book, he states that each child should be under the care of a tutor or governor, who is to have the entire charge over him. The tutor is to be young, about twenty-five, and is to receive no money for devoting his life to the child's education. His duties are three fold: (1.) To keep off all harmful influences. Rousseau believed that man's nature is fundamentally good and that evil comes through contact with society, so the tutor's first duty is to

keep off outside influences of every kind. (2.) To develop the bodily powers, especially the senses. Rousseau was a firm believer in physical exercise, advocating it as superior to mental exercise. (3.) To cultivate the child's sense of duty.

The proper place to keep children is an uninhabited island, and failing that, a lonely village, where the child will have as little as possible to do with its fellowmen.

For the first twelve years of its life the child is to devote itself to having a good time, and in all things is to carry out his own will. His health is to be cared for, and his body, and particularly his senses are to be developed by exercise. Books are to be shunned, and the child is to learn what is absolutely necessary, from the object lessons around him. Rousseau thinks that if left to himself a child will learn to read of his own accord, at the age of ten. He is to be guided solely by natural necessity, and is never to be reasoned with as Nature never reasons. He is not to be forbidden things but prevented; and he is never to be punished, but is to be left to feel the natural effects of his actions. If for instance, he breaks a pane of glass, the tutor is to say nothing, but to leave it unrepaired until the child catches cold. At the age of twelve the child will be practically a well developed animal with an undeveloped mind.

Between the ages of twelve and twenty the child is to study those subjects which are excited by natural curiosity and which

are useful, such as the natural sciences and mathematics. These are to be taught not from books, but from Nature. When he has at last learned to read, the child's most used book is to be Robinson Crusoe, as this represents a man living his life without the aid of society. It is of less importance that the child should learn, than that he should do nothing against his own inclinations. Quality not quantity is to be aimed for, and the student is to cover only as much ground as he can intelligently comprehend. The method of learning is to bring out the pupils' own powers. Besides the studying of mathematics, natural science, music and drawing, Rousseau advocates manual training. Every child should learn a trade. He says that rich or poor, strong or weak, the citizen who does not work is a scoundrel, and manual labor is to be preferred, as it affords the greatest freedom. The learning of a trade secures self-dependence and improves the head as well as the hands.

At the age of twenty the best literary models are to be studied, especially the ancient classics. To finish his education the pupil should travel for about two years, learning from the society that until then has been shunned. Traveling does away with local and national prejudices, puts experience instead of imagination, and widens the sympathies.

Rousseau's system of education has three faults. (1) It is too exclusive. He would confine it to the rich and well born, saying that the poor have no need of further education than that furnished by their conditions. (2) It is too impracticable. It would be hard to find a tutor willing to devote his life to the education of one child, and that for no reward. Besides that, the

isolation demanded is impossible, unless desert islands could be produced at will. It is impossible to keep a child altogether from outside influences, and a child brought up in such solitude would not be natural. (3) It is immoral, because it makes self-interest the sole motive and that frequently in low forms.

But in spite of all defects Rousseau's influence on education is beyond measure. He has been called the "Father of Pedagogy." He first made the subject of education a burning question, and made clear its connection with all human welfare. Three of his demands have been responded to: (1) That children should from the first be allowed complete freedom of movement. (2) That they should be educated through direct experience, instead of through mere information from books. (3) That they should be taught to use their hands in the production of useful articles.

He was the first to point out that the teacher's first duty is to study the child, and that the studies should be adapted to childhood and not manhood. To him belongs the merit of exposing the error of sacrificing childhood to the acquirement of knowledge. He said that the subjects ordinarily taught to children, such as geography, arithmetic and history are foreign to their minds, and are entirely beyond their range. He said children should be treated as children, not as adults, and that the teacher's duty is to know the child's way of seeing, thinking and feeling. He based education entirely on the study of the child to be educated, and demanded such a method of learning as would bring out the pupils powers, the subjects being sufficiently varied to show the connection between

the various branches of knowledge, and to show the direction of the pupils' taste and talent.'

There is no denying the genius of Rousseau. In the words of one writer, "his is one of the original voices that go on sounding and awakening echoes in all lands. Willingly or unwillingly, at first hand or from imperfect echoes, everyone who studies education must study Rousseau."

PAULINA ALEXANDER.



THE VALUE OF THE STUDY OF LATIN.

THERE is a little German proverb—"Übung macht den Meister" which seems to me peculiarly applicable to the study of Latin. There is no royal road but there is for each one, who continues the race to the end, the victor's crown.

The requirements for success are adequate preparation in English, average mental capacity and a determination to succeed. The study of Latin will NEVER teach English Grammar. It will help to fix in mind the essential points in regard to grammar but without a fair knowledge of English one should wait until that knowledge has been secured.

The results from this study will be

First: exactness. There is very little guess work. A language inflected as highly as is the Latin with its declension of nouns, pronouns, adjectives and participles, its comparison of adjectives and adverbs and its conjugation of verbs, cannot help but develop a power of keen perception in making fine distinctions which will be ours to use in deciding the momentous questions of life, long after these inflections have been forgotten.

Second: A study of the Latin gives us a better appreciation of the meaning of many words in our own language. But says some one "I can get all that from the dictionary." True but no one who wants to really know will be willing to take things from hearsay when he can go to the root of the matter for himself.

Third: A study of the history of the Romans gives us an insight into political institutions closely allied to our own. A student of history must in order to fully appreciate English and American history have well in mind the history of the Romans. This he can most surely acquire for himself from original sources through Caesar, Cicero, Livy and other Roman historians.

Fourth: No literature has come down to us so rich in oratory, in philosophy and poetry as that left us by the Greeks and Romans and no one can so fully appreciate this as the young man or woman who is able to read the original.

He who would be an orator must go (among the Romans) to Cicero. He will notice how carefully each sentence is written, with what rare discrimination he chooses words. There is no mere jumbling together but each word speaks for itself and stands forth in dignified eloquence.

Or, do we wish to philosophize on friendship and old age. Again Cicero leads us through argument after argument, opening to our mental vision the secret of a happy life. We cannot help but believe that this pagan, this orator, this philosopher has caught a glimpse of the immortality beyond.

Or, perhaps we are weary and so with well thumbed Horace in hand we sit

within some sequestered nook and read of

"Bandusia's fount, in clearness crystalline,
O worthy of the vine the flowers we vow!
Tomorrow shall be thine

A kid, whose crescent brow
"Is sprouting, all for love and victory,
In vain; his warm red, so early stirred,
Thy gelid stream shall die,
Child of the wanton herd.

"Thee, the fierce Sirian star, to madness fired,
Forbears to touch; sweet cool thy waters yield
To ox with ploughing tired,
And flocks that range afield.

"Thou too one day shall win proud eminence
'Mid honored founts, while I the ilex sing
Crowning the cavern, whence
Thy babbling wavelets spring."

All hail to Horace, who sang of nature
so surpassingly, who challenged posterity
in charmed accents and who could shape
the sternest and most concise of tongues
into melodious cadences that invest her un-
dying verse with all the magic of music
and all the freshness of youth,

M. K. MARTIN.



"THE MILE RUN."



"Result of the high jump:—
First, number twenty-three;
Second, number eighteen;
Third, number seven.

Westminster, 31; Washington-Madison
33; Genevieve College 32; Western Medic
19; Allenton 17. All out for the mile
run."

Pandemonium reigned in the grand-
stand. Hoarse-voiced partisans of the five
schools cheered themselves hoarser yet in
efforts to do honor to the victors of the
jump. "Here they come." The cheering
begins afresh. Three schools have a
chance to win the meet. Washington-Mad-
ison is openly exultant. Arn't they ahead
and hasn't Whitehead done 4.47 only the

week before. And Westminster only has
two youngsters, Wayne and Long, while
Whitehead's a veteran.

Long is a Sophomore and has run be-
fore, but this is his first big meet. Wayne
is only a Freshman. He had worked hard
on the farm at home and had all the requi-
sites of a good runner. All that Spring he
had trained hard and persistently, until it
was a toss-up between Long and himself,
who was the better man. Three weeks be-
fore, after the daily practice, the coach cal-
led them into the little building that
served as a track house. "Boys, some-
thing's got to be done. That man White-
head has got you both by 3 seconds. I only
know one way to beat him. One of you
must cut out about half-way around the
third lap and set a good stiff pace to draw
him on, so's he will be all in when it comes
to the last sprint. The other will take it
easy, and if this works, we will get first,
and we want all we can get, for this meet's
going to be a pretty close thing. Wayne,
I'll ask you to set the pace. It's got to be
one or the other, and Long's had more ex-
perience. All the same, you are helping
the school just as much as Long is."

He thought this all over as he went to
his room. After all his work it had come
to this. The gibes of those who did not
know the circumstances, saying that he
had set a faster pace than he could hold;
and the thought of losing his chance to
gain his "W." His room mate's "next
year" was too far away to be of comfort.
But now the decisive moment had come.
The coach was beside him giving him last
instructions. "Don't force the pace too
fast or he will get on to it. Do your work
well and the school won't forget it."

Almost before he knew it he was on the mark and off it. He took his position behind Whitehead, his team-mate behind him. A Western Medic man was setting the pace, a rather fast one it seemed to Wayne. The close of the first quarter saw the Western Medic man drop back and his place taken by an Allenton man. A second time they passed the cheering stand. The runners were beginning to string out. Whitehead was first, Wayne second and Long third, the rest followed some distance behind. Wayne was still fresh, as was his team-mate. Whitehead was going easily so easily that Wayne could not help but admire the W and M man's running.

Two and a half laps gone! Wayne began to draw up. Now he was even with him. Now ahead. He was running strongly. Whitehead hesitated for a moment and then followed. Wayne increased his pace. Again they passed the stand. The cheering was continuous. It was going to be a race, a race to talk about for days to come.

And now only two hundred yards re-

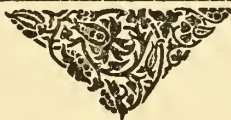
main. Wayne, tired, his work done, was going to drop back. Over his shoulder, he saw Long coming, running well within himself, and the race is won for Westminster. But why that noise! It has increased two-fold. Something must have happened. He took a frightened glance behind him. Long was nowhere to be seen, and Whitehead only a few yards behind. He must win the race or the day would be lost. He was so tired that he could hardly move at all, his breath came in gasps, yet that relentless pursuer held on. One more effort and the tape was crossed. He stumbled and fell into his room-mate's arms. A minute later the referee's voice was heard announcing:

"Wayne, Westminster, first;

Long, Westminster, second;

Whitehead, W. and M., third. Time 4.45²-5.

And now he understood it all. How Long close behind him was not to be seen and that he had beaten the hitherto invincible Whitehead! Tired, but happy, he was borne on the shoulders of his school-mates, cheered as the hero of the day.



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THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College. Entered at the Postoffice at New Wilmington, Pa., as second-class mail matter.

Classification of Students.

A TOPIC that has lately excited much discussion among Westminster students, is the recent action of the Faculty with regard to the reclassification of many students. When it was announced in chapel one morning that a change in classification had been made, anxiety seized upon many a student whose "conditions" made his class rank a little uncertain. Upon examination of the list of reclassified ones, it was found to be somewhat extensive, especially deep was the gloom which overspread the Sophomore class at seeing the list of her lost members. Generally speaking, however, this action of the Faculty received the approval of students.

Lack of strictness in classification has often been mentioned as a serious fault of this college. Most other schools preserve a greater regularity in their class courses and do not admit of so many conditions as has been done here. Repeated efforts have been made to lengthen and strengthen the course of the college, and indeed we have an admirable course of study laid out for us. This last action of the Faculty with regard to classification, shows a determination to maintain the prescribed course and to simplify the student's work, as well as the instructor's, by limiting the number of "conditions." After all this is the most effectual means of strengthening our school.

“Oudji Yori Sodatchi.”

JAPAN, the little nation of the East, first gained world wide notice with the opening of the Russo-Japan war. Since then many new impressions of that empire have been obtained and many erroneous ones corrected. To the people at large the most surprising fact, perhaps, concerning Japan is the importance and advancement of education in that nation. Certainly education is highly regarded in the Mikado's Kingdom, for in the following edict we see the national policy toward this question: "It is intended that henceforth education shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant fam-

ily, nor a family with an ignorant member.' A more inclusive aim cannot be found in nations of more advanced civilization. The attitude of the people toward education may be inferred from one of their proverbs, "Oudji yori sodatchi"—Education is more than birth. This shows the wide spread popularity of the educational movement among them. The little Jap knows of and covets the power of knowledge.

This proverb of the Japanese is specially forceful in America. There are no birth classes here. A man of humble birth may, if he has ability and energy, reach the highest position open to Americans. Here a man stands on his own merits: the individual is considered, not his accidental social position. Personal worth counts, and it is dependent on education—an assertion granted by all.

What has this to do with the college student? In our land, where education does not have to contend with class divisions, it is true that "education is more than birth," that education gives position. In view of this, careful attention should be taken in acquiring the best education—a complete, rounded development of the man. For since America stands for the individual, his place in the active affairs of life will be higher or lower according to the breadth of his education. Let this be an incentive then toward thorough preparation in college.



A mild attack of Chicagoism recently led Geneva College students to go out on a strike against the Faculty which had expelled seven of their number. Such proceedings should have no place in college life. A mob-ruled college is as bad as a mob-ruled city.



The fact that Westminster has two Rhodes' scholars argues well for her standard of work.



Would the Seniors like to do something? There is a plan mentioned in an editorial of the February number which opens up a splendid opportunity.



At the top or next to it is Westminster's place in Athletics, Oratory and Scholarship. It should be a matter of pride with us to keep her there.



Ten weeks in the Spring term. Two weeks away a playing ball. That is not so bad as it would be if it were worse.



Habits are formed in early life. That is why the Freshman is given such a good chance to form the habit of study.

ALUMNI.



R. C. McKELVEY.

ATTORNEY GENERAL J. A. VAN ORSDEL, '85, has lately been appointed Associate Justice of the state of Wyoming, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Chief Justice Knight. General Van Orsdel has become one of the best known men of the State in which he lives. After his graduation at Westminster, he studied law in the office of Dana & Long, New Castle. He practiced law in Nebraska until 1891 when he removed to Cheyenne, Wyo. More honors than usually come to public officials have already been bestowed upon Judge Van Orsdel and the early age of 44 finds him the highest tribunal in his State.

The following Alumni attended the Convention in this place beginning April 5th: Miss Bess Gilkey, '04, Miss Edyth Davidson, '04, J. McCalmont, '03, Earl Miller, '02, H. T. Getty, '03, A. H. Baldinger, '03, Alvin Campbell, '04, Rev. W. V. Grove, '00, Mrs. J. M. Ferguson, '98, Earla Mitchell, '04.

Bertal Leigh Alexander, '04, of Princeton, N. J. has won the Rhodes Scholarship in that state and will be her representative at Oxford next term. Since graduating at Westminster, Mr. Alexander has been studying further in the academic department of Princeton university. He was one of the highest honor men here and well deserves the honor which has been conferred upon him. Most of us will remember that George Vincent, '04, won a similar Scholarship from Ohio last year. Westminster may well be proud of having

two representatives across the sea, especially when our students must measure up with university men to obtain the appointment.

Miss Zella Mitchell, '01, who has been in the Egyptian mission since graduating, has returned home on account of poor health. Since arriving here Miss Mitchell has been steadily improving and will soon have regained her usual strength.

The wedding of M. G. Moore, '04, and Miss Bess Campbell, of Pulaski took place at the home of the bride at noon April 19th. Ben Graham, '04, was present as groomsman. Mr. Moore's enthusiastic friends took advantage of the golden opportunity of doing him honor. After the ceremony the bride and groom were merrily chased through thick showers of rice to the carriage at the door, which was to convey them to the station at Pulaski. The top of this conveyance was gorgeously decorated with Westminster blue and white, and a number of grotesque placards conveying interesting bits of information about its occupants, while the gearing was hung with enough boots and shoes to last a lifetime, if they were only new. A crowd of fifteen or twenty conducted them to the station and the pair were freed from their tormentors only after the train had put distance between them. Mr. Moore has the congratulations and best wishes of a host of friends and acquaintances. Keep it up, Alumni.

May Alexander '04, is home for the summer vacation.

George McClelland, '04, and Dave McBride, '04, are teaching in Dayton, O.

Mrs. Alice McClure has returned from

her mission work in India for a short rest. She was among the speakers at the Student's Missionary Convention and has delivered several other interesting addresses since coming home. Mrs. McClure will probably remain in this country a year or more before returning to the field.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.



EDITH GALBRAITH,
GEO. L. COCHRAN.

Dr. Campbell, in Constitutional Hist: "Now Miss Park we're thro with our courting days let us proceed to the church."

A drummer once overtook another on the road and tried to pass him. This, of course, the other objected to and a spirited altercation took place. "What do you sell?" at length demanded number one. "Drugs and medicines," was the reply of number two, "Allright, go ahead," said the other; "I sell grave stones."

On Friday evening someone suggested to Miss Quay that they have a game of jacks. "Yes this would be a fine 'Jack' evening" she replied.

Buzz Tannehill, telling a "whopper" "And that nigger was a bigger nigger than I am."

In Caesar, Passim fugere coepit, Scholar "He began to flee in all directions."

"Poor Caesar."—Ex.

Mr. E. at dinner table after the lecture against spooning—"Well, a little bit of good natured spooning won't hurt anybody."

Another of Milton's jawbreakers, when asked if he liked third Prep botany, "Thank

you, very much it certainly is amusing to hear those unsophisticated Preps, attempt to expound their knowledge,"

A drama in three acts.

I. Maid one.

II. Maid won.

III. Made one.

Miss Melville—Translating French: "The young man replied in the same impassible voice."

Prof. (to scholar) "What is biology?" I suppose it's the science of buying."— Ex.

Miss Carter says "that love is shy."

"Dr. C. to Newt. "What is a marine league?"

Newt. "O a sort of league, something like the National Baseball league."

Mike—"And what are you trying to do Tommy?" Tommy (with rope around his waist) "Sure and I'm trying to commit suicide." Mike: "Why don't you put the rope around your neck?" Tommy: "Faith and I tried it, but I couldn't get me breath."

Clark Beil, on impromptu: The Faculty's view on strolling. "I don't know just what the faculty's views are, but they don't agree with mine. I think a fellow ought to be allowed to stroll with his girl as much as he wants to."

Dr. Campbell, in Evidence of Christianity: "Now Mr. Yourd, there's just as much difference between you and me as there is between me and a monkey."

Teacher: "Johnnie Stokes, How many make a million?"

Johnnie: "Very few on earth."

Noble says that nobody can cut him out.

Prof. (dictating prose) "Slave, where is thy horse?"

Startled pupil—It's in my desk sir, but I wasn't using it." —Ex.

Thompson translating German, "Father come into the house; it's uncomfortable to lie in open space."

When asked why he was so happy "Bill" Clark replied, "I'm going to see my girl."

Miss Melville—Bunny eats almost everything; he isn't a bit hard to cook for.

A Freshman girl at class meeting: "Mr. President, I move we all wear white shirt waist suits with black ribbons when the class picture is taken."

Arrangements are being made for a dual tennis tournament with Grove City. The first meet will probably be held at Grove City May 30, 831 St. with a return meet here soon after.

Long walks are all the go since the crowd tramped to Meadville to see the Allegheny game. The experiences of the different fellows will furnish tales for many years to come. However it is safe to say that very few of them would wish to walk it over again.

—

LOCALS.

Edwin Booth's acting version of Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew" was given in the College Chapel Monday, April 24th for the benefit of the Westminster Athletic Association. It was one of the very best plays ever given here and a great credit to Miss Acheson's training.

Miss Anna McLachlan as the Shrew and Mr. J. C. Campbell, as Petruchio, both displayed remarkable ability in acting. The Westminster Mandolin and Guitar Club furnished delightful music for the occasion.

The Student's Missionary Conference of the United Presbyterian church was held here beginning Friday afternoon May 5th, and ending Sabbath evening, May 7. Allegheny Theological Seminary, Muskingum and Westminster colleges were the principal institutions represented, although several Young People's Societies of the surrounding towns sent representatives. The addresses at the different meetings were all unusually interesting and profitable. Among the speakers were the following who are well known to most United Presbyterians: Rev. W. R. Hotchkiss, a missionary in Central Africa; Dr. J. Knox, Montgomery, President of Muskingum College; Dr. J. K. McClurkin, pastor of the Shadyside church, Pittsburg; Rev. W. B. Anderson, Mrs. R. McClure, and Miss Josephine White, missionaries in India; Miss Florence Kerr who expects to go to India in a few months as a missionary; Mrs. E. M. Hill, foreign secretary of the Women's Board; J. Campbell White, Sec. of the Ways and Means Com. Rev. Charles R. Watson, Sec. of the Foreign Mission Board. At the Sabbath evening after-meeting about fifty volunteered to enter the mission field. More than thirty others said they were willing to become missionaries if they should find it was their duty. It is hoped and believed that the results of this convention will be great and far-reaching.

ATHLETICS.

W. J. ACHESON

WESTMINSTER won second place in the college one-mile relay race on Franklin field, Philadelphia on April 29. The first place and prize went to the Western Reserve University of Cleveland, Ohio, in the fast time of 3 minutes and 34 3-5 seconds. Our boys won the real race as the Western Reserve team easily outclassed all the others. Every one of the team ran a pretty race and they deserved their place. Washington and Jefferson College took third place, while W. U. P. was among the "also rans." The team was composed of the following men in the order of their position in the race: Clark, '05, Mitchell, '07, Marks, '07, Stewart, '05, (Captain) Each man on the team received a handsome silver cup as second prize.

The base ball team has lost four and won three games so far this season. Their playing has been better than the scores indicate and better things are looked for the rest of the season. The nine lost on the trip because the other teams played better ball but they were handicapped by an irregular line-up. The following are the results:

Mercer vs. Westminster April 24.

| | | |
|--|-----------------|----------|
| | | R. H. E. |
| Westminster | 5 0 1 0 5 0 0 x | 11 11 3 |
| Mercer | 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 | 1 5 2 |
| Batteries—Noble, Calhoun and Hartwell; J. Byers, King and Eatly. | | |

Westminster vs. Allegheny at Meadville, April 29.

| | | |
|--|-----------------|----------|
| | | R. H. E. |
| Westminster | 3 3 0 3 0 2 1 4 | 16 16 4 |
| Allegheny | 2 0 2 0 0 5 0 2 | 11 5 5 |
| Batteries—Calhoun and Hartwell; McArthur, Mittiger and Dunkle. | | |

Westminster vs. West Virginia University
Morgantown, West Va. May 2.

| | | |
|--|-------------------|----------|
| | | R. H. E. |
| W. V. U. | 3 0 0 1 3 0 0 0 x | 7 11 2 |
| Westminster | 0 0 1 0 0 0 2 0 0 | 3 8 5 |
| Batteries—Noble and Hartwell; Stanley and McCartney. | | |

May 3.

| | | |
|---|-------------------|----------|
| | | R. H. E. |
| W. V. U. | 0 4 1 5 7 0 0 1 x | 18 19 2 |
| Westminster | 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 | 2 7 7 |
| Batteries—Calhoun and Hartwell; Hall and McCartney. | | |

California Normal vs. Westminster California,
Pa., May 5.

| | | |
|---|-------------------|----------|
| | | R. H. E. |
| California | 0 0 2 0 3 2 0 2 x | 9 7 2 |
| Westminster | 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 | 2 8 8 |
| Batteries—Noble and Hartwell; Abbot and McDonald. | | |

Westminster vs West Newton, West Newton,
May 6.

| | | |
|---|-------------------|----------|
| | | R. H. E. |
| Westminster | 0 0 1 0 2 0 0 1 0 | 4 8 4 |
| West Newton | 1 0 0 1 2 5 0 0 * | 9 11 3 |
| Batteries—Hartwell and Smith; Spittel and Harris. | | |

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

J. W. ACHESON.

A Freshman at Franklin and Marshal College, who was being hazed by a crowd of Sophomores, shot into the group and wounded one of the men. Although three fourths of the students petitioned the faculty to expel the man, they caused the withdrawal of the Sophomores instead.

At the University of Nebraska a squad of fifteen is kept in mental and physical training for two months preliminary to selecting two teams of three each for inter-collegiate debating contests.—Ex.

A clipping from the State Collegian shows one phase of college spirit, "Two

hundred students of Missouri University stole a barn and took it several blocks. It was a big, two-story frame stable with a ton of hay in the loft. They began before midnight and continued until after five a. m., working in relays. Everything that obstructed the course of the barn, which was rolled on wheels, was removed. Trees were cut down and telephone and electric light wires removed."

Through the donation of \$50,000 by the steel king, the University of Maine is to have a Carnegie Library, and a gift of \$150,000 by the same donor gives Syracuse University a new library building.

Much discussion about fraternities has recently arisen over the introduction of a bill in the Minnesota Legislature to abolish all fraternities.

The number of students enrolled in Bible Study classes at Pennsylvania State College has reached two hundred.

The students of Kendall College, Muskogee, Ind. Ter., joined enthusiastically in greeting President Roosevelt as he passed through the city.

Some music loving students of Hiram College went to Cleveland recently to hear the famous Paderewski.

Coe and Monmouth will meet in debate at Monmouth this spring. Paul McClenahan, Wallace Black and Neal McClenahan will represent Monmouth.—Ex

The first College of hygiene in Scotland is to be founded by Mr. Andrew Carnegie in Dumferline, his birth-place. The college is to be for students under eighteen years of age. At the close of the curriculum the student will be qualified to teach anatomy, physiology, hygiene, theory of

movements and elementary mechanics, first aid ambulance, gymnastics, games, dancing swimming, teaching, students' lessons, singing and voice culture.—Delaware College Review.

The senior class at Monmouth College expect to give Shakespeare's play "As You Like It" in June.—Ex.

Grove City is to be congratulated for adding to their curriculum a department of domestic science.—Ex.

"The Black and Magenta" contains two excellent orations, "International Peace" and "Ideal Manhood" which won the two first places in preliminary contest.

"The Erskinian" arrived at the ninth hour; but as usual is attractive and full of interesting reading.

"The Steel and and Garnet" of Girard College is mainly occupied with reports of the Girard Estate for the past year.

"The Washington Jeffersonian" not only excels all other exchanges in the size of each department but also in the clever manner in which they are arranged.

MUSIC AND ART.

ETHEL FINNEY

RUMORS of Commencement are already afloat on the air, also strains from Cowan's "Rosemaiden" float out over the campus on Thursday evenings. The Chorus class is doing splendid work on this beautiful cantata which was given two or three years ago with splendid success.

The solo parts are to be taken by Miss Gertrude Clark who is well known to us, and by Mr. Ussler of New Castle who sang

in the Stainer's "Crucifixion" last winter, and some other out-of-town singers.

This concert will be given on Monday evening of Commencement week, June 12. Then on Baccalaureate a beautiful anthem will be sung which is already being practiced.

The work in the Art Department this spring is of a very high order. Miss Hodgen's time is devoted almost entirely to China painting. Miss Ferguson has just finished decorating a chocolate set with a jonquil design, also a very pretty lemonade pitcher. Miss Allen is working on a handsome vase. The design is a study in water lilies while around it is a border of raised paste in delicate tracery. A handsome tankard and lemonade pitcher add very much to her already large collection.

Attention should be called to the designs and drawings made by Miss Hodgens for the '06 Argo. They lend dignity and taste to the book.

In looking over the musical world dur-

ing the past season we notice that Berlin has had 800 concerts while its opera season was very successful. An interesting fact to be noted and which interests Americans on account of their awakened interest in Wagnerian music, is that a subscription for ten Wagner operas during March at 60 marks a set, was offered. In twenty-four hours every seat had been subscribed for three times. This speaks well for the Germans' desire for, and devotion to his country's music.

This fact recalls the article by Mme. Lilian Nordica published in the Ladies' Home Journal. She calls attention to the fact that in America and England alone the opera in another language is tolerated. In France, Germany, Italy and other European countries only those operas find favor which are given in the vernacular. Mme. Nordica is an American and she states that until we have presentations in English the opera must be regarded as an exotic in English-speaking countries.



Stolen Sweets.

Stolen things are always sweet.

So we're often told.

And surely in our college days,

The saying's true as gold.

Stolen chickens, stolen fruits,

Are always better far.

Stolen walks and stolen talks

Beneath the evening star.

But justice follows swift on the way.

And the sweet turns bitter as gall.

For the penalty for doing wrong

Must compensate for all.

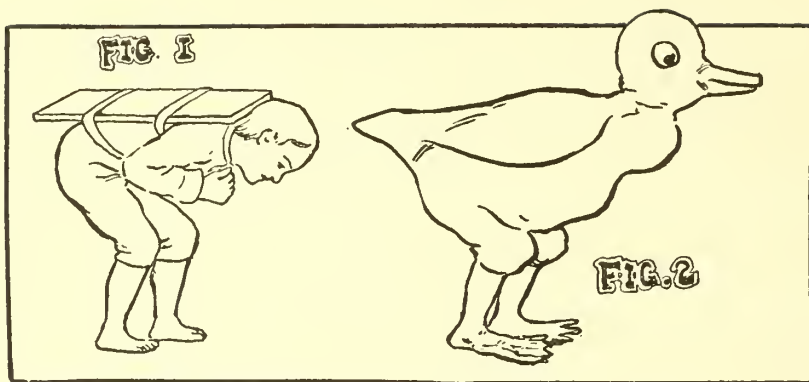
And yet we poor weak creatures,

Without the sense of the brute

Again and again transgress the law,

And take the forbidden fruit.

W. G. K.



This is what comes of taking too many studies.

NONSENSE VERSE.

Said the shoe to the stocking,
 "I'll wear a hole in you."
 Said the stocking to the shoe,
 "I'll be darned if you do."—Ex.

When the donkey saw the zebra
 He began to switch his tail.
 "Well I never!" was his comment
 "There's a mule that's been in jail."
 —Ex.

Snappy Jappy
 Scrappy chappy
 Setty trappy
 Russia nappy
 Jappy happy.

—Roaring Branch.

How dear to our heart
 Is the price of subscription,
 When some dear subscriber
 Presents it to view!
 Of him—who's not paid,
 He shrinks from description,
 For perchance dear reader
 That one may be you.—Ex.

Ice cream he bought his darling,
 And she ate and ate and ate;
 Till at last her heart she gave him,
 To make room for one more plate.—Ex.

When we read the nation's story
 We remember with a thrill,
 How our father's chased the redcoats
 In the days of Bunker Hill.
 Now we have the age commercial,
 Though the spirit still is true,
 While we strive to do our duty,
 'Tis the greenback we pursue.—Ex.

Malus puer passing by,
 Vidit apple hanging high.
 Bull-dog, autem vidit lad,
 Canis chaseth puer bad
 O Tempora! O Mores!
 Puer runs cum might and main,
 Fugit tamen all in vain
 Tandem concedit on his chin
 Et canis bites his trade-mark in.
 O Tempora! O Mores!



The Holcad.

New Wilmington, Pa. June, 1905.

The Alumnus and His Alma Mater.



THAT the relationship between the Alumnus and his Alma Mater must be very dear is evident from the original meaning of the old Latin words, *Alma Mater* "fostering mother," and *Alumnus*, "one nourished." Is not then the love of the college graduate to his, or her college, akin to that between mother and child? There must exist in the alumnus, as in the child, a similar desire to protect from injury, to shield from disgrace and ignominy, the same pride in her glory, and the same loving interest in her younger sons and daughters.

In Emerson's "Essay on Culture" we read that "one of the benefits of a college education is to show the boy its little avail" and yet the author goes on to state that some men have suffered keenly all their lives from the consciousness that other men not so successful in business as they, stood upon a firmer footing before the eyes of the world merely because of having had a college education. Let men say what they will about the insignificance of four years of college life there is a certain satisfaction in being pointed out among one's fellow citizens as a college graduate. The education may not fulfil the dreams of the boy or girl and provide an open sesame to

all knowledge, but even to know its little avail is worth all it costs.

"College life is the supreme privilege of youth." The wise father recognizes this and says to himself, "If I leave money to my children they may lose it, if I educate them I give them that which can never be taken from them," consequently he spares no pains to provide for them that which he may, or may not, have missed in his own youth, and on Commencement Day when he sees the son or daughter called out to receive the coveted degree and hears the President's words "To you I give a diploma which admits you, as youth of promise, into the fellowship of educated men," he feels fully repaid for all his effort. The graduate may not have attained profound scholarship; but if he has gone through the college curriculum he has had a glimpse at least of the hidden treasures of knowledge stored up for those only who possess the mystic key, and has learned that beyond the waves in which he has bathed but the tips of his fingers lies a boundless ocean of truth. He has widened his horizon.

The college stands for culture not for specialization. To the university and the technical school belongs the process of

fitting for some chosen career. In the words of President King of Oberlin College, "The function of the college is to teach in the broadest way the fine art of living, to give the best preparation that organized education can give for entering wisely and unselfishly into the complex personal relations of life, and for furthering unselfishly and efficiently social progress." The college man then must be broad-minded—not in the sense of readiness to accept any and every platform, constitution and creed, but in the sense of reaching out to that which is beyond, looking through and around a subject, and weighing things in their proper scales. Not only must his head but his heart be trained that he may enter with interest and sympathy the world about him, possess the charity "that seeketh not its own" and see glimpses of the spiritual and invisible.

He who has gained so much surely has a debt to pay; and to whom is it due? First, of course to the parents, or other friends who have made this education possible. He may never realize the measure of sacrifice made by them, but he is very dull if he cannot see that much of their lives has gone into his education. To them he owes his first duty.

From our parents we inherit our intellectual capacity, and to their training we owe our strength to "climb the windy and difficult heights." These furnish the foundation for "the structure that we rear," but it is the Alma Mater that shapes the building. "A college is a place where our young men see visions," visions, are they not? that transform life; visions, it may be, that revolutionize our world. Some are realized, all help to develop.

To his college training the Alumnus owes many of the traits that make life a success—his mastery of self, that he learned on the athletic field or with his associates, his leadership of men, for in college one's position as leader or follower is soon fixed; he has learned to spend his money, wisely or foolishly; he has learned to depend upon himself, to make himself agreeable, to overcome his selfishness, for the selfish student has no standing among his schoolmates. The free-and-easy, bright faced, large-hearted, generous, forgiving boy or girl is the one who is popular, hence these traits are cultivated.

Every student is called upon frequently to pass through the fiery furnace of embarrassment, of discouragement, of disappointment, of regret, and soon learns to suffer with set teeth and smiling face, thus cultivating the power to conceal from the eye of an unsympathetic world the overburdened heart.

While the college is a world of books and for these the student must develop some familiarity, some affection, may we say? and to them he must devote his chief energy, yet he who has no time for athletics, for society, for religion, for general reading, or for all-round culture has missed the aim of college life and finds at the end that his less studious companion has out-distanced him physically, socially, perhaps spiritually, and in his ability to deal with men.

All this and much more the Alumnus owes his Alma Mater; and how shall he pay the debt? What the college wants most is his development of nobler manhood for having been with her. Out of respect to his home and his college he should aim

toward a nobler life, morally and spiritually, for the advantages he has enjoyed. She wants him to live a useful career and leave the world at his death better for his having lived. She wants the constant allegiance and unswerving loyalty that will rejoice in her prosperity and bear with her infirmities and contribute all that is possible of encouragement and assistance.

The public judges the college wholly by its students and alumni. Their moral code and manner of living, their honesty and honor, their respect for law and for the rights of others are the outward signs by which the inner life of the college is known. If the moral standard is low the young alumnus can do more toward raising it than can the professor who meets all the requirements for faculty honor that the most fastidious student can set. Not by open criticism and fault-finding can this be done; but by emphatic expression of disapproval to the students at fault, wrongdoing can be discouraged and higher standards of college morals can be formed.

Probably no one works more faithfully and efficiently with less expressed encouragement than the college professor, and no human being labors more diligently to disguise any admiration he may feel than the average college student. Now is the time for the Alumnus, after all danger of favoritism has passed, to express his appreciation, not of personal favor, but of the general helpfulness of his Alma Mater.

The college may make mistakes. What institution does not? The trustees may devise plans that fail to meet the unqualified approval of all the alumni; some of the professors may be inefficient or overbearing; some students may, by unbecoming

conduct, bring disgrace upon the college. But are even these fit reasons to alienate the faithful Alumnus from his Alma Mater? We are surely too sensible to demand perfection, or even a close approach to perfection in a college when we do not find it in individuals, in the home, in the church, in our government. Let us be loyal; let us be true.

The man who loves his country pays his taxes without grumbling even though he knows part of his money will go into the pockets of unprincipled politicians. He who loves the church of his childhood contributes gladly to her needs, and every loyal son relieves the material wants of his parents even at the expense of self-sacrifice. May our Alma Mater not have a similar claim upon our generosity? We owe her more than we can ever repay: and no alumnus should consider his duty done until he has contributed so far as he is able to her pecuniary assistance that her progress may not be retarded.

It is true Westminster is a small college, and our views of college splendor may not admit any but the large universities into our range of vision. Dartmouth was "a small college" when Daniel Webster made his famous speech in her defense. "And yet" he said, "there are those that love it," and probably for the only time in his long experience of speech-making his emotions overcame him, and only with the greatest effort at self-control he was able to proceed with his plea for the Alma Mater.

Are we paying our debt to Westminster? Are we giving our Alma Mater the manhood and womanhood she has a right to expect? Are we giving her the encour-

agement she deserves? Are we as loyal to her as to the flag of our country? Are we proud of her past, and hopeful for her future? Have we ever given a dollar to relieve her financial distress, or to procure such comforts and luxuries as she ought to have? If we have not done all this and more to increase the efficiency and spread the fame of our Alma Mater, we are unworthily to be called by her name.

MARGARET McLAUGHRY.



SPECIALIZATION IN A COLLEGE COURSE.

ROBERT WILSON YCURD, 1905.

THIS is an age of specialization. It is no longer the man who does his work well, but the man who does best what others do well, to whom the world gives its plaudits. The time is fast passing, when as in the good old days, every man can be his own blacksmith, shoemaker, clock tinker, gardener and what not. At last the one talented man is to have a chance to develop his talent to the utmost.

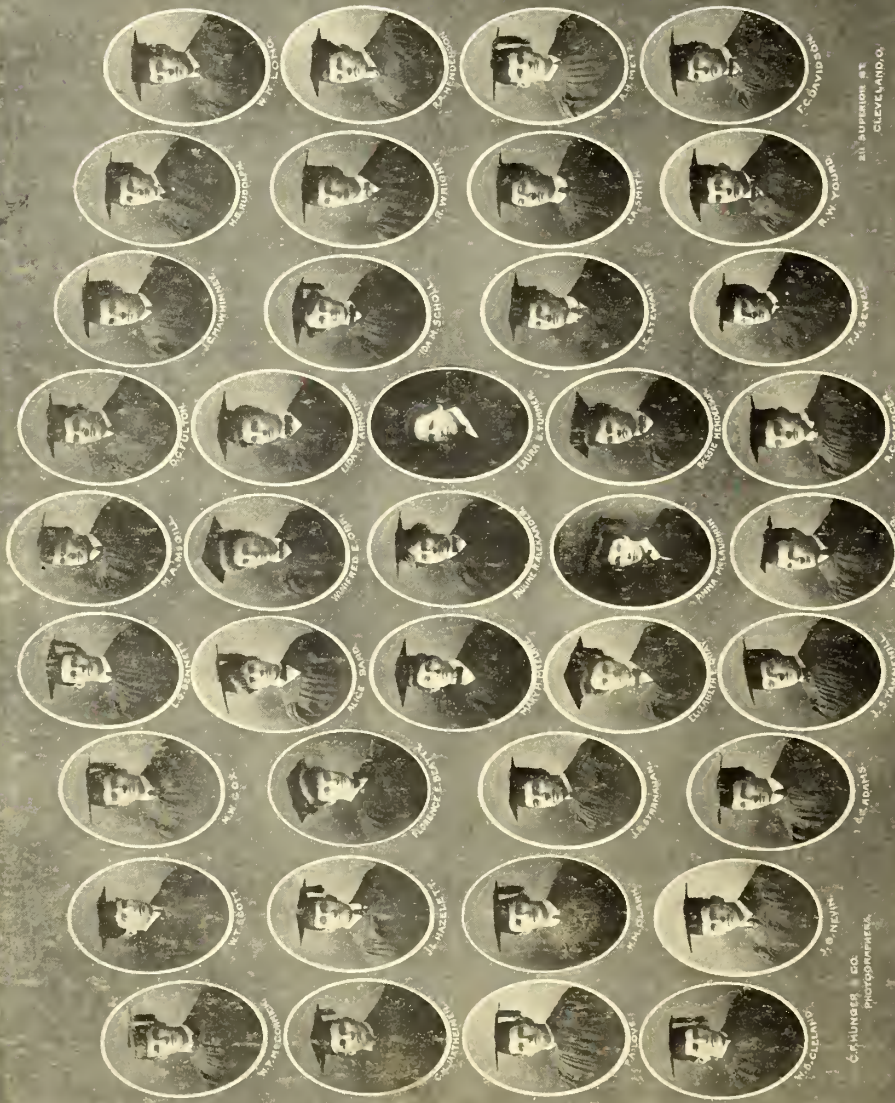
The reason for this is obvious. The age in which we live is a fast one. Cares are multiplied. The demands upon our time, made by business, society, the church, and countless other things, are legion. A man may bear up under such stress for a time, but sooner or later the break will come. It is to meet the exigency of such conditions that specialization has come forward to solve the problem. In view of such facts it is not to be marvelled at, that the students of our colleges, on fire with the ambition for success, should wish the college to usurp the place of the university and furnish a "short cut" by fitting them specially for a particular line of work.

Specialization is a good thing and we are much indebted to it, but everything has its place. Certainly the college is not the place for specialization. To furnish a broad, liberal foundation, to supply one with a general knowledge of the product of the world's thought and of the course of history, to cultivate a taste for music, literature and the fine arts, to give a man that culture that will enable him to conduct himself creditably on all occasions, to develop him mentally, morally and physically, these are the true objects of a college course.

It is time enough when this has been accomplished to talk of specialization. But it is "haste that makes waste" to think of it beforehand. Too many boorish men are entering the learned professions, men who never saw a college, but who by hook and crook manage to "get through" law or medicine, some even without a high school education. These men may manage to gain a livelihood by their professions, and even to become rich, through dubious means, but how much better is that wealth that comes from the knowledge that your work is thorough and has been well done.

Specialization should be discouraged in the college course in view of the fact that many of the students of our colleges are too young to have formed a definite plan for their future work and in many cases are of too restless a disposition to confine themselves to a special subject for a time sufficient enough to become thorough to the degree expected of a specialist.

Many students may urge that they care nothing for the classics, nothing for history, philosophy, literature or art, but desire to be a chemist, engineer etc. and to get at their work at once. Such students will



CLASS OF 1905-WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

ALL SUPERIOR AT
CLEVELAND.

C. F. HUNGER & CO.
PHOTOGRAPHERS.

spend the greater part of their four year course at college in this line of work and omit the other branches. This may enable them to become successful engineers or chemists, but how much more satisfactory would it have been to such in after years, had they spent four years of their youth in gathering the treasures of the masters for use in the "barren years." The greed for gold is the curse of our age. We have ceased to love knowledge for knowledge's sake. We have sold our birthright for a mess of pottage.

Shall this thing be? No, a thousand times no. Specialization must not be allowed to steal into our college courses and usurp the place of liberality. It is detrimental to the development of all that is best in a man's nature, and this fact alone should be sufficient to preserve the classic halls of the college from the encroachments of this evil.



THE REFORMATION OF HIRAM.

HIRAM SLOAN was eccentric. Peculiar both in appearance and ideas, he was a well known character throughout the country in which he lived. A familiar sight indeed was the seedy looking individual to the people of C—, as he sat crotched in a rather time-worn buckboard drawn by a sleek, spirited horse, in marked contrast to the vehicle and owner. Dressed in checked shirt and faded jeans, and with an old hat pulled over his grizzled locks, Hiram presented an appearance indicative of his eccentric character. He was short and squarely built, with large awkward hands and a rough weatherbeaten face almost concealed by bushy gray whiskers.

From under his heavy brows gleamed two small narrow blue eyes which betokened a nature sarcastic and discriminating. Yet in spite of his cunning and sharpness, there beat beneath the rough exterior, a heart sincere and kind. And although his peculiarities afforded much amusement to his neighbors, yet no one was more popular and more respected than he.

If Hiram prided himself in any particular thing, it was in his ability to drive a good bargain. He was very fond of fine horses, and the cunning and antagonism of his nature found expression chiefly in an inordinate love for horse-trading. He openly boasted of his knowledge of horse flesh, and was never contented unless he had a "deal" on hands. The one thorn in Hiram's flesh, was the stinging memory of a time when he had been worsted in a transaction of this kind; nor had he ever forgiven Deacon Jones for inflicting this disgrace upon him. His chief object in life was to repay the Deacon.

Hiram's antipathy to Deacon Jones was the greater because of the fact that the Deacon had lately exhibited a marked interest in things "up to date." Descended from generations of sturdy, staid farmers, Hiram maintained a stubborn faithfulness to old time ideas and customs. The most striking trait of his character was a positive intolerance of anything modern. Inventors were to him but a set of fakirs by whose wiles he considered himself too cunning to be deceived. Much against his will he had been forced to recognize the telephone, but the cable and wireless telegraphy were to him, myths too improbable for belief. The airship and the Holland boat were but fancies of deluded imagina-

tions, and the bicycle an object of special abhorrance.

Imagine then what Hiram's feelings were when one morning a handsome red automobile puffed up to his gate. So great was his astonishment and indignation, that he was scarcely able to recognize his favorite nephew, who was attending college in a neighboring town.

"Hello, Uncle Hiram! How's your health?"

"O, just middlin,'" was the constrained rejoinder. "Comin' in," with a scornful glance toward the automobile.

Hiram's indignation was intensified by the fact that Deacon Jones had recently purchased one of these very machines. That the Deacon approved of such a thing, was alone sufficient reason why he should hold it in the greatest abhorrence. Although his restraint wore off somewhat during the days that followed Tom's arrival, yet he would turn hastily away at sight of the automobile, and close his lips in a thin, hard line. Tom, who was well acquainted with his uncle's peculiarities readily understood, but by no amount of scheming could he induce Hiram to examine the machine. Almost discouraged by his continued stubbornness, Tom still hoped for an opportunity.

The opportunity came rather unexpectedly. One day Hiram hitched his fine horse to the old buckboard, jumped in, and started down the lane.

"I'm goin' out here about two miles," said he to Tom. "I want to look at that brown mare of old man Thompson's. Tom Nelson says she's as perty a critter as he ever seed."

Hiram had almost reached his destina-

tion, and was driving slowly along, absorbed in thoughts of the prospective trade, when he heard a harsh whistle behind. His startled horse jumped, reared, and before he could prevent it, dashed the buckboard against a tree. It went to pieces with a crash, and Hiram was thrown heavily over a small bank. The maddened horse, now free, dashed down the road and out of sight before his owner could realize what had happened.

Hiram sat up badly shaken and with a stinging pain in his right ankle, just as the automobile stopped. Deacon Jones and his brother, a physician in a near-by city, stepped out and approached him. At sight of the Deacon, Hiram jumped proudly to his feet, though almost overcome by the horrible pain.

"Well, I declare, Hiram, that beast of yours is a gay one. Smashed things up at a great rate. Didn't think it would take on so just at my "auto" whistle. Get hurt, Hiram,?"

"Sartinly not, Mister Jones," was the haughty answer.

"You've turned your ankle. Let me look at it" said the Deacon's brother, noticing Hiram's expression of pain, as he attempted to set down his right foot.

"Well I reckon I know where I'm hurt. You'd just as well move on; I don't need no help, thank ye."

Thus firmly rebuffed they could do naught but go on.

Left to himself, the exasperated and indignant Hiram realized fully his predicament. Here he was, two miles from home with a sprained ankle, and no prospect of help. The road was little used and no house was within hearing. The sun would

soon set, and poor Hiram began to think he must spend the night in the woods.

Just then he heard a puffing which sad experience had taught him was that of the hated machine to which his present humble position was due. Fearing the return of the Deacon, Hiram hastily raised himself and recognized Tom just as that young man caught sight of his uncle. The story was soon told, and Tom realized that his opportunity had come.

In spite of his abject position, it was only by the most clever artfulness on the part of Tom, that the stubborn old man would allow himself to be assisted into the car. He gingerly took his seat, and maintained a rigid silence as they whirled away. Yet Tom saw that his uncle's eyes wandered curiously over the machine and were closely observing his movements in handling it. The sly young man, however, wisely pretended to be unconscious of this, and maintained a discreet silence.

They were riding quietly along, when just as they turned a sharp bend, both caught sight of another machine speeding down the road and rapidly overtaking them. All Hiram's feeling toward Deacon Jones returned with increased force, as he recognized the occupants of the approaching car. The possibilities of the situation did not dawn upon Tom, till he noticed Hiram glance back uneasily as though measuring the decreasing distance between the two machines. This action was repeated, and when Hiram became more restless and kept looking impatiently at his nephew's apparently unconcerned face, Tom glanced back, and in a flash he understood. The Deacon was driving the machine, and was apparently bent on passing them. Wily Tom

quickly laid his wicked plot. Upon a hasty examination, he found that the other car was larger and more powerful. But he had faith in the speed of his own, and with skilful management felt confident of victory.

Innocent and apparently unconcerned, the wicked youth slowed down almost imperceptibly. As the second machine drew nearer, poor Hiram moved nervously in his seat, with many an anxious glance backward. Closer came the Deacon and more agitated grew Hiram. Tom now, apparently for the first time became interested in the movements of the other machine, but in answer to the questioning appeal of his uncle he shook his head. The situation to Hiram was becoming desperate.

Now the big car drew up beside them, and Tom was just about to carry out his plan of putting on speed and leaving the Deacon behind, when Hiram took the situation into his own hands. Almost maddened by the sight of the Deacon's triumphant face drawing past, Hiram could stand it no longer. With an exclamation through his set teeth of "Let me have her," he flung off the hands of his astounded nephew, grasped the motor, and sent the car forward like lightning. With a taunting bow, Hiram rapidly left the disconcerted Deacon far behind. Nor did he release his control of the machine, until, with firm hand and steady eye, he drove rapidly home, much to the astonishment of his mute nephew.

"Fine machine this," was his only comment as he stepped from the car.

Tom had not yet recovered from the shock caused by the unexpected ending of this ride, when one day he found that his automobile had disappeared. But no long-

er could any action of his uncle surprise him, so it was with a feeling of amusement at the ludicrous sight, that he beheld Hiram whirl up the drive, a seedy figure in checked shirt and weatherbeaten hat, seated in the shining red car. Nor was he surprised when a few weeks after his return home, he received a letter from his uncle, who enthusiastically described his newly purchased automobile, in comparison with which, the Deacon's "couldn't hold a candle."

Hiram's reformation was complete.

CLUB SPIRIT VERSUS COLLEGE SPIRIT.

THE recent introduction of a bill in the Minnesota Legislature to abolish all fraternities, has given rise to no small amount of discussion about fraternities, serves to remind us that the increasing prevalence and influence of fraternities among colleges is becoming more and more a matter of attention. In very few institutions at the present time can there be noted the absence of fraternities or some organization of kindred aim and spirit; and such a prominent place do they assert for themselves in the management of college affairs that a question arises as to whether their influence is really healthful and beneficent. Particularly may their influence upon college spirit be called in question.

But the discussion need not be confined to fraternities as such; for while in many colleges, "frats" as they are called, are a recognized factor in college life, in others we may find no organizations of such an avowed character; yet in time, dormitory groups and boarding clubs may acquire the nature of fraternities, exercise the same spirit toward "outsiders" and conduct

themselves on the same general principles, although not considered as fraternities. In fact this not infrequently occurs; for the field of control in college affairs offers sufficient inducement to any club to wish to unite against others for the purpose of gaining the lead. And if the lead is once taken by one club, the competitive spirit of the others will soon be aroused and the various clubs will be arrayed, one against the others each for its own advantage. That spirit, then, which in some colleges is known as fraternity spirit, in other colleges becomes club spirit and is, we believe, as detrimental to college spirit in the one case as in the other.

In what is this club spirit detrimental to college spirit? In answer let us consider first what we mean by college spirit.

Many people imagine that college spirit is nothing more than an impulse to blow tin horns and yell one's self hoarse in the presence of an opposing team and its convoy of rooters. It is true that one who cannot display enthusiasm under such conditions does not possess much love for his college; but it is possible to enter into the spirit of such times and still possess little true college spirit. College spirit is a feeling of enthusiastic loyalty for one's college and as such is a good and generous thing. It is no mean and sordid feeling but is akin to such lofty feelings as patriotism and personal loyalty. It is the same feeling whether found in graduate or undergraduate, although manifested differently in each case. The undergraduate shows it by taking part in intercollegiate contests, athletics or otherwise; by always doing his work in a superior manner; by upholding by all honorable means, the honor

and reputation of the college. Whatever then, tends to affect the efficiency and ability of those representing the college in intercollegiate contests; to hold out false incentives to exertion and thereby to affect the character of the work done; to offer inducements or opportunities for the employment of means not always fair and square; to bring about, by any or all of the above means, discontent to any extent general;—whatever has a tendency in any of these directions must have a direct effect upon college spirit.

It is in just such directions as these that we should look for the influence of club spirit. The selfish nature of club spirit teaches us that it will manifest itself where the most advantages are to be gained. Consequently we are not surprised to find that it has a voice in determining who shall represent the college in intercollegiate contests, particularly athletic contests. Take for example the football or baseball teams. The club at whose table sits the captain, or the coach, or perhaps both, of these teams is conceded to have the advantage, since in the makeup of the team candidates from that club are given every possible preference. And it not infrequently happens that a better player, whose only fault is that he hails from another club, is not given his just dues. While club spirit thus affects the makeup of the team, it affects as well the attitude of the student body toward the team.

Not only in athletics do we find club-spirit manifested but also in college elections. Here allegiance to club-party is made the basis for voting rather than the efficiency of the candidate and the qualifications for office-holding are given second-

ary consideration. It is true that one manifestly unfit for a position, would have few chances of winning even with strong club support; but a man with nothing but his ability to recommend him, would almost as surely fail without such support. But aside from the question of its influence upon the efficiency of the office holder, club spirit exerts a still more important influence; office holding is in danger of being no longer regarded as a trust committed by the student body [but rather as the spoils of partisan victory. Club spirit also dissipates whatever incentive to attainment that is offered by the thought of merited recognition at the hands of fellow students.

Club spirit, likewise, may lead to the use of means in themselves questionable or at least unsportsmanlike. Particularly is this true of elections where the issue is important and the outcome doubtful. Violence is thus done the spirit of fair play which every student admires in his opponents no less than in his friends. In fact, where club spirit flourishes "free field and no favor" is out of the question.

It can only be expected furthermore, that club spirit should lead to rivalry between various clubs and that the acts of each club should be criticised by the others. When the various spheres of influence in the college world are regarded as lawful spoils, those who have failed to secure the coveted prize do not generally feel it incumbent upon themselves to support their more fortunate opponents but, on the other hand, may even be impelled to hinder them if possible. Under such conditions there is room for little else than factional jealousies, fault finding and discontent.

The above mentioned tendencies sug-

gest some reasons why club spirit is not conducive to strong healthy college spirit. College spirit is one of the most effective influences of college life but it cannot be expected to thrive in an atmosphere begotten of factious and factional spirit?

C. C. A.



HOLIDAY'S HOME RUN.

EACH Spring as the championship baseball game between Edgeworth and Hampton draws near, the alumni and their friends begin to pour into the old college town from the four quarters of the earth to witness the struggle which is usually so close that no one can say that victory has perched on the red and white of Edgeworth or on the purple and black of Hampton till the end of the ninth inning has arrived and the last man is called out.

So on an evening early in June a crowd of us, all veterans of many a battle on grid-iron and diamond, were gathered in the coache's room discussing the prospects of winning tomorrow's game. Finally we fell into a reminiscent mood, and many a tale was told that took us back to the days when we defended the red and white.

After several incidents had been related, "Chic" Bradley, an old second baseman, glanced around the circle of faces and said, "Do any of you fellows remember Jim Holiday who pitched for us five or six years ago?"

Several said they remembered Holiday, and we all joined in requesting "Chic" to tell the story which we knew he had in mind. Finally he tipped his chair back against the wall, cleared his throat and began.

"Holiday was a big, ungainly fellow of nineteen or twenty when he entered school, and from the smile which so often spread over his broad, good-natured face, he soon received the nickname of "Sunny Jim." He didn't come into public notice much till the base-ball season opened, when he came out for a place on the team. The coach soon found that he had pitched for a summer or two at a small country academy, and when he tried Holiday in the box saw that he had terrific speed and some beautiful curves. He became one of the regular pitchers and was picked to pitch the game against Hampton.

"The two teams were exceptionally well matched that year, and there was the greatest uncertainty among the followers of both teams as to the result of this game. When the day of the contest arrived every player was in splendid condition, as the coach had looked after them with the utmost care for weeks past, that they might be ready when the crucial test should come.

"At three o'clock the pitchers were warming up, and the other players were out for a little preliminary fielding practice. The grand stand and bleachers were rapidly filling; the hum of conversation and laughter came from the assembled crowd above which the colors of both colleges fluttered in the breeze.

"The Hampton team came to the bat first, and as our boys trotted out to their positions a great call of encouragement went up from the Edgeworth supporters, while a shout of defiance was flung back by the Hampton people."

"The umpire tossed the ball to the pitcher, shouted, "Play ball;" and the struggle was on in earnest. For four in-

wings neither side could get a man farther than third base, but in the fifth a Hampton man crossed the plate, scoring the first run. No more runs were made till the seventh inning when two of our men scored. But in the eighth Hampton secured a run on an error and tied the score.

"The coach spoke a few words of encouragement to Holiday as he started for the pitcher's box at the beginning of the ninth inning, and his accustomed smile spread, for an instant, over his face, then his jaw set firmly and his features took on a determined look.

"Hampton's men went out in order, and they had no chance of winning unless they could prevent our team from scoring, and so make it necessary to play another inning.

"The first Edgeworth man up struck out and the second was out on an easy fly. Holiday was the next man and as he picked up his bat a sigh of resignation ran through the crowd; for like many another good pitcher Holiday was a poor hitter and nearly everyone expected him to strike out. He struck at the first ball the pitcher threw, the umpire called the next one a strike,

then he waited and the next two were balls. Then the Hampton pitcher wound himself up and the ball came whizzing toward Holiday. He saw it was going to pass over the outside corner of the plate, and he swung his bat and met it squarely. The ball sailed far out between middle and left field, and the next instant Holiday was flying toward first base. He had almost reached third before the fielders recovered the ball. As he rounded third he glanced over his shoulder, but just at that instant he stepped on a patch of grass just outside the base line, his foot slipped and his huge body came crashing to the ground. In an instant he was on his feet again, but as he put his right foot forward a terrible pain shot through his ankle, and he realized that his ankle was broken. The ankle gave way beneath his weight and he fell forward, but still undaunted he leaped to his feet again, and struggled forward. In his eagerness to reach the home he fell again, but as he struck the earth his long right arm fell across the plate. An instant later the ball plunked into the catchers mit but Holiday had made his home run."

S. B. MITCHELL, '07.



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A Fair Deal.

THE man who plays unfair is always despised. The college that plays unfair is just as much tho't of. But since such action between colleges only affects contests of the students, little attention is paid to it. That spirit of honor between colleges which so characterized the old time school is now becoming less manifest. Within the past year our school has been subjected to unfair treatment from opposing colleges at least four times and it must be confessed that we have been likewise guilty. It is probable that other colleges have met with the same experience. From these and other facts of a like nature we may rightly conclude that unfair dealing between colleges is on the increase. This then is the condition which exists today. To what is it due? Mainly to the neglect of college authorities. Seldom or never are students reminded that visiting contestants are to be treated courteously. When an athletic or debating team leaves to contest at another college are its members ever reminded that their conduct reflects back upon the college which they represent? Usually the student's sense of responsibility in this matter is left to himself. Offenders are never rebuked, nor, as a rule, is official complaint ever made to the college that has given unfair treatment. If it were impressed upon our students that contests of whatever kind were to be won by fair means, and that every courtesy was to be shown visiting contestants; if offenders in this respect were suitably punished; if authoritative complaint were made to the officers of the offending college; in short, if fair and courteous action were required of the students, then very little grievance would be held among the various student bodies and intercollegiate relations would become more pleasant even tho' a deep feeling of rivalry existed. We would then come to give fair dealing not because it was demanded but because our manliness would not let us belittle ourselves in committing an act of meanness against a rival. Let college authorities cooperate in impressing the student with the necessity and expediency of fair and courteous action, and "a fair deal" will be secured to all.

University President's View of Elective System.



IN his article on "Mental Types in our Schools," which appeared in a recent number of Harper's Monthly, President Hadley of Yale writes: "For the two assumptions which are at the base of the modern elective system—the assumption that each student has a distinct preference for some particular topic, and the assumption that a course of study should be grouped closely around some one line of preference—one can be proved to be wrong, and the other has never been proven at all." Early educators outlined a course of study fixed and irrevokable, to which all students, irrespective of individual tendency and capability, were alike bound. But with the rise and extension of professional schools, dissatisfaction with the former method grew, and so originated the so-called "elective system" of the present day. The superiority of this over the former method has been made evident, but is the present elective system yet what we need? According to President Hadley the success of the present system is due not to real merit in itself, but rather to that remarkable trait of the American to make everything turn out right. The present elective system, of our universities especially, forces the student to choose a career for himself before he is ready to choose—before it is evident for what he is fitted, and in what direction his tendencies lie. Confronted with a choice between electives designed with the different professions in view, he hastily makes what afterwards often proves to have been a mistaken choice.

President Hadley's experience has led him to group students according to their mental habits into three classes: men whose minds deal in facts, men of ideas, and men of affairs. The first read for substance, the second for impression, and the third for utility. The ideal course of study is the one thoroughly adapted to individual temperament, but designed to enlarge the mental horizon. The present elective system is one which is adapted to our individual temperament, but which tends to narrow the mental horizon. For the student of scientific tastes there is provided a course consisting almost wholly of sciences. Such training narrows his capability; it prepares him for one line of work, and only one. The ideal course, however, distinguishes not so much between choice of subjects as between methods of teaching them. Languages should be taught to the scientific student from a scientific standpoint; sciences to the classical student from a classical point of view.

"It all depends on point of view,

Or how one scans or sees it."

Greek, which has caused so much dispute, will interest the scientific mind with its forms and etymology; the literary mind, for its beauty of expression; the business mind, for its practical working ideas. It is not by training the student in studies suited especially to his tastes, but rather by teaching him a broader range of subjects in methods adapted to his particular type of mind, that we make him feel that his profession is only a part of a broader intellectual life.

That old proverb—"the brain will rust out sooner than wear out"—ought to help us keep our vacation from being an idle one.



Thirty-nine more possibilities that "the river will be set afire."



Don't forget to come back next fall.



If you had wholly yielded yourself to Westminster this year, don't you think that you would have been benefitted more than you have?



ALUMNI.

R. C. MCKELVEY.

THE wedding of Miss Elizabeth E. Houston, '87, to Mr. Ralph M. Johnston of Pittsburg took place at the home of the bride on Wednesday, June 7, at three o'clock. Quite a number of friends were present at the ceremony and all join with them in wishing the bride and groom happiness and prosperity.

On the same day as the above occurred the marriage of Rev. James Briceland and Miss Edith McCreary of Skidmore. Our Alumni are fast falling into line. The list is one better than last month's. Let the good work gone on: we want the number to increase every issue.

W. J. Stewart has recently secured the nomination for Mayor of Struthers, Ohio. Mr. Stewart graduated here in 1899 being one of the brightest members of his class as well as one of the youngest. Since then he has completed the classical course in Princeton and the study of law in Michigan University. Such progress as this as this gives no time for loafing and Mr. Stewart may be put down as another of Westminster's sons who is bound to make his mark.

Rev. J. A. Bailey, '59, assisted Rev. E. N. McElree, D. D., at the communion services in the 2nd U. P. Church, May 12-14

Rev. J. A. McCalmont has recently resigned his pastorate of Wheeling congregation. Rev. McCalmont always prosecuted his work with humility and earnestness and he leaves on account of no unfriendly feeling between pastor and people.

At a late meeting of Sydney Presbytery. J. S. E. McMichael, '02, preached his trials for ordination and was heartily sustained.

The Christian Instructor of May 17 contains an interesting and instructive article on 'Results of Mission Work in Egypt' written by F. S. Thompson, '04.

William Witherspoon, '03, who went South for his health some time ago, has gone to Biltmore Sanitarium. Mr. Witherspoon has not been gaining as rapidly as was expected since going South but it is hoped that this move will bring about a change for the better.

Hugh G. Snodgrass, '02, of West Middlesex, has decided to enter the Allegheny Theological Seminary next fall.

A. M. Tweedie, '04, returned to New Wilmington a short time ago. When he came to town Tweedie was wearing a handsome mustache, but in order to escape the jests of his friends, he consigned it to the mercy of the razor a few hours after his arrival.

Miss Anna Mitchell, '02, has recently returned to New Brighton from her work in Chase City. She fears that she will be compelled to abandon her work on account of serious trouble with her eyes.

The following have returned to town and will probably spend the summer in New Wilmington.

Elnetta Sharp, '00, May McKelvey, '02, Clara Elliott, '04, Zelda Mitchell, '01, Audley Stewart, '04, James Edgar, '00, Wallace Ferguson, '00, Margaret McLaughry, '74, Mrs. Maian Taylor, '00, Emma Elliott, '97, Letitia Elliott, '99.

Other alumni visitors are; George Parisen, '04, P. H. Yourd, '03, Greer Thompson, '04, R. N. Grier, '01, Mary Newmyer, '04, Clyde Gibson, '02, Earl Miller, '02.

R. G. Deevers, J. A. Veazey, Jas. Grier, and Charles Baldwin, all of 1902, who went to Egypt as teachers in Assiut College just after graduating, have completed the term of service and are now on their way home. They will visit Austria-Hungary, Germany, Italy, France, Spain, and England on their homeward journey. We feel inclined to envy the boys such a trip but we can console ourselves with the thought that they are wishing for a sight of home and friends just as much as we are longing to behold the wonders abroad.

Walter Moore, '03, and his brother John Moore, '02, have gone south and will likely spend the summer at Aiken, South Carolina.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.

EDITH GALBRAITH,
GEO. L. COCHRAN.

Miss Quay—"Oh, I believe I will have to change my name."

Mr. Jaxtheimer—"How would you like to have one like mine?"

Miss Quay—"Oh, Mr. Jaxtheimer this is so sudden."

She—"I will never marry a man whose fortune has not at least five ciphers in it.

He—"Oh! darling! Then we will be married tomorrow. Mine is all ciphers."—Ex.

Roy Leach—"I wouldn't get married even if I had a better chance than I have now."

Miss Metz—"Don't be an old maid take the first man you can get."

Prof. McGili—"A sister-in-law might be a brother's wife or a brother's brother's wife."

Charlie Pearse (translating French)—"Love me Rosa for I sure I don't love you."

Ex-Judge—"What reason can you give for thinking that this lady did not intend to hit her husband when she threw the flat-iron at him."

Witness—"Well, she hit him, didn't she?"—Ex.

A flea and a fly in a flue were imprisoned. Now what could they do? "Let us flee," said the fly; "let us fly," said the flea; so they flew the flue and the fly through the hole in the flue.

Miss Thompson (translating French)—"She was encircled by her lovers."

Wanted—By Rotzler and Black; someone to teach them how to turn a surrey around without having to get out and lift it around.

Newt enjoyed feeding the elephant and watching the lady do her stunt in the auto.

J. A. Barr was home last week to see his mother who is leaving for a visit in Portland, Oregon.

G. L. Cochran was home in Greenville last week to see his father who was then home from Alabama.

Burly Clark was home over Sabbath recently.

The Annual Tennis Tourament started June 1st and promises to be even better than usual.

Miss Ethel Finney and Miss Laura Thompson entertained the Junior Class at the home of Miss Finney, Thursday evening, May 25th. The affair was a children's party, every one dressing as a child and playing children's games, among which was



THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

So stately and so dignified
She looks in cap and gown,
I hardly dare to speak to her,
This grad. of great renown.

I scarcely can believe my eyes!
It surely can't be she
Who always seemed so very shy,
So very shy to me!

But suddenly the spell departs,
And I give thanks to fate;
For anxiously she asks me if
Her mortar board's on straight.

—Harvard Lampoon.

the dancing around the May pole. Every one took part in the games which lasted until a late hour when dainty refreshments were served, after which the class assembled on the steps and sang songs long after the village was fast asleep. The class was nearly all present and returned home voting it the most pleasant event of their college career.

A SHELF OF JARS.

Wouldn't it jar you:
If New Wilmington had street cars.
If Woods would crack a smile.
If McLachlan would fuss.
If Miss Henderson would flunk.
If McCormick would forget to comb his hair.

How Seniors get out of exams.
If a Junior chemist would have an explosion.

If something new would happen.

Miss Bell was home for a short visit recently.

Roy Leech was in Greenville for the commencement exercises.

John McKay spent a couple of days at his home in Greenville the first of the month.

The Misses McKee visited friends in Butler last week.

Miss Smith was home over Sabbath May 28.

Walter Davis attended the wedding of his friend Chancey Chase, of Greenville on June 1st.

Business Manager W. K. Long went home on business for a few days last week.

J. M. Nevin was in town over night May 29.

G. M. Pierce was visited by his father and mother of West Elizabeth last week.

LIBRARY.

Vanity Fair—Girl's Study Room.
Much Ado About Nothing—Cap Davis
Man was made to mourn—Becky

Woods.

Idle thoughts of an Idle Fellow—McCormick.

Young Castaways—Freshmen.

She stoops to conquer—Bard.

Filigree Ball—Junior Party..

Peck's Bad Boy—Newt.

The Little Minister—"Dodger."

He knew he was Right—Wright.

The Deliverance—Graduation.

The Silent Heroine—Miss Philips.

He—Chick.

She—Corine.

The Crisis—Examination.

Celebrity—Stranahan.

A Cardinal Sin—Strolling.

God's Good Man—Milton.

Prince of Lovers—"Bobby."

A Young Girl's Wooing—Miss Evans.

The Diamond Coterie—Stranahan, Bennett and Cox.

Teacher (to late Student)—"How dare you show your face here again?"

Miss Tardy—"Because I couldn't leave it at home."—Ex.

As Dr. D. put up a seat on Allen's lawn he remarked: "You can charge 5c for using it and I'm sure you'll have a steady customer in Burly Clark."

As Miss Beatty was starting for a drive someone remarked that it was going to rain. "Oh that will be all the better," was her answer.

Peck says that the clowns made a star baseball team.

Stranahan—"Do what you can to get a diamond cheap, and I'll buy it from you."

Armstrong—"She wanted me to meet us."

Miss Galoreath—"We took turns sitting beside him."

ATHLETICS.

W. J. ACHESON

WESTMINSTER defeated Bethany college, Thursday, May 18, on the local field by the close score of 1 to 0. The playing was snappy throughout the entire game, and some brilliant plays were executed by both teams. Our boys won out in the ninth, Lytle scoring the winning run on a passed ball by Fowler. In spite of the rain and slippery ball "Kis" Calhoun pitched a great game allowing the visitors but three hits.

The next Saturday May 21, the team lost to the Franklin professional team at Franklin, Pa. The playing of both teams was speedy but the score 2 to 0 shows that something was lacking in our team. This something was a failure on the part of the boys to hit the ball when we had men on the last two sacks. This fact together with an error at a critical stage explains the score. Noble pitched in fine form, holding Franklin to two hits, and with better support would have won.

Our team won the greatest victory of the season Tuesday May 23, by defeating Washington and Jefferson on their own grounds. The game was closely contested throughout but our team made a ninth inning finish, piling up four runs and winning 5 to 3. Both Calhoun and Huges pitched good ball, but "Kis" had some what the best of it. Huges was miserably supported at times. The team was certainly playing ball and every student should be proud of their victory over the red and black. Score:

| | | |
|-------------|-------------------|---|
| W. and J. | 0 0 0 2 0 0 1 0 0 | 3 |
| Westminster | 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 | 5 |

Two base hit Russel. Sacrifice hits—McKay, Little. Struck out by Calhoun 10, by Huges 4. Attendance 500.

The nine lost the second game with Grove City this season, May 30, 10 to 5. The second inning proved our hoodoo and G. C. scored five runs, practically winning the game. Lytle scored both of our runs, once on a single by Noble and again by a two-base hit and two stolen bases. The work of Grove City's new battery which is said to hail from Fredonia was a failure. Score:

| | | |
|---|-------------------|----|
| Grove City | 0 5 1 0 1 0 0 3 * | 10 |
| Westminster | 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 | 2 |
| Batteries—Rodgers and Worley, Hartwell and Noble. | | |

Westminster excelled in the track events in the Western Pennsylvania Inter-collegiate field and track meet held at Washington Pa., May 19. Stewart, our star sprinter, was in fighting trim winning every event he entered. He brought back first medal for each of the 100 and 220 yard dashes and for the quarter mile run. We also won the half mile run and the shot put and took second and third in the mile. W. and J. excelled in the hurdles and field events and won the meet scoring 63 points. Westminster was second with 28 points, W. U. P. with 19, Allegheny fourth with 18; Marietta fifth with 9 and Geueva last with three.

The Seniors won the 1902 cup for the annual spring mile relay race in the good time of 3 min. and 46 sec. The Sophomores were second, Freshmen third and Juniors last.

The Seniors won the track and field meet scoring 29 points. The Freshman second with 21 and the Sophomores and Juniors tied for third with 11.



THE COLLEGE WORLD.



J. W. ACHESON.

THE Sophomores won the inter-class track meet at State college scoring 42 points against 36 by the Seniors, who took second place. The Freshmen, however, are conceded by upper-class men to have won the recent flag rush.

According to a time honored custom on the first Monday in March, Princeton Seniors threw aside their dignity and appeared on the campus rolling hoops and spinning tops. The Juniors reserved the exclusive right to play marbles, and owing to the unfavorable condition of the ground every available place was hotly contested. The Freshmen were not allowed to watch the sport.—Ex.

The honor system which has prevailed at Cornell for some time has been abandoned.—Ex.
Military drill as conducted at the University

of Nebraska causes more unpleasantness than a little bit. It seems that the soldiers have a right to the athletic field after five o'clock in the afternoon. Not long ago the University ball team was playing a game with another college. At five o'clock the score between the teams was a tie, in the last half of the ninth inning with two men out. When the boys did not leave the diamond at the commandant's request, he charged bayonets on the players and compelled them to leave the field.—Ex.

Students at Japanese universities and commercial schools are not obliged to serve in the army. In Germany it has often happened that the universities were closed because all the students and professors had joined the army.

The Freshmen class of Harvard University by its constitution, adopted this spring, has rejected the plan of electing a class president in the Freshmen year, who would hold office for four years, and voted to elect new officers each year. Heretofore the officers of the class have been chosen for the whole life of the class, hardly before it had become united, and the choice has been made either upon grounds of athletic ability or "prep" school popularity.

In the sixty-second annual boat race between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, held on the Thames this spring, the Oxford crew proved a winner by three lengths. Of the races rowed between the two universities, Oxford has won thirty-four and Cambridge twenty-seven with one dead heat.

Construction of a dam for the big lake given to Princeton by Andrew Carnegie will be started soon, the clearing of the meadows between Princeton and Kingstown having progressed far enough to allow the actual construction work to begin. One of the finest features of the lake will be a driveway around its shores. The lake will be about three and one-half miles long; its width will vary from 400 to 1000 feet.

According to statistics compiled by Dean Penniman, the average age of college Freshmen at U. of P. is increasing. The average of the present class is nineteen years four months and seven days, which is several months older than classes of a few years ago.

Hereafter, at Princeton, a fee of five dollars is to be required from boys taking the entrance examinations. This is to help pay for the cost of holding the examinations, and to discourage boys from practicing on the preliminaries before they are qualified to pass them.

The Senior class of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, which left the college in a body recently because of the suspension of three of its members for disturbing a recitation, has given up its contentions, and has returned to college work.

At Princeton University sixty-nine students failed at the semester examination and were dropped from the University roll. Seems like pretty bitter medicine but the directions say "take it,"—Ex.

There are two hundred and ten in the Senior class at Ohio State. This is the largest graduating class in the history of the University.

In the annual chess team match this Spring between Harvard and Brown, at Providence, the Harvard team won by eleven points to five.

The Students of Illinois Wesleyan are to revive the old custom and issue a 1905 "Wesleyana," the first issued in ten years.

MUSIC AND ART.

ETHEL FINNEY

THE Chorus Class is practicing faithfully on the "Rose Maiden" to be given Monday night of Commencement week. It is a beautiful little cantata and was greatly appreciated when given the time before.

The regular Commencement Student's Recital will not be given this year, nor will there be an Art Exhibit because so many of the Art pupils have left and taken their work with them.

An interesting discussion is taking place in the musical world just now, about the project of establishing a musical conservatory in New York. In Harper's Weekly there is a little article about it. The stand taken is that the conservatory will be justified if it can furnish the

'Musical Atmosphere' which is so prevalent in conservatories abroad. And since musical art and artists do not hold the same position that successful bankers and states men do; it will be impossible to establish such an atmosphere in the United States.

The plans for the erection of a school of fine arts, through the cooperation of the National Academy of Design, at Columbia University have been adopted.

"The American Academy in Rome" is the subject of a very interesting article in the last American Review of Reviews. This Academy was established in Rome shortly after the World's Fair in 1893 and has done a great deal for American Artists.

Bach's music is becoming more and more popular. Concerts are being given and an endeavor to get back to the old masters is being made. When Mozart died he was interred with several paupers, and to this day no one knows where he is interred. The recent Schiller centenary has recalled the fact that that poet fared no better. Such facts may offer some consolation to those of our modern poets and composers who think that the world is tardy in recognizing their own superlative genius.



SHAKESPEARE ON COLLEGE LIFE.

The College World's a stage, and all the simple students merely players;

They have their pensums and conditionals,
And one man in his course works many bluffs,
His chief roles being seven. The Prep. boy first,
Mouthing and mocking at the master's backs;
The Freshmen next with weary ashen face,
Creeping by back lanes to the eating club;
Then the Sophomore smoking like a furnace,
Sad sight; but one year gone he was a Freshman.
Then the Junior, staid and dignified,
The College man! Yet groomed in all his glory,
Seeking to lose a Freshman year condition,
Even at the Dean's back door.

The Senior next,
Capacious head with various knowledge lined,
Full of old customs which are out of date.
And so they graduate. The next age slips into
the goggled, stooping, thin P. G.

His youthful joys forgot, a world to gay.
For his dull grind. Last saddest of all—
The poor old grad., out in the wide, wide world,
Dreaming of happy days that come no more.
Sans pipe, sans bowl, sans songs, sans everything
—Ex.

WHERE THE ROAD BENDS.

To go straight on is an easy thing

Where the road's straight.

There's plenty of time to stop and sing

Where the road's straight.

The heart's desire is just in sight

The distance lies in a brilliant light

The cherished plans work out just right

When the road's straight.

Worry and care seem far away

Where the road's straight.

The wanderer cannot go astray

Where the road's straight.

'Tis easy to pass with a smiling face

With a careless air and charming grace.

To do things just in the proper place

Where the road's straight.

But there are places here and there

Where the road bends.

The view is never quite so fair

Where the road bends.

The mist is thick, the clouds are low

There's naught to tell us where to go

Unless somehow we chance to know

Where the road bends.

Some now have reached another place

Where the road bends.

Are seeking out which way to face.

Where the road bends.

If they have studied out the guide

That fortune always will provide

They know just how to turn aside

Where the road bends.

'07.

Three is a crowd, and there were three;

He, the parlor lamp, and she.

Two is company and no doubt

That is why the lamp went out.—Ex.

Though honest be the woman,

Every day that there's a rain,

You're very apt to see her

Out holding up a train.—Ex.

NONSENSE VERSE.



There was a little girl
And she had a little curl
Right down in the middle of her forehead.
She wore it to a dance
Where the blamed thing dropped by chance,
And the language that she thought was simply
horrid.—Ex.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We could make our lives sublime
If we only had the money,
Brains enough and lots of time.—Ex.

— — —

A PLAY.

Properties:

A little boat
Serene afloat
Upon the moonlit water

Cast:

A nice young man
Of modern plan
An old gent's pretty daughter.

Action of play:

Awhile he rows
'Midst lambent glows
Along the laughing water,
He hugs the shore
Awhile—and more—
He hugs the old gent's daughter.—Ex.

A COLLEGE OMAR.

Night wanes, the moon shines like a lesser sun;
It is too late to hear which team has won,
And much too soon to dream of sweethearts fair;
So let us spend some chinx with Livingston.

He is the the merry devil of the town—

This slow, old, stupid, pokey town—
He fills our stomachs full, if not our heads
Oh, may he wear a merry devils crown!

Now what'll you have?—no, no, the drinks are
mine,

Shall it be ginger ale or blackberry wine?
“Blackberry,” you say—you're mighty game old
man,

One ginger please, this ale is superfine.

“What book is this?” A Latin John of course,
Think you I'd travel round without my horse?
You'd “rather read a novel”—so would I,
These musty ancients make me want to curse.

Well say we go: they've winked the 'lectric light,
We'll have that little game tomorrow night—
“Exams next day”—O, bother the exams,
We'll play our cards so as to pass all right.

Dear College chums, I bid you all adieu,
Flunked and dead broke I vanish from your view
I've played my college cards and lost the game;
And if you play as I, you'll lose it too.

ANON.



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Pittsburgh, Pa.

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No. 1.

PATRIOTISM VS. PARTISANSHIP.



LOVE of country is a universal sentiment. The poets question therefore is not an idle one,—

“Breathes there the man with a soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
“This is my own, my native land?””—

for the crown of manly citizenship is patriotism. This country which has cost us so much bloodshed, and which we yet estimate in times of peril as being worth our lives is surely in times of peace worth our thought, our care and our labor.

In order to secure sound principles on which to base our government, it is necessary that at least the majority of citizens be conscientious and honorable. Each citizen ought to think and feel for his country and his country's honor according to the dictates of his own conscience. He should realize that he is answerable to God for his political as well as his personal life.

Besides the individual being true to himself and his Maker yet another thing is essential. He must be effectual; he must make his influence felt. To do this he is compelled to join himself to other men who think as he does. He will of course have to sacrifice certain of his beliefs to those of his comrades; but he need not sacrifice any

of his manly virtues. He must exert his influence against those who consider interests of self or interests of party paramount to the integrity of their country.

Every citizen is in honor bound to take an active part in politics. Nothing will ever be accomplished by faultfinding alone. The critic must co-operate with the politician, take his place in caucuses and primaries and see that good men are put up for office. Should he fail in this attempt let him not become discouraged; he must fight against the foes of good government within his own party with even more righteousness indignation than he fights his party machinery against those without his party. It is his plain duty to contend for principle and not for mastery. He must labor and not loaf.

But fealty to party, necessary though it be, is too often mistaken for patriotism. A man is honorable when he is true to his personal convictions, and in just the same way he is patriotic when he is devoted and true to his government. Allegiance may be compelled; patriotism is a volunteer devotion else it is nothing. One requires to be watched, the other keeps watch itself

for the nation. To confound the two is to mistake the lowest of all political virtues for the highest and noblest.

The cause of so much corruption in politics is the fact that so many of our party leaders claim a right to the name of patriotism on grounds that wholly misconceive it. They have disguised partisanship under the cover of patriotism. The advocates of partisanship blindly place their confidence in a party without any regard to its principles or its acts. They have neither their country's interests at heart nor the real interests of their party. Thus in the fertile soil of patriotism the noxious weed of partisanship buds forth. Let us cultivate our political garden by putting into active public life, men who have a true sense of patriotism and who do not support their party right or wrong. The interests of the whole nation cannot be made subordinate to the interest of any fraction of a nation.

The extent of corruption in politics is sometimes overestimated; but there is indeed enough of it, not only to hinder but to counterbalance the good and as a result to darken at times the foresight of the lover of his country. Often the efforts of those who have high ideals are checked and perhaps brought to nought by partisans who take part in public affair with no sense of duty whatever. They probably had some feeling of obligation when they chose their party, but once in the party they have surrendered themselves to the tyranny of ease and thoughtlessness, or they have yielded their sense of duty to the lust of material gain. Their surrender in either case is a shameful cowardice. They care not to decide between right or wrong. They will not choose between a

good and a bad candidate. They have given up the manly virtues that belong to a patriotic citizens. This defect is not universal in anyone party but it is common enough and sufficiently strong to present a vice against which the greatest precaution must be taken.

To secure this prevention it is necessary that the majority of citizens be trained to a devotion to lofty ideals, and be made to realize that it is their plain duty to take an active part in politics. There must be such a community of interests that every citizens will be willing to take a practical part in public affairs without receiving any honor or reward beyond that which follows the doing of one's duty. If we wish to deserve the name of freeman we are in honor bound to do our full share in the hard and difficult work of self-government. Our patriotism demands it.

The party man who offers his allegiance to party as an excuse for blindly following his party right or wrong commits a crime against his country. For he who will not use the power of liberty and freedom of conscience confided to him in such a way as to overthrow impending dangers to our commonwealth, forfeits his right to any protection whatever. He is no less a criminal than a traitor who fight against his country. Can this grand nation of ours protect under it flag one who subordinates the principles which it symbolizes to men party victory or to personal spoils. Such a person if he claims to be patriotic, evidently does not know the meaning of the word. The partisan who works for his party however inferior its principles, and who supports its candidate however incompetent, in preference to a well qualified rival of the

candidate, deserves to be ridden over by cruel despotism because of his cowardice and unmanliness.

Patriotism must not be confined to the senate chamber and the battle-field. In order that its influence for good in government may be felt it must penetrate into all the homes of our beloved country. The common welfare depends upon the character and action of the individuals who make up the community. If selfish and vicious persons are allowed to disregard legal and rightful authority the public and welfare must suffer. One of the great evils of our time is the indifference with which so many regard the recognized authorities. Prosperity requires that every offense against our laws be punished; that every official be vigilant to perform his duty. Any attempt to prevent the law from having its free course is mob law and the individual thus violating the law whether in addition to some former offense or not, should be compelled to suffer a much heavier penalty. The patriotic citizen will abide by the consequences of disorderly conduct. He will insist that others regard the law with the same respect as he himself shows. He will bear the burden of taxation without grudge. He will offer his assistance in all things for the promotion of the highest good. The same patriotism which was the mighty force that moved our armies to the front must impel the citizen to comprehend the sacredness of the ballot and to stand guard over the polling booth offering his life, if need be, in its defense.

This kind of patriotism is rock to all waves of disaster. There can be no truer example of it than in the party man who dares to defend the right and contradict

the wrong. It is of him and his country the poet speaks when he says:

"E'en when in hostile fields he bleeds to save her,
'Tis not his blood he loses, 'tis his country's;
He only pays her back a debt he owes.
To her he's bound for birth and education,
Her laws secure him from domestic fiends,
And from the foreign foe her arms protect him,
She lends him honor, dignity, and rank,
His wrongs revenges, and his merits pays:
And like a tender and indulgent mother,
Load s him with comforts, and would make his
state
As blessed as nature and the Gods designed it."
McBANE '06.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

LONG after the victories of Washington over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Benjamin Franklin chanced to dine with the French and English ambassadors when the following toasts were drunk:

"Here's to England:—The sun whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French ambassador, filled with national pride but too polite to dispute the previous toast offered the following:

"Here's to France:—The moon, whose mild, steady and cheering rays are the delight of all the nations, cheering them in darkness and making their dreariness beautiful."

Dr. Franklin then arose, and, with his usual dignified simplicity, said:

"Here's to George Washington:—The Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still and they obeyed him."

Does not Franklin's toast express the regard in which the average American holds his country? We may quarrel among ourselves upon questions of tariff and finance, but upon one point we are all agreed

—that our country is the greatest and grandest, the biggest and best on the face of the earth. Do any doubt our preeminence? Let them listen to the "Fourth of July" statesman as he proudly recounts the elements of our national greatness. He usually begins with a description of our vast and unlimited territory, bounding it on the South by the Antarctic circle, on the North by the *Auroea boealis*, on the East by the rising sun and on the West by the day of judgment. He rears our mountain peaks into the very face of heaven and packs them with eighteen caret gold. He covers our plains with a soil of inexhaustible fertility and whitens all seas with the sails of our merchant marine. And then he fills this paradise among countries with a nation whose genealogical tree sinks its firm roots deep into the soil of Puritanic faith; rears heavenward its massive trunk, built of the strong fibers of manly virtue, and spreads abroad its luxuriant foliage in the gladsome light of civil and religious liberty.

He creates new constellations among the stars for the fathers and saviors of our country, and after complacently appropriating all the best pages of the world's history, such as the Greek's love of beauty, the Roman's capacity for government, Magna Charta, Luther's Reformation, the Frenchman's, the German's learning and Shakespeare's infinite variety; he turns to the future and makes Destiny itself haul our ship of state over the trackless sea of unending prosperity and everlasting fame.

Finally he pictures all other nations of the earth—Pagan, Barbarian and Gentile, as well as "the lesser breeds without the

law," bowing down in breathless admiration at our feet.

Already the vocabulary of adulation has been exhausted. What future eulogist will do for superlatives it is impossible to predict, unless forsooth, they tell the truth.

Unfortunately other nations do not share our exalted opinions of ourselves. For many years the Dutch were the laughing stock of polite Europe. In the natural course of things we succeeded to this unenviable position.

Since its beginning our government has stood to other countries chiefly as an object of criticism. Our boasted freedom is not so remarkable as we have been led to believe. While the forms of freedom have been retained, there has been a considerable loss of substance. We are told that the sovereign people is fast becoming a mere puppet in the hands of professional politicians. "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance," but the opinion prevails abroad that the American people are so engrossed in the accumulation of wealth that they do not have time to guard their sacred rights. The continual practice of Jackson's political motto, "To the victors belong the spoils," has ruined our civil service for capable men are discouraged from entering it, knowing as they do that their position lasts only so long as their particular party is in power.

A government whose foundations is thus undermined cannot uphold itself many centuries. "It will be a spectacle for all the world," says Rudyard Kipling, "to watch this big splashing colt of a nation, being pulled back to the rack 'by the jockey necessity.'"

But it is not merely the Englishman

who expresses this sentiment. Every European candidly admits to himself some right of primogeniture in respect to us and looks upon us with a lively sense of generous unbending. Some do not admire the democratic state of our society. In the olden aristocracy there was one portion of the people (and, of necessity, a very small portion) who, owing to their wealth, birth and leisure, had opportunity to enjoy the refinements of luxury, the pleasures of wit and the cultivation of the arts. In a democracy these distinctions are done away; the barriers which once separated mankind are obliterated; property is divided, power is shared by the many and rich and poor, wise and foolish, cultured and boorish, are placed alike upon a common level.

Even our boasted cleverness receives a sarcastic fling from an eminent Chinese statesman. "With you," he says, "the individual is the unit and all the units are free. No one is tied but also, no one is rooted. Your society, to use your own word, is 'progressive,' you are always 'moving on.' Everyone feels it a duty to strike out a new line for himself. To remain in the position in which you were born is a disgrace. A man to be a man must venture, struggle, compete and win. To this characteristic of your society is due he attributed, no doubt, its immense success in all material arts. But to this also is due the feature which impresses a Chinese—its unrest, its confusion, its lack, as we think, of morality,"

As it is in society so it is in education. If we are to believe our foreign critics, there is a middling standard of human knowledge to which all aspire as near as they can. Few rise above it. Hardly

any one devotes himself to the essentially theoretical and abstract portion of human knowledge. Thus in studying the sciences, men are governed by a selfish and mercantile taste, and only that which is practical, only that which is most likely to lead to immediate glory or wealth, is cultivated, while the discovery of truth and its application to the higher needs of humanity is left to the other nations.

Then in the world of literature, although all agree that as mere readers the American people are unequalled, though there is no lack of ambitious scribblers, they cannot create anything of lasting value. The reputation of the day is all that American writers care about. They choose subjects of current interest, not those which will appeal to mankind in succeeding generations as well. Hence, they do not aim to study what is noblest and best in their art, but measure their achievements by financial standards, and regard that book as most successful which brings the largest returns.

"It would be well," says Charles Dickens, "for the American people as a whole, if they lived the 'Real' less, and the 'Ideal' somewhat more. It would be well if there were a wider cultivation of what is beautiful without being eminently and directly useful."

While our supremacy in war and commerce is acknowledged by our European cousins, we are given frankly to understand that we are not genteel enough for them. Our ambassadors and ministers, though treated respectfully, must remain outside the inmost courts of society. However much we may boast of being the "Great West," that does not bring us one inch

nearer the world's west end. That sacred enclosure of respect is denied us.

Our foreign critics, however, are gracious enough to acknowledge that there is one redeeming feature in American society. Harsh as their criticism is of American institutions, they have nothing but admiration for the independence and intelligence of American women. Sweet and comely are the maidens of Devonshire; prudent and sensible, those who live in the pleasant places of Berlin; fascinating for all their demureness, the demozells of France. But the American girls are above them all. They are clever. They can talk. Yea, it is said they can even think. They are independent and self-possessed, and because the individual influence reaches such a height in our country, they are educated to cope with it. This at least our foreign critics concede.

As a nation we are very sensitive to foreign criticism. And why? Is it not the bit of truth in every slander, the hint of likeness in every caricature, that hurts us?

When we think about it, do we not carry our patriotism to extremes? Our country right, is our first thought, but right or wrong, our country! We should strive to see what is weak in Democracy as well as what is strong. Lowell says, "If we could contrive to be, not too unobtrusively our simple selves, we should be the most delightful of human beings, as well as the most original, whereas, when the plating of Anglicism rubbs off as it always will in points that come to much wear, we are liable to very unpleasant conjectures concerning the quality of the metal underneath."

Perhaps Europe has expected too much as we have claimed too much of the mere

miracle of freedom. Is it not the office of a Republic to make men of flesh and blood, and not the marble ideals of such? And yet it may be the collective, not the individual humanity that is to have a chance of nobler development among us. We have a vast amount of imported ignorance and still worse of ready made conceit to digest before even the preliminaries of such a consummation can be arranged. We must learn that statesmanship is the most complicated of all arts. We should learn that fitness, either from natural aptitude or from special training must be the primary qualification for office. We have to learn that money-making is not the highest occupation, and should not be the only occupation for man. We have to learn that science and art are jealous mistresses to whom must be given unselfish devotion if we wish to cultivate them successfully.

Yes—we have failed in some things, and yet, let us not forget that the silent, forceful influence of plain men, which has brought our country from its infancy to the strength and power which it now enjoys is still the chief reserve of our national greatness. Europe does not see this element of our character, for like the iron and coal, the silver and gold, which constitutes so large a part of our national resources, it lies far beneath the surface. Nevertheless it is to the force of plain, honest manhood that our nation, through whatever dim and perilous paths it may hereafter be called upon to pass, is to owe to the end, its safety, its honor and its might.

HELEN MELVILLE, '06.

—

Clara: What is your ideal lover?

Sara: The one who proposes.—Ex.

Editorial.



Revision of the Course.

Westminster opens this year under most encouraging conditions—conditions which indicate an enlarging and broadening of our college, our “university to be,” as Dr. Ferguson recently styled it. With the great increase in attendance, we have also a much strengthened curriculum. At a recent meeting, the Board revised the course and adopted the semester plan. Although this plan, with its new order of things, wrought much confusion and dismay among the student body, and possibly no little despair among the faculty, order is gradually coming out of chaos. After much arranging and rearranging of the schedule on the part of the faculty, and much study of the bulletin board on the part of the students, classes are slowly assuming normal size. But if a student should, calmly, unaware of his offense, chance to “cut” a class occasionally, he should be dealt with mercifully, in consideration of his lengthy and much modified schedule. Notwithstanding these small difficulties occasioned by the change, everyone is beginning to appreciate the advantages of the new system. It allows of a much broader range of subjects, and a more advantageous division of time among the various studies. It has been tried, and been found successful by most of the larger institutions, and is now recommended as the system best adapted to the aims and conditions of schools of higher learning. Once inaugurated, the semester system will

prove a very important step toward the advancement of our college.



Election of our President.

The most important action taken by the Board, in its recent meeting, was the election of Dr. R. M. Russell to the presidency of Westminster College. This step undoubtedly meets the approval of the United Presbyterian world at large. Of more than usual ability, Dr. Russell has for many years been one of the most powerful men in our church. Certainly his former career justifies the confidence which the Board has shown in choosing him as the man eminently fitted in every respect for the presidency of the College. Himself a graduate of the institution, he is very closely in sympathy with the life of the school, and deeply interested in its welfare. His great influence, together with the energy so characteristic of him, promises well for a brilliant and successful career as college president. It is the hope, as well as the expressed opinion of many, that Dr. Russell will accept.

Someone voiced the sentiment of the whole student body when he said that Westminster would not be Westminster without Dr. Ferguson. During the years in which he has been at the head of the school, the “Doctor” has endeared himself to the heart of every one who has come under his gentle and kindly guardianship, and to the alumnus he remains one of the very pleasant memories of Westminster.

We were so sorry to hear of his formal resignation, but our sorrow was lightened on hearing that he is to remain with us. And we certainly have reason to expect the very best things for the college, in that so able a man has been chosen to take the "Doctor's" place.



On Saturday occurred the most exciting event of the college year—the annual flag rush. The result of the rush is certainly very encouraging, for our new Freshman class demonstrated its superiority over its Sophomore rival in a way which leads us to expect heroic things in the future—deeds worthy even its mighty Junior ally. We do not quite agree with the man who declares that "class spirit is only a mild form of insanity." A proper amount of well regulated class spirit is a noble virtue—a virtue closely allied to patriotism, and one which should be encouraged in all Freshmen. But it is also a virtue, which, if uncontrolled, often becomes a vice—as many familiar tales might be cited to show. The "flag rush" is innocent enough in itself. We cannot blame the Freshmen for asserting their importance by a proud display of

their colors; neither can we expect the Sophomores to disregard this manifest challenge. But from a friendly little battle, the "rush" is all too apt to deteriorate into a mere display of brute strength and passion. Real hostility is apt to arise, and in the excitement of the contest, wild schemes are often attempted, which really endanger life. The casualties reported from the "rush" this year are few, yet it is probably a great relief to all to know that the battle is safely past.



We of the HOLCAD staff wish to apologize to our readers for the late appearance of this issue. Added to the difficulty usually experienced in getting out the first number of the year, was the delay occasioned by a slight change in the staff. We have sustained a great loss in the non-return of our former editor-in-chief. We do not expect to fill his place, yet with your encouragement and kindly forbearance we hope to continue the HOLCAD a successful college journal and one worthy the precedent established under former management.



ALUMNI.

R. C. MCKELVEY.

L. G. Bennet, '05, is teaching school at Conneautville.

W. N. Ferguson, ex-'07, will enter U. of P. Medical this fall.

Homer Metz and J. A. Smith, both of '05, are working with the Union Trust Co., of Pittsburg.

A. D. Stuart, '04, has secured a position with the First National Bank of Pittsburg.

Johson Moore, ex-'07, has gone to Stanford University, California, to secure the benefits of a change of climate.

W. K. Long, '05, is now in Seattle, Washington. It is his intention to visit the gold fields of Alaska some time this winter.

"SPINDLESHANKS."

NOT long ago a tall, ungainly youth, fresh from the farm, entered the large preparatory school situated at St. Johns.

This youth, being exceedingly backward, did not make friends readily. Being made the butt of many good-natured jokes, his sensitive disposition caused him to shrink still more from his hardier fellow-students.

The principal or the school, noticing this, one day called Smith, the captain of the track team, aside and asked him to try to interest Monroe in athletics.

Smith, promising to do his best, went at once in search of "Spindleshanks," as Monroe was called. He found him in a secluded spot on the campus pouring over a book. On his approach Monroe looked up pleasantly and Smith was surprised at the healthy face and strong features.

"Hello Monroe," he said, "studying?"

"Oh not much," was the reply.

"Well," said Smith, "we're going to make a big effort to beat St. Timothy this year in the field meet and I wish you would come out and try for the track term."

"I never ran any," said Monroe, "and I'm afraid I would not be much good."

"Oh come on anyway and do your best for old St. John's."

"All right, I'll be on hands. At what time?"

"Three thirty."

The next day there was much surprise and not a little joking when Monroe, in running suit, appeared on the track.

"Where did he get off?"

"What's he going to do?"

"Wonder if he's going to enter the mile run?"

These were some of the comments.

In a few minutes Smith and the other candidates appeared and all started to jog around the track. It was at once apparent that "Spindleshanks" had some ability as a runner. His long easy stride gave him no trouble in keeping pace with the other runners.

This was Wednesday the fourteenth of September and the field meet was scheduled for Saturday the first of October.

Monroe trained steadily and on Friday, the day before the races, was chosen, one of the three, to compete in the mile run against St. Timothy's. The other two were Smith and Moore, both of whom had, on past occasions, helped St. John to victory.

St. Timothy's was reported to have a new man who had a faster record than either Smith or Moore.

The morning of the races dawned bright and clear, promising an ideal day for the "meet."

The first event was to be called at two o'clock and about one thirty the St. Timothy men, with banners flying, began to arrive.

The mile run was the last event. At the end of the preceeding event the score stood thirty nine to thirty eight in favor of St. Timothy's, first place counting five points and second place three.

Just before the start Smith, calling Monroe and Moore aside, said, "Now, fellows, we've just got to win this race and we're going to do it. You go ahead Monroe, set a fast pace in the first half, and perhaps the St. Timothy's men will tire

themselves out trying to keep up with you. Moore and I will drop back, keep as fresh as possible, and close up on the last lap."

Monroe's heart sank. He had thought, perhaps he might win at least second place; but now he must sacrifice personal glory for St. John's. However he would do it willingly.

"All right," said he, "I'll go ahead."

"Get on your mark," cried the "starter." A few seconds later the pistol crack-ed and amid a storm of cheers from both sides they were off.

At the end of the first half mile Monroe was still in the lead with the three St. Timothy's men close behind, and right after these Smith and Moore.

"St. John's," "St. John's," "Hurrah for 'Spindleshanks'"; "Rah! Rah! Rah! St. Timothy's forever," came on all sides as the runners sped past the grand stand.

On the third quarter, Smith drew up slowly on St. Timothy, first one, then another runner was passed and now he was side by side with the leader and still Monroe held his stride.

"Hurrah! Smith has passed his man and is now close behind 'Spindleshanks.'"

Glancing back at the sudden outburst of cheering, Monroe saw the St. Timothy's man but a few yards behind him; and where, oh where was Smith. Had he

given out, was the thought that flashed through Monroe's mind. If so he must win the race, but how could he hold that pace any longer. There was the tape fifty yards away and even now his heart seemed to be bursting and his head swam; but he must win, he would win, and clenching his hands he ran on.

He was conscious of a dim hurraing and then he touched the tape and every- went black.

When he came to, Smith was bending over him and everybody was shouting: "Monroe," "Monroe," what's the matter with 'Spindleshanks.'"

"Well how do you feel old man," said Smith, "do you know you've broken the mile record."

"I feel all right, but what became of you and Moore?"

"I was close behind you when you looked around but you failed to see me," said Smith.

"Well I'm glad St. John's won," said Monroe,

"And I'm glad you won," was the reply.

Just then a dozen or more of the St. John's men came up and, seizing Monroe and Smith, carried them off to receive the cup which they had so nobly won.

E. R. SAMPSON '06.

The wedding of Mr. John E. Nelson, '01, to Miss Margaret Dodds, took place in the First United Presbyterian church, Lansing, Mich., Sept 6. It is the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson to locate in Pittsburg.

Joe Mawhinney, '05, is working with the Bell Telephone company in Allegheny.

A host of friends and acquaintances note with grief the death of W. C. Wither-
spoon, '03, after a protracted illness. The funeral took place from his home in Allegheny, Sept. 12.

Ben. Graham, '04, has left his position here and is now principal of the High School in Canonsburg.

J. A. Veazey, '02, who has spent three years in Egypt since his graduation here, will enter Cornell University this fall as a candidate for a degree in Science and Mathematics.

Miss Mary McElree, '05, is teaching in Beaver Falls.

Miss Loretta Mitchell, '04, has a High School position in Pittsburg.

Clyde Anderson, '04, is principal of the Pulaski schools.

Miss Helen Ferguson, '05, is in the Freedman's Mission, Meridan, Miss.

Leigh Alexander, '04, will sail for Oxford, England, in the near future.

James Hazlett, '05, is principal of the High School at Mt. Jackson.

James Stranahan, '05, is studying law at Mercer.

William Cleland, '05, visited the school

for a few days recently. He is going to Western Reserve Medical this fall.

J. V. McKelvey, '02, will enter Cornell University this fall.

William Reed Veazey, '03, and Sarah Edith Mercer, '02, were married at the home of the bride, July 16, 1905, at 4 p. m. The bride and groom left that evening for Chautauqua. They will be at home in Baltimore, Md., after October 1.

On Monday evening, September 3, 1905, at Pasadena, California, occurred the wedding of Rev. Ralph McGill to Miss Flora Kerr. Rev. and Mrs. McGill left New Wilmington, as missionaries to Egypt, Sept. 22.

The following arrived too late for the June issue of the HOLCAD: Rev. George Seville, '98, and Miss Jessie Merritt, married, March 29, 1905, Shanghai, China. These alumni are certainly taking good heed to previous exhortations of the HOLCAD. Congratulations! all of you.

We regret to announce that Walter F. Moore, '03, was called home to rest on Sabbath morning, July 30. His death occurred after a serious illness of seven months in Aikin, South Carolina. John Moore, '02, brother of the deceased was present at the deathbed and brought the body home to Hickory, where the interment took place. The HOLCAD extends its most sincere sympathy to the bereaved brothers and relatives.

Miss Mary Sloss, '04, teacher of No. 1, in the public schools of this place, is down with an attack of typhoid fever.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.

Miss Snodgrass when Miss Bigger didn't appear in her class: "This hour conflicts with her Welsh."

Mistress: "Her complexion is genuine isn't it?"

Maid: "Oh, yes indeed. Iv'e seen the box she takes it from, and it says, 'Use no imitation.'"—Ex.

Jack McKay in Sr. Latin: "Gee, but it's lonely down here this year."

"Paw, what is dermatology?"

"Oh, some kind of a skin game I think."—Ex.

Miss Dicky: "Girls, I don't believe I'm going to get a bit of studying done this year."

An extract from Irene Galbreath's Chemistry notes: "The platinum wire was red when removed from the fire, but soon resumed its natural expression."

Miss Wray, with a dreamy expression in her eyes: "Yes, I do believe in love at first sight."

"Is his illness pronounced?"

"Well, not very easily."—Ex.

Miss Smiley: "Nobody knows how I miss the old students who didn't come back."

Notice to new Chemistry students:—

Waste-paper baskets are the latest necessary apparatus for Chemistry laboratory. Looking glasses and tooth brushes will not be needed for a few weeks.

To Miss Dicky: "Were you shooting rabbits, Clara?"

"No, we were just shooting at Marks."

We note that another millionaire has married his type writer. Perhaps the poor fellow thinks he can keep on dictating to her.—Ex.

Miss Wray: "I can't get a bit of studying done in chapel anymore."

An unusually large crowd attended the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. reception held in Philo Hall. One of the features of the evening was the cordial address of welcome by Dr. Ferguson and others. The evening was spent pleasantly getting better acquainted with the new students, after which light refreshments were served.

The "Swap Social" at the Second U. P. Church was a huge success, both in attendance and general enjoyment. The novel way of dividing the crowd into different families was a decided hit and every one seemed to enjoy the evening to the full extent. The refreshments as usual were fine.

The Adelphic-Leagorian reception held in the Gymnasium, Thursday evening, was a most pleasant affair. Many novel costumes were seen. The first prize was given to the "Five Little Peppers." Every one had a pleasant time and all seemed to regret that the time for departure came so soon.

The Senior class have decided to give a concert to pay off the indebtedness caused by the publishing of the class annual.

At the regular annual class elections the following were elected class presidents:

D. I. Rose, Conoquenessing, '06.

W. E. Brown, Atcheson, '07.

J. C. Bell, Greensburg, '08.

W. L. Grounds, New Wilmington, '09.

A. A. McDonald has been elected Basket Ball manager to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of A. McClurg.

Among the improvements of the village during our absence, none has been more appreciated by the students than the new bridge on South Market street.

W. V. Irons, '06, Philo, of McDonald,; and R. D. Henderson, '07, Adelpic, of Allegheny, have been elected to represent our college in the annual Geneva-Westminster debate.

For the first time in many years the Freshman class put up and successfully defended their class colors. If this is an indication of the strength and spirit of the class, we may look for great things from '09.

Don't forget the HOLCAD box in the Reading Room door when you have anything that you think would interest others.



THE COLLEGE WORLD.

J. W. ACHESON.

THE average age of the Harvard senior is twenty four.

A new building at the Chicago University is being completed, which does not contain a strip of wood. The floors are of concrete.

Pardue University has a \$40,000 appropriation for a civil engineering building which is to be available on and after November 1, 1905.

The girls of Brown University are to have a new \$500,000 gymnasium erected for their exclusive use.

Yale has six men who have successfully passed the Rhodes Scholarship examina-

tions, but Westminster has two men entitled to that distinction, which is a better showing, taking into account the difference in size of the two schools.

Jui-Jitsu, the Japanese system of self-defense, is now made a compulsory study at Annapolis.

Lehigh University has a total enrollment of 600, including an entering class of 200, twenty-five of whom are from other colleges.

There were 619 students enrolled in the recent summer session of Cornell.

An entire week is to be devoted to the opening exercises of the several schools of New York University.

Tuition in all the courses of Civil Engineering at Cornell is increased from \$125 to \$150. Also for the first time a matriculation fee of five dollars is required of all new students.

Brown University is one of the twenty-five institutions which are to receive \$10,000 each by the will of the late Philo S. Bennett of New York. The selection of the colleges was left in the hands of William J. Bryan.

At Rutgers College 90 out of 115 men passed in the entrance examinations.

There are still many who do not prefer a co-educational school. Western College for Women has an enrollment of 242 students, which is the limit of its capacity.

Ralph Paine, the old Yale Oar, estimates that, "it costs Yale to fit out eight youths to row against Harvard, a test of twenty minutes, just \$16,626, or \$2,000 a head, not counting the coxswain." This is boating at a cost of the best part of a thousand dollars a minute.

MUSIC AND ART.

ETHEL FINNEY

THE music and art departments commenced their work at the same time that the regular college classes began to meet. Miss Hodgen has about the same number of pupils in the studio as she had last spring. The free-hand drawing classes are larger than ever and three divisions had to be made in order to accommodate all the students. This sounds encouraging and we hope that more may be led to elect drawing and painting, both water colors and china.

The music department during the first three weeks after college opened had an enrollment of twenty-four in piano and four in voice. The number is an unusually low one, and this fact is in itself very discouraging, but add to it all the students are not beyond the first grade, and it is evident that the standard of music in school is a low one.

Altogether these departments have changed but little in their work and numbers since last spring, yet in instructors there has been quite a revolution. Mr. A. W. Vincent has come from the National Park Seminary to be at the head of our Music Department, while Mrs. Vincent has the voice pupils in charge. Mr. Vincent has come highly recommended and promises to fulfill our most ambitious hopes. We feel sure that he has the sympathy, and should have the hearty cooperation of every student in college, in his endeavors to build up this department which has fallen into such a discouraging condition.

The Chorus Class has had so far but one meeting for the purpose of organization. It is about the same as usual in numbers,

with some pretty fair, though uncultivated, voices. The selections to be studied this year will not be announced until some idea is gained of the material to be worked with.

On Friday the 22nd, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent gave their introductory recital in the college chapel. In spite of the discouraging conditions under which Mr. Vincent played no one could help seeing what a splendid musician he is, and how masterfully he handled even the old chapel piano. Mrs. Vincent's singing was of a class not often heard in New Wilmington and for that reason was all the more appreciated. The Concert was a veritable treat for every true music lover.

The following is the program rendered:
Polonaise C sharp minor.....*Chopin.*

Mr. Almon W. Vincent

"A Vesta portez vos offrandes" from *Polyenete*
.....*Gounod.*

Mrs. Agnes Vincent

(a) *Fantasie in B major Op 41 no. 4*.....*Gade.*

(b) *Military Polonaise*.....*Chopin.*

Mr. Almon W. Vincent

Waltz Song, "Non destarmi" from the opera
Romeo and Juliette.....*Gounod.*

Mrs. Agnes Vincent

(a) *National Polish Dance in F sharp minor*.....

.....*Scharwenka.*

(b) *Caprice in d minor*.....*Godard.*

Mr. Almon W. Vincent.

(a) "In the dark, in the dew".....*Coombs.*

(b) "I know a bank".....*Parker.*

Mrs. Agnes Vincent

(a) *Am Meer*.....*Schubert-Liszt.*

(b) *Allegro Eroica*.....*Liszt.*

Mr. Almon W. Vincent.

ATHLETICS.

On the Monday after school opened Coach Lang of South Fork, Pa., arrived, and the next day practice started in earnest. About thirty men were out for the first

practice, and there have been two teams out every afternoon. By the time Captain Locke came the men were through with the preliminaries and ready for hard work. Locke and the coach soon had the men ready for line-up and by means of a brisk scrimmage every afternoon are rapidly rounding the team into shape. With seven men of last year's eleven in school the prospects are bright for a winning team again this season. Locke, Marks, Lambie, and Scott will make a good fast back field, but the line will necessarily be weak until Clark and Everhart are able to be in the game. Two new men, Hankey at tackle and Ross Scott at end are making a good showing.

Manager Deever has arranged a good schedule, and the team will have plenty of chances in a few weeks to test their mettle.

This is Westminster's foot-ball schedule:

Sept. 27. W. & J. at Washington.
 Sept. 30. W. Va. U. at Morgantown.
 Oct. 7. W. U. P. at New Castle.
 Oct. 14. Allegheny at Meadville.
 Oct. 21. Geneva at Beaver Falls.
 Oct. 28. Grove City at New Castle.
 Nov. 4. Allegheny at New Wilmington.
 Nov. 18. Geneva at New Wilmington.
 Nov. 25. Open.
 Nov. 30. Grove City at Grove City.
 Coach, John Lang; Mgr., L. Deever,
 Asst. J. A. Barr; Capt., Fred Locke.

At the regular meeting of the Athletic Association the following officers for this year were unanimously elected:

President, W. J. Everhart '06;
 Vice Pres., P. A. Kuhn, '08;

Secretary, A. W. Henderson, '07;
 Treasurer, S. E. Calhoun, '05.

At a called meeting the next day the resignation of Adam McClurg as basketball manager was accepted and A. A. McDonald, '07, was elected his successor.

Y. W. C. A.

THE outlook for the Y. W. C. A. is very bright this year, perhaps we might say brighter than ever before. Our Tuesday evenings meetings have been well attended and we hope for many new members.

On the first Thursday of this semester the Y. W. C. A. girls gave an informal reception in Chrestomath Hall and on Friday evening of the same week both the Christian Associations gave a reception to the new students. They were both enjoyable as we were glad to welcome the new pupils.

Our delegates at the Lakeside, Miss Ethel Finney and Miss Nellie McAuley have returned with lots of new ideas and gave us good reports at one of our meetings.

Miss Brinkerhoff, State Secretary, was with us last week and encouraged us much. She was more than delighted to see the progress our society is making and gave us many helpful suggestions.

We are going to try some new plans in our work and hope they will be successful. This year our society wants to keep in closer touch with the associations in Western Pennsylvania and know just what they are doing. There is to be a convention at Scranton on Oct. 26 and we are trying to raise money to send one delegate and more if possible.

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No. 2.

The Growth of Shakespeare's Fame.



DURING Shakespeare's life he was in the main, the most popular playwright of that period. From his first appearance in London in 1586, this poet advanced rapidly from a humble position until he stood at the head of the English drama, and became, as he is now regarded, the chief glory of England. In the Elizabethan atmosphere he reached his full stature and became not only wise, but famous.

No man of that period was more highly regarded for his intellectual gifts or received greater applause than he. Kings, lords, princes, gentlemen and common people all respected and loved him. The place he held in the hearts of those who knew him best, is shown by this quotation from Ben Jonson, "I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent phantasy, brave notions and gentle expressions."

The greatest poet and the greatest playwright of the age after Shakespeare himself, praise him in language unsurpassed for justness and valiancy. Spenser wrote of his muse, "full of high thought's invention," while Jonson declares that "He was not for an age, but for all time."

Although Shakespeare was regarded as the greatest dramatist of his age, his reputation diminished during the century after his death. The atmosphere of Puritanism was not favorable to the culture of dramatic poetry. Shakespeare was regarded by some as immoral and unfit to read during this period of English literature. Yet there were two currents of feeling even now in regard to his work. His power and attraction could not be denied though much in him appeared old, rude and inartistic. An enthusiastic tribute of this period is paid to him by Milton when he writes:

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-pointing pyramid?
Dear, Son of Memory, Great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of
thy name?"

Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument."

During the following age of the Restoration, an age of licentiousness, Shakespeare was regarded as too pure and not studied much. After the Restoration, however, there is abundant proof of his fame. Now, however, it was thought needful to reform Shakespeare to suit the refined taste

of the public. Accordingly Dryden and Pope both undertook this hopeless task. Dryden, however, as he grew older learned to appreciate Shakespeare, for in his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, we find this noble tribute for Shakespeare. "He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul."

Mr. Hales of Eton said that there was no subject of which any poet ever wrote but he would produce it much better treated of by Shakespeare. Thus we have the unanimous testimony of Spenser and Milton the two great poets of past time, echoed by the greatest nineteenth century poets including Hugo and Goethe, of the greatest dramatist after Shakespeare, and of the one great critic of the seventeenth century. When we reach the age of Pope, we find the supremacy of Shakespeare's genius acknowledged.

The eighteenth century poets loved and admired Shakespeare but did not appreciate the greatest poetical qualities of his works. Goethe and Coleridge discovered in him the greatest of poetical artists. The nineteenth century poets found in Shakespeare all they looked for: romance, the sense of mystery, verbal music, intensity of poetical imagination, beauty as a result."

Although more than three hundred years have passed since Shakespeare's birth, the intensity with which Shakespeare study has been pursued well shows the remarkable growth of his fame. An English poet of this century has well said:

"Revolving years have flitted on,
Corroding Time has done its worst,
Pilgrim and worshipers have gone

From Aaron's shrine to shrines of dust,
But Shakespeare's lives unrivall'd still
And unapproached by mortal mind
The giant of Parnassus' hill,
The pride, the monarch of mankind."

ADA C. PARK, '07.



The Lay of the Captain.

MY legs are broken, mother;
My nose is fractured bad,
One arm is squashed and t'other
Is not the arm I had,
But all these pains, like Priam,
I hold in light esteem;
We won the game, and I am
The captain of the team.

The other team outweighed us
Fully twenty pounds per man,
But they could not outplay us
When the roughing work began.
The heavy halfback tried to
Dash through, but in his track
I threw him—it's my pride to—
And we heard his backbone crack.

I slugged their little quarter,
And they bore him from the game,
They brought him to with water,
But he'll never look the same;
I tripped their stout right tackle,
Worked the jitsu on his head;
He gave one feeble cackle,
Then tumbled over dead.

I bucked their center roughly—
They say he's badly maimed;
I banged the line so tightly
That their guards and ends were lamed.
And then they laid to do me—
Well once they didn't miss;
Nine heavy players threw me,
And they did me up like this.

My skull is fractured mother;
I'm going fast, I fear;
Say goodby to little brother,
Bid him learn the game next year.
And it's not a thing for crying
At, dear mother, as I deem;
What's the odds if I am dying?
I was captain of the team.

—Richmond Times.

COWSLIPPING---AN INTURPRETATION.

BY SOLOMON WISE

I AM politely asked by a staff member to contribut a production to the esteemed Holcad. I have chose to give you a litterary inturpretation' thinking such theme befits such audiances. But I do not chuse to eloborate in this discertation on any of the so-called classicks, written by men long dead and mouldering. I have read them all but take precious little stalk in them. They are too obskure, and also too paganous. I do not deeme any of them worthy to bring to your notice at this time. I have chose rather to mention and expatiate on a piece of modern poetry writing that I calculate illustrates the fine senses and powers of chasened passions of our modern civilization as no work of litterary genius has done since the fall of Adam when the morning stars sang together and the primeval mountains jumped for joy on the plains of Abraham.

Gentle reader, kindly note intensely this selection from a modern poet of poetic parafrase. It is indeed a "profuse straine of premeditated art."

"The pine trees pine
And the paw-paws pause
And the bumbel bee
Bumbels all day
The grashopper hops
And the evsdropper drops
While gently the cowslips away."

I have only time in this paper to notise one line of thought, namely, the pathaws that pervades the piece from start to finish. Gentle reader, this sonet is what I call an elegy; and an elegy, I would notise that strikes a vaster depth of sadness than anything I have ever seen in a life-time of

study and observation in the fields of litterary reserch. Note the extreme elegeaic animus in it. The very first line strikes a tremendus key of melancholy. How sad that the noble pine tree must pine away,— "perhaps to sleep, perchance to dream!" How truly pathetic that into the ambitious evolution of the paw-paws there must enter pause,—a stop, perchance another sleep and more bad dreams! And that next cuplet, it tells of the all-day monotonus bumbling of the befated bee. It is sad on the very face of it, but far more immensely mornful when we consider that it undoubt- edly has an ockult reference to human slavery and the suffering humanity of the defenseless working classes who must (fig- uratively) bumble (work) all day long whether they want too or not.

To proceed to the next line, I grant it that it may seem a happy thing on the surface for the grashopper to hop. But dear reader, if we conclude this we take a most uncriticly shallow view. There is even a deeper pathaws here than above. It is the thought of the degeneration of the grashopper to the point when he indulges in the hop,—whether with timbrel and harp indeed I know not, but to say it is a hop at all bangs against our cord of pity for the fallen unregenerated grashopper. And even sadder yet is that next line that suggests the unthinkable hipothesis that the evesdropper's dropping is continuous and ever-sustained.

But very gentle reader, it is on that last line that the force of the whole sonet converges. Who can measure the terrific and mornful spirituality of those last four wonderful words, "Gently the cowslips away?" "Gently", "gently,"—what a

soft and soothing word! How it softens the awful pathos embedded in the line! How it throws a silvery light of sympathetic tenderness over her is referred to the line! "Gently,"—how could we have stood up under the truth expressed if the poet had started the line with a word less subtly sweet? But the central point and glory and apex of the whole elegiac sonnet lies in that sublime word of double meaning and of blessed twin significance, "Cowslips." Oh that I might for one day hire the univers! I would tune the music of the spheres to the voice of many waters, and for 24 great hours I would make the theater of space resound and tremble in its vastness with a terrific concert cast in every note and word solely to express comensurate praise of that one suveran word "cowslips," as here used. And (here I feel my Peggasis getting frisky) among the mighty music I would spread a banquet to the gods (and goddesses), and here at the table the climax of the festal day would be reached when Venus, alone of gods and goddesses fit for so honorable a stunt, would lift her fair arm on high and deftly grab the dipper great, then swiftly plunging it into the deeper sky would bring it down fuming and full and among cheers mixing grandly with the special music of the day would drink the Milky Way to the health of the more than poet who wrote "cowslips" where he did. The peculiar beauty of the word lies in its double meaning, in the subtle blending of the tragic and crushingly sad with the beautiful and sweetly pathetic. How awfully tragic the meaning we get when we think of "cowslips" as made up of two words. The cow slips. Yes, slips. But when? Slips away! Ah, yes, it is the

thought of the passing of the noble cow. Speak of it softly, think of it tenderly, And the poet does speak of it softly, does think of it tenderly. For notice the other meaning of "cowslips." Cowslips as the cow slips away? How the catastrophe is further tempered, softened? And how much easier the hour is made both to us and to her who is most centrally interested here! Blessed cowslips! I scent them,—how fragrant! I see them,—how beauteous! And as I gaze, methinks I see among them a host of fairies at work twining a beauteous wreath of cowslips to place about the horns of her who is slipping, gently slipping away. And as I look, faster and faster the fairies work twining and piling cowslips thicker and thicker about her dear limbs and trunk while gently still she slips, still slips. The work goes on, and on to the very brink; and as she goes slip, slush, dash-off the edge, all you can see (except her fair white horns) is one fragrant mass of cowslips,—as she slips that last fell fatal slippery slip!

We can go no further. We can only hustle to the edge and look down into the void where she has slipped with longing gaze. And

Lucky are we if we do
Not also slip: or slipping
If the fairies care for us
Enough to dress us in
Their robes of gold.

'02



Mamma, (at breakfast table)—You should always use your napkin, Georgie.

Georgie,—I am using it, mamma. I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it.—Ex.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

ON Christmas eve many years ago little Alfred Roberts stood with his older sister looking wistfully at the toys displayed in the great window in a toy-shop. To the little fellow it seemed that he had never seen anything half so beautiful. What attracted him most was a large, gaily-painted top. He turned his eyes pleadingly to his sister and begged her to try to get it for him. To please him the girl went inside; but her heart sank when told that that the toy was worth ten cents, for she would have two pennies left after she had purchased the small loaf of corn bread, which was to be their only article of food for Christmas dinner.

As the children were turning sorrowfully away they attracted the attention of a well dressed young man, who because of their needy appearance, greeted them in a friendly tone. After a few skillful questions he learned the sad story of their lives, and bought the child the coveted toy. The sister looked gratefully to her benefactor and timidly asked his name. The young man with a look of surprised amusement, pulled from his pocket a card on which his name was engraved and then disappeared in the crowd.

II.

In a handsome residence, situated in the most fashionable part of a large city, great preparations were being made, for the next day was Christmas and the children must not be disappointed. Beautiful trees laden with costly presents were placed here and there in a spacious room, little candles of various colored lights were arranged in profusion throughout the room,

and the great corridors were tastefully decorated with evergreen and mistletoe. At last everything was ready.

The master of the house, the celebrated statesman and orator, Alfred Roberts, was just returning from his last visit to the toy-shops, and was about to enter the house when he noticed a peculiar looking bundle near the door. To his great surprise he found a child, a boy about ten years of age, half frozen and apparently lifeless. Remembering his own sad childhood, the great man's heart melted with pity, and tenderly lifting the child, he carried him into the house, where loving hands cared for him. When the child became conscious he was amazed to find himself amid such splendid surroundings and the object of so much love and care. "What is your name my boy?" asked the statesman, taking the little one by the hand.

"Teddy McFarland, sir" answered the child.

On hearing the name the man's face lighted up. By asking questions he learned that the child was none other than the son of the man who had made him so happy upon that Christmas eve, years before. Little by little Mr. Roberts learned the whole sad story of how the father had failed in business, and then how fever had come to their home and taken away father, mother and sister, until little Teddy was the only one left, and he without a relative or home, or friend. The great man's eyes grew dim. He stood silent for a moment, thinking of the little act of kindness shown him so long ago, for he prized that little toy received in his childhood days even higher than the richest gift man could

now bestow upon him. Then he softly murmured, "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return to you after many days."

Little Teddy had found a home at last.
HAZEL BENNETT.

A Quotation Story.

CHAPTER I.

MAUD MULLER on a summer day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Far from London and Paris and ill at ease,
Away in the heart of the blue Pyrenees.

And a glorious angel who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping.

For she hoped to break a country heart,
For pastime ere she went to town.

But the best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley

She seemed to be saying too plainly, "admire me."

And the farmer man said, "Yes, madam, I do,
but you tire me."

"They say you are dying for love, but that can never be,
They say your heart is breaking—but what is that to me?"

"If another love her," he thought, "let him win her,"

Then he turned to his future and ordered his dinner.

He may live without love—what is passion but pining?

But where is the farmer who can live without dining?

CHAPTER II.

Maud Muller on a summer day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.

Her very frowns were fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are.

Of course it is better to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new,

But many a shaft at random sent,
Finds marks the archer little meant,

And a merman bold, sitting alone
With a crown of gold, on a throne.

Found a cigar, a French novel or a tedious flirtation,
Were all that was for his day's occupation.

And he was old and she was young,
So she had her way.

She soon knew she was by him beloved.
For quickly comes such knowledge.

Much ado there was, God wat,
Love gives itself but is not bought.

Soon on her lover's arm she leaned,
And round her waist she felt it fold.

He sat by her side and her soft hand he pressed,
And felt in the pressure returned, thrice blessed.

There swims no goose so gray but soon or late
She finds some gander for her mate.

MISS IDA KATE NEGLEY.

Elizabeth, Pa.

"O Galilean, Thou Hast Conquered."

FOUNDED to death on the battlefield,
Rome's haughty emperor lay,
He had battled long and hard for life,
And death had won the day.

Full well he knew that the end was nigh,
Backward his thoughts are turned;
Back to the days forever gone,
And the God whom he had spurned.

He an apostate was from the faith,
From the faith that alone can save.
Little the wonder then that he looked
With anguish upon the grave.

Once he had been within the fold,
And the love of God's Son had learned,
His hand he had put to the plow, but alas!
To the world again he had turned.

He felt that his strength was ebbing fast,
He raised himself on his thigh,
And clutching a handful of clotted blood,
He tossed it toward the sky!

"O Galilean! Thou conquered hast,"
With a bitter voice he cried.

He sank to the earth with the words on his lips,

He shuddered and then he died.

—ROBERT W. YOURD, 1905.

Editorial.

THE action taken by the athletic advisers of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, in compliance with President Roosevelt's request, to eliminate all brutality and foul play from the game of football, receives the hearty endorsement of all the colleges in the country as well as of all right minded people interested in the furtherance of good, sound, manly principles in any and all activities. Although our own and other smaller colleges had no part in this agreement, it is ours to fall in line with a good movement and take our stand with the few to promote it. The same opportunities for unmanliness and foul play present themselves in our football contests as do in the contests of Yale, Harvard or Princeton. And being subject to the same opportunities for evil it is only reasonable that we should follow their example and apply the same remedy.

The results of President Roosevelt's conference with these football leaders will doubtless be felt next year throughout the whole football world, as new and more restricting rules governing the game will likely be made, in accordance with the President's wishes.

We sometimes hear college students complain that their fellows are cold and indifferent; that they do not render to some of their schoolmates anything like the recognition and appreciation that is due them. We are apt to attribute such complaints to van-

ity and to laugh at them. We tell such students to keep on in their work and that recognition will come in due time. This is well enough sometimes and such rough treatment is often the most wholesome. But we might stop sometimes and consider the complaint—whether we ourselves are not really at fault, whether we do not sometimes fail in our appreciation of our fellow students, whether we give them a really fair chance. Many come here unrecommended and with a reputation to build solely upon their bearing while in college. And not alone upon themselves, but also in no small degree does this depend upon the manner in which they are received by their fellow students. Sympathetic recognition of their merits or of their difficulties is the greatest welcome that can be accorded them, and through such sympathy do they most surely enter into the school life.

But our fellow students surely have a just complaint against us, if we are so absorbed in our own affairs and in our own friendships that we have no thought and sympathy for others outside our own small circle. We are apt to get a little narrow and selfish and perhaps let many worthy schoolmates go unappreciated and misunderstood. And perhaps for the lack of that recognition which we could give, college life is hard and cheerless for some fellow student—a life very different from the ideal school life of universal brotherly sympathy, and recognition of true worth.

ALUMNI.



R. C. McKELVEY.



Rev. W. H. McPeak, '99, was recently installed pastor of the Second U. P. Church of Mercer. Dr. Ferguson and Rev. R. W. Thompson were present at the installation. Mrs. McPeak, nee Madge Conway is a graduate of Westminster, of the class of '02

Russell Miller, '00, was in town lately, visiting his brother, who is attending school.

Audley Stewart, '04, spent Sabbath, Oct. 12, with his people here. Mr. Stewart is working in Pittsburg this winter.

Dr. Elizabeth McLaughry, '87 and her sister, Miss Margaret McLaughry, '74, formerly instructor in the English department here, left New Castle, early this month for an extended trip in Europe. They do not expect to return until spring. It is the intention of Dr. McLaughry to pursue her medical study in the best schools of Germany, Switzerland and Italy. Miss Margaret McLaughry will write a series of articles concerning her tour in Europe, which will be published by several periodicals here. Her letters will be a source of much interest to her friends and relatives in New Wilmington.

The wedding of Wm. McElwee, Jr., '97, to Miss Cora B. Marshall, '02, took place at the home of the bride, on Main St., Oct. 28. Mr. and Mrs. McElwee will occupy the house where Dr. Ferguson formerly lived at the corner of Donahoo Ave. and New Castle St.

M. M. Edmundston, '01, was a chapel visitor not long ago.

W. H. Vincent, 69, was lately elected to fill the vacancy on the Board of Trustees caused by the death of Dr. Bailey.

Mary Broad, '01, is teaching in the Indian Mission, Indian Ty.

David and Emmet McBride, both '04, are in Allegheny Seminary this fall.

Remus Wright, '05, was at a recent mass meeting of the students and gave us a very encouraging report of what outsiders think of our football team.

Rev. W. V. Grove, '00, was here assisting Rev. R. W. Thompson, Oct. 19.

Miss Bessie Henderson, '05, is teaching in the public schools of Elizabeth.

Miss Lyda Armstrong, '05, has her old position in the public schools of Butler.

Miss Lena Alexander, '05, is a member of the faculty of Amity College, Iowa.

Miss Mary Sharp, '02, is taking a post graduate course in Chicago University.

On Tuesday morning October 24th, Dr. Ferguson announced to the students in chapel that Dr. R. M. Russell, pastor of the Sixth U. P. congregation, Pittsburg, had accepted the presidency of the college. Dr. Russell is a native of Mercer County and graduated from Westminster with the class of 1880. For the past fifteen years he has occupied his present charge which is about the largest and strongest congregation in the Church. We are glad to know that he is coming and that he is forming plans for many needed improvements in connection with the college, but nevertheless it is with a pang of regret that we bid farewell to the administration of Dr. Ferguson who has so faithfully discharged the duties of president for more than twenty years.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.

JUST AS THE SUN WENT DOWN.

After the hours for study were o'er,
 Just at the close of day,
 Smoking and chatting around Uncle's store,
 One pleasant evening in May,
 Some waited there till the Hall girls were due,
 Some took a walk down town,
 Others would fain have been elsewhere that night
 Just as the sun went down.

Chorus:—

One thought of fame and fair renown
 Waiting along his way;
 One of the sweetheart he'd leave behind,
 After Commencement Day.
 One puffed a ringlet of cigarette smoke,
 One held a "Judge" of brown—
 Round Uncle's store we were loafing that night,
 Just as the sun went down.

One with his lady went strolling that night,
 Just at the close of day,—
 Lovers in school like all others you know,
 Always have plenty to say—
 Out "Shaky Hollow" they wandered that night,
 Out from the gossip of town,
 Happy were they that bright summer day,
 Just as the sun went down.

Some on the Campus were singing that night
 Just at the close of day;
 Some with the girls from office to Hall
 Wended their leisure way.
 Buried would soon be the "Hatchet of Strife,"
 "Peace Pipes" would heal each wound;
 Hearts would be sad on that farewell night,
 Just as the sun went down.

One by one scattered the loafers that night
 Just at the close of day.
 Some hearts were sad for the days gone by.
 Others were cheerful and gay
 One sauntered back to his "Bachelor's den"
 One stayed awhile, uptown,
 Smoking and loafing together at school.
 Just as the sun went down.

WM-SON.

McKay—"Well you fellows needn't be surprised if I take the fool notion into my head and get married some day."

Prof. Shott, speaking of energy—"Now those bricks in that stone wall possess potential energy."

Corine McKee—"Oin, Zwei, drei, that's the beginning of the German alphabet."

"This article says that a person rescued from drowning should be turned downward and vigorously treated with hot applications."

"That's just the way Johnny's mother treats him when he has been swimming."

It is said that Red McDonald had a "pie fit" after the relay races last week.

Lem—"Paw, what is a talking machine made of?"

Father—"Well, the first was made out of a rib."

Fond lover—"The pleasure of being with her varies directly with the length of acquaintance."

Martha, paring peaches for a reception when Adam appeared—"O, I can't pare any more peaches now."

Dr. Campbell illustrating time value—"Mr. Acheson, you wouldn't pay much for a house now, would you? But some of these days—Here he was interrupted by laughter of the class."

Someone was threatening Christy when Roberta Dickey spoke up, "You'll have to get past me first, I don't want to see Mr. Christy hurt."

Mary Ann—"I've come to tell you that th' gasolene stove has gone out."

Mistress—"Well, light it again."

"I can't, sure it went out through the roof."

—Ex.

Lillian Milliman, speaking of the wreck—"There were five killed and seven fatally killed."

Prof., calling roll—"Miss Redmond."
Jno. Shrader—"Here."

Roberta Dickey—"It isn't Smith any more, and then Christy blushed."

Hearing so much of the Yale crew, our reporter got an interview with Mr. Orr who made the following statement. "The crew is composed of Elliott, Doyle, McKay and Orr under the direction of McKay, who gets a personal wire from Yale every day. The crew is allowed plenty of water during practices, fried potatoes are served on the side lines and each member comes to practice in a warm blanket."

Clara Dickey, "Mr. Marks is going to change his name." Singular, isn't it.

Someone asked Christy if he wasn't going over to the Hall. "O no this isn't my night," he replied.

Frank Shrader's favorite occupation when in his room—gazing at Elizabeth's picture.

Marks—"I wish I was in Jr. Lab. this year."

Jane Douthitt, (Seeing an article on "Why Men Remain Bachelors")—"O girls, we must read this."

Billy Irons.—"Yes, and her name was Ethel, too."

Billy Donaldson, (Seeing Becky walking over to the Hall with Miss McKee)—"I'll see that that don't happen again."

Martha McMillan,—"Give me the trombone of that fowl."

Miss McMillan, intent upon Shakespeare study: "Have you read 'How do you like it,' yet?"

New maid at the Hall on Friday night:

"There's a young feller down there that wants to see you, Miss M."

Miss Martin,—"Don't bother me. I'm engaged."

The first number on the Lecture Course, the Cleveland Ladies' Orchestra, furnished a delightful evening for everyone on October 17. If this is to be taken as an indication of merit of the year's course we feel sure that it will give general satisfaction.

The reception given the new students at the First U. P. Church on October 6, was a very enjoyable affair. Dainty refreshments were served.

On October 6th, Mrs. Fielding Donaldson entertained for her daughter and son, Margaret and William. A large number of students as well as a few out of town people were invited, and it proved one of the most enjoyable and pleasant parties ever given here.



THE COLLEGE WORLD.

J. W. ACHESON.

Monmouth College has received from Mr. Andrew Carnegie a gift of \$30,000 for a library building on condition that an equal amount be raised.

At the opening of Smith College it was announced that Mr. Andrew Carnegie had promised the sum of \$125,000 to the college for the erection of a biological laboratory, providing that friends of the institution raise an equal amount.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given to \$30,000 Wittenburg College, Springfield, O., for a science hall, provided an addition-

al \$30,000 be raised for the maintenance of the building.

President Thwing of Western Reserve University, has announced that Mr. Andrew Carnegie had given \$25,000 toward the establishment of a fund of \$100,000 for the endowment of a chair of political economy at that University, to bear the name of the late Senator Hanna.

Cooperation between the University of Chicago and a number of railroad officers has resulted in the establishment of a four years course in railway education.

Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pa., has received an anonymous gift of a science hall to cost \$80,000. Work on the building is to begin at once.

New York University receives \$20,000 by the will of the late William A. Wheelock.

The Freshmen registration of the Academic department at Yale University will be about 400.

The entering class at the University of Nebraska numbers this year 475.

There are nearly 1,000 students enrolled in the Freshman class at Chicago University.

The entering class of the law school at Yale shows an unexpected increase of 30 members, and will number about 100.

The Sophomore class at Columbia University is preparing a petition to President Butler that the Sophomores who were recently suspended for hazing be reinstated.

The seventy fifth anniversary of the foundation of the New York University

will be observed on Founder's Day, Wednesday, October 18, by exercises in the Auditorium under the auspices of the senior class.

The late Prof. George E. Day of the Yale Divinity School, who died a few months ago, made the school legatee of his property, valued at about \$60,000.

Last week at Barnard College the annual entertainment of the juniors to the freshmen was given. It took the form of a horse race, members of the class acting as horses, jockeys, bookmakers, policeman, and judges to the great amusement of the Freshmen.

At Princeton ground has recently been broken for McCosh Hall, the new \$300,000 reictation building to be erected on the old academy lot. The money was given by the several friends of the University.

The diploma certifying the award of the grand prize at the St. Louis Exposition has been received at Bryn Mawr College. This prize was won in competition with colleges and college departments of universities, both for men and women.

Columbia's school of Architecture has opened with the largest registration in its history. Of the total number of students enrolled, ten are candidates for higher degrees, six are pursuing work in Paris under a new arrangement made by the school, sixty-five are candidates for degrees and certificates, while twenty-six are special students with some years of professional experience.

An effort is being made by the debate committee of the University of Pennsylvania to have membership on the debating teams recognized by the award of the 'varsity "P."

ATHLETICS.

AULEY MCAULEY. '06.

THE football team has been successful beyond all expectation this season. With two creditable defeats and three great victories, and good prospects for winning the remaining scheduled games, it is making a record that has not been equalled for many years.

The first game of the season, with W. and J., was played before our team had reached its present strength—four of the present substitutes playing in that game. Taking into consideration that our team did not then have so strong a line nor so good organization as at present, and that W. & J. was one of the fastest teams on our schedule, our team deserves credit although the score stood,

W. & J.—21 Westminster—0

The way the "Scrubs" went through the "Varsity" line, on the day before the team left for Morgantown, made the spectators shake their heads when they thought of the coming game with the big W. V. U. team. Only once before had a Westminster football team scored on their grounds, and it was reported that they were very heavy this year. We expected to hold them down to several touch-downs; but to play them to a stand-still and score sixteen points was beyond our most sanguine expectations. The big "fellows" were a little too slow for our team. Twice in succession when the ball was carried out of bounds by a Westminster man, our team lined up and the play was started before their opponents were ready, and each time a big gain was made. The first score was a field-goal. Our team hammered its way up near West

Virginia's goal and a place-kick was tried which was successful. This greatly encouraged our "boys" and they played with more spirit than ever. Throughout the game was hotly contested and it was only by the hardest playing that our team kept West Virginia from scoring.

On Oct. 7 Westminster met the W. U. P. at Pittsburg. W. U. P. has the strongest college team in this part of the state and considering the relative weights of the two teams, we expected to hold them down to four touch-downs at most. W. U. P. supporters however, were confident of a much larger score. But when the first half closed without either side having scored, they knew that W. U. P. would have to put up a big fight to win. Several times our team had held them for downs and had made frequent gains through their lines. In the second half Scott, Westminster's quarterback, in one play carried the ball over W. U. P.'s goal line from Westminster's twenty five yard line. Locke kicked goal and the score stood 6-0. W. U. P. became desperate and their superior weight began to tell and their fresh men were more than a match for our "boys." W. U. P. made two touch-downs and then the game closed.

The line up—

Westminster—6 W. U. P.—11

| | | |
|---------------|----------------|----------------|
| R. Scott..... | L. E..... | Perry |
| Doyle..... | L. T..... | Turner |
| Orr..... | L. G..... | Waddill |
| Smith..... | C..... | Leidenroth |
| Gordon..... | R. G..... | Yielding |
| Elliott..... | R. T..... | Zeig (Schmidt) |
| McKay..... | R. E..... | Miller |
| M. Scott..... | O. B. F. Gregg | (Ritchen) |
| Lambie..... | L. H. Thomp'n | (A. Gregg) |
| Marks..... | R. H. Schmidt | (Banebrry) |
| Locke..... | F. B..... | Mehl |

The playing of our team was brilliant and it was only by superior weight that W. U. P. won the game. W. U. P. fumbled several times; but Westminster's playing was without a fumble.

Touch-downs—M. Scott, Schmidt, A. Greggs. Goals—Locke, Schmidt. Referee—Feryl. Umpire—Edmundson, Time of halves—25 and 15 minutes.

Not resting on the strength of previous success, our team had a hard practice every day in spite of rain and mud in view of the game played at Meadville, Oct. 14. It has been many a year since our football team won from Allegheny on her own grounds and we expected a hard game. But once more our "boys" were victorious. In no part of the game was the result in doubt. Westminster kicked off. Allegheny failed to advance the ball five yards in three downs and was compelled to give it up. In the first play after our team received the ball a touch-down was made. The quickness with which this score was made seemed to daze the Allegheny team, and at no time during the game were they nearer to Westminster's goal than the twenty five yard line. Our line was strengthened by Clark, the left guard, who had not been in any previous games on account of a bad sprain. There was much "kicking" done by the Allegheny players throughout the game; but Marquard of Sharon officiated a good game and secured for us a square deal.

In order to keep the team in practice the Manager took part of the team and a number of substitutes to Slippery Rock and

in an easy game beat the State Normal by a score of 22-0. The game was played in several inches of mud which was not favorable to fast work.

On Oct. 21 our "boys" defeated Geneva by the large score of 46-0. The game was a one-sided one, our goal being at no time in danger. The speed with which the plays of our team were executed and the compactness of their formations were the features of the game.

Geneva was unable to break up the interference of our team, and one touch-down was made from a kick-off—a feat that had not been equalled this season.

The line up—

Westminster—46 Geneva—0

| | | |
|--------------------|-----------|-----------|
| R. Scott..... | L. E..... | McElhaney |
| Doyle..... | L. T..... | Clifton |
| Clark..... | L. G..... | Moore |
| Smith..... | C..... | Dight |
| Everhart (Orr).... | R. G..... | Stewart |
| Elliot..... | R. T..... | Shuman |
| McKay..... | R. E..... | George |
| M. Scott..... | Q. B..... | R. Allen |
| Lambie..... | L. H..... | F. Allen |
| Marks..... | R. H..... | McClerkin |
| Locke..... | F. B..... | Thompson |

Subs.—Hanky, Dick, Gordon, Orr.

Touch-downs—Doyle 3, Lambie 2, Marks 2, Locke 1.

Goals—Locke 6.

The playing of our football team thus far in the season has surpassed all former seasons, and we heartily congratulate our Manager, Captain, and every member of the team and offer our most loyal support to make the last part of the season as successful as the first.

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Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Holcad.

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No. 3.

THE FUNCTION OF POETRY.



Poetry may well be called the highest expression of human thought. By the term poetry as thus used we of course mean the works of the true poet as distinguished from the mere rhymster. The true poet deals only with the highest truths—those verities which enter into every life and are thus a part of the great soul of humanity. He clothes them in most appropriate imagery—such as will render them most attractive to the thoughtful human mind. In all ages and among all people those thoughts which are highest and best have been gathered by the poets; for, as Holland says, "All that is grand and good, all that is heroic and unselfish, all that is firm and strong, all that is beautiful and harmonious is essentially poetical."

The truest and noblest ideas of the race have thus been kept secure from destruction in the world's tumult; so that each succeeding generation, taking hold of those things which have been best in the generations that have gone before, has made them its own, and, adding to this ever growing store of human thought, has passed it on to other ages and to other peoples. Thus the most precious heritage the present has received from the past is poetry. .

Homer sang of the siege of Troy in verse that has become immortal, and has given us a glimpse of the life and character of the people of his race. From him we may learn that the passions of the human heart are unchanged with the changing years. There is in his poetry that "high truth and deep seriousness" which is essential to all great poetry.

Virgil voiced the courage of the Roman race at the beginning of the Italian nation. And since that time how much of martial daring has been inscribed in poetic form, and how much of our appreciation of ancient history has been impressed upon us by the true poets! Conquerors have delighted not only to have their victories emblazoned on pages of history, but also to have their courage and virtue magnified by the poets "Oh happy Achilles," exclaimed Cicero, "who hath Homer to sing thy requiem!" Happy indeed are those whom the poets thus honor, for they enjoy the only immortality the world can give.

Turning from the fields of historic deeds, where can human nature, in all its changing moods, find itself better portrayed than on the pages of Shakespeare? Under his magic touch, hatred becomes more hateful, mercy becomes more blessed, hope

mounts higher, and love becomes more divine, while every human trait is set before us in the most powerful and picturesque lineaments. No wonder the poet says of him,

"Before he came his like was not,
Nor left he heirs to share his powers,
The mighty mother sent him here
To be his voice and ours
To be her oracle to man,
To be what man may be to her;
Between the Maker and the made,
The best interpreter."

But it remained for the Hebrew poet to sing the true epic of humanity. He had a just conception of both God and man. The truths, therefore, which he taught must abide, an ever continuing possession of mankind. The Hebrew poet is no more, but his poetry still lives. Centuries ago the sceptre departed from Israel, that nation has taken its place in the line of history; but the world is today living in the light of that precious inheritance which has come down to us from the sweet Psalmist of Israel, and which will continue, like God's mercy, "an endless stream, through all eternity the same."

But poetry is not a thing of the past alone—it is one of the potent influences of the present as well. "More and more," says Matthew Arnold, "mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life, to console us, to sustain us." Strange words, these, to those who have been wont to regard poetry as mere idle sentiment. Sentiment, it certainly is, but none the less precious on that account; for sentiment is one of the most powerful factors in life. Napoleon was guided by ambition, Washington by patriotism, Martin Luther by religious zeal; and their lives show how indispensable sentiment is to

success. Lord Nelson before his great victory at Trafalgar signaled the ships of his fleet, "England expects every man to do his duty." Was not that sentiment?—and yet it made a hero of every sailor. It is as idle to question the power of sentiment in the presence of an Iliad, a Divine Comedy, or a Hamlet, as it is to doubt the reality of music while one of Beethoven's immortal symphonies holds enthralled the willing spirit. Sentiment indeed rules the world. And it is the glory of the poets that they reveal to us those sentiments which touch the higher unseen world and are deepest and truest in the human heart.

We live in a most materialistic age, in which daily need brings home to very many the urgent inquiry, "What shall I eat, what shall I drink, wherewithal shall I be clothed?" While with a multitude of others an almost feverish desire for wealth or place or earthly splendor has become the ruling passion. In one form or another material things are pressing hard on almost every life, and men grow impatient of the fairer graces of contentment, love and truth. Utility has become the touchstone of every virtue. The individual has become the centre around which all else revolves.

The result of all this is that much of our literature has taken on this tendency of our age. Of the writing of books, and good books too, on material things there is no end; and these are eagerly read on account of their relation to the ever pressing needs and ambitions of the hour. All this is well enough. Who would sacrifice one jot or tittle of the wonderful advance we have made along this line of human activity? It has surrounded us with comforts and conveniences that in a less fortu-

nate age would have been beyond the dreams of avarice. In short, by material prosperity we have been delivered in no small measure from the reign of poverty, tyranny, and brute force.

But is there not danger that in our struggle after material advantages those things which are highest and best will be neglected,—that the ideal will be lost sight of in the practical? “Man does not live by bread alone.” He has a body, it is true, which must be fed and clothed, but it is only the temple of the soul. Ever since God breathed the breath of life into Adam, man has been a living spirit, created in the image of his Maker; and it is this higher spiritual man which it is the duty of poetry to foster and sustain.

The strenuous materialism of our time should invite rather than alienate the mollifying influence of the poet’s art, as an ever present light whose penetrating rays illumine and reveal the inmost soul of things, or as an oracle declaring the meaning of the social movements around us, so that we may see in them prophecies of a tomorrow greater and grander than today.

To such an extent has materialism taken hold of the modern mind that the notion has gone abroad that there is a necessary conflict between science and religion. On the contrary, this seeming conflict is unreal and unnecessary. Many of the world’s eminent scientists have been devoutly religious, and many of its greatest theologians have been earnest devotees of science. Truth is one and eternal. There must be, if we could only find it, a bond of union between science and religion. May not poetry become a messenger of peace to both, taking those things which

science has sought out and, divesting them of their utilitarian drapery, present them to the world in their real meaning and beauty? “Poetry,” says Wordsworth, “is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science.” From the dawn of history every genuine poet has been regarded as a seer who reveals to us the hidden soul of the material universe. And thus poetry mediates between the material and spiritual by showing that the facts of science have souls of truth.

There is a general consensus of opinion among thoughtful people that our civilization is not only too materialistic, but that it is growing sordid and sensual. Earth engrosses more and more of our time and energy, and Heaven moves farther and farther away. Under such conditions it is natural that poetry should not be held in its former high esteem. The modern dearth of poetry is indeed, a grave indictment against the age in which we live. If history teaches anything, it teaches that the periods of poetic activity have been periods of progress and gain, whereas periods of poetic decline have been periods of retrogression and loss.

And yet the value of poetry is not a matter of logical proof or of mathematical calculation; it comes to us, if it come at all, “with power and demonstration of the spirit.” “For,” as Socrates says, “the poet is a light and winged and holy thing, and there is no invention in him until he has been inspired. For in this way the God would indicate to us and not allow us to doubt that these beautiful poems are not human or the work of man, but divine and the word of God.” Indeed, it would seem

that the world's greatest prophets and seers were compelled, by the very loftiness of their thoughts, to send them forth on their mission in the form of poetry.

"When I am dead," remarked one of the greatest of modern bards, "lay a sword on my coffin, for I was a soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity." The poets are indeed the prophets, the seers, the liberators of humanity. For, "To appeal to the higher side of human nature, and to strengthen it, to come to its rescue when it is overborne by worldliness and material interests, to support it by the great truths set forth in their most attractive form; this is the only worthy aim, the adequate end of all poetic endeavor." "Oh, thou true landlord! sea-lord! air-lord! wherever snow falls, or water flows, or birds fly, wherever day and night meet in twilight, wherever the blue heaven is hung by clouds or sown with stars, wherever are forms with transparent boundaries, wherever are outlets into celestial space, wherever is danger, and awe, and love—there is Beauty, plentiful as rain, shed for thee, and though thou should'st walk the world over, thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble."

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them
Fair the face of songs
When the singer sings them
Still they are carolled and said
On wings they are carried
After the singer is dead,
And the maker buried.
Low as the singer lies,
In the fields of heather
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers."

EDITH GALBREATH, '06.

A SEMINARY GIRL'S LETTER.

Eastbrook Seminary, Sep. 16, 18—.

MY DEAREST MABEL:—Well, here I am, alone at last and just aching for a good long chat with you. O, I have the most things to tell you; I really don't know how to "arrange my material." Poor Prof. Williams, how he used to sigh over my youthful attempts in the art of essay writing. I never could say things according to the "sequence of thought." But I never can remember to think in logical order, and besides it is really very exhausting.

You can't imagine how devoted I am to school. Yes, the student's life is the life for me—of course all except that part which pertains to lessons. But I have decided not to allow my studies to interfere with my intellectual development. I realize fully the danger of so much personal responsibility. The girls are lovely, especially Helen. Helen is my roommate, and really we were born for each other. You never saw such harmony as exists between us. We have never yet quarreled more than three times a day, and then over really trivial matters. But I can notice quite an improvement in Helen already.

Mrs. Wilson, our principal, is perfectly adorable. I trembled like an oak when Mamma presented me, and forgot all about that haughty little bow I had practiced so arduously. But she is so sweet that I have developed quite a motherly love for her.

This is the loveliest place for a Seminary—situation, environments, and all that sort of thing. It really is a monument to the foresight and general long-headedness of the founders. Why, the scenery is dear, and Penn College is on the very next street—

Of course, the boys often stroll by and somehow we often happen to be looking out as they glance up. Yes, really the views around here are charming.

Lovingly, LORA.

—
September 20, 18—.

MY DARLING MABEL:—What a comfort it is to be able to pour all my troubles into your sympathetic ears. Helen is getting to be quite a comfort to me, but still she can't sympathize so tearfully as you. The ears in which I had thought to confide my griefs and woes, have plunged the dagger to my heart. Alas, Mrs. Wilson, you little realize how sharply the arrow stung. But I am resigned now.

O, cruel fate, that led me to Dr. Taylor's reception tonight. What power ordained that I should meet Mr. Richard Gordon. (Do you know, Mabel, he was really anxious for an introduction.) Now, we girls were arranged in little bunches, and each bunch was presided over by a teacher as chaperone, guide and general manager. All my troubles that followed were due entirely to my being placed under that spiteful Miss Thompson's searching eye. She just hung around us all evening. I tried to show what I thought of her conduct, but she didn't seem to be the least bit impressed by my chilly glances. She wouldn't allow any man to say more than three dozen words to us. Dick must be quite mathematical for he saved just enough of the three dozen to ask to accompany me home. Now I had noticed a copy of rules which said that "young ladies are not permitted to accept gentlemen's company from meetings, social or religious," but of course I knew that no one would really expect

any girl to remember that rule. So when people began to go, I lost Miss Thompson and of course had to accept Dick's escort. As there wasn't really any use of him going right up to the door, I wouldn't let him go any farther than the gate at the foot of the campus. When I rang the bell and Mrs. Wilson herself opened the door, I realized for the first time the depth of that tender solicitude, which kept her waiting to admit me herself. I was just trying to frame suitable words with which to express my appreciation of her thoughtfulness, when I noticed by her expression that something was wrong. She uttered no word; I held my peace. She haughtily ascended the stairs; I followed, trying to look haughty. She walked to her room; I emulated her example. She motioned for me to enter. I did.

Its all Miss Thompson's fault and I mean to show her that she can't impose on me.

Yours in deep grief and anger,

LORA.

—
September 25, 18—.

MABEL DARLING:—At last I have discovered why that horrid old Thompson is so spiteful to me. The silly creature is actually jealous. Did you ever hear of such presumption? But I'll try to explain as clearly as my indignation will permit.

Thompson has charge of all the girls on our floor, and she distributes our mail. Of course I knew all along that she watched every letter that came for me, but I really didn't suppose she would be brazen enough to confess it. You know she has a list from our parents of all our correspondents. Well, as Dick can never see me, naturally

he writes every day. Now of course, that is perfectly proper. But what did Thompson do but come to me one day, show me one of Dick's letters, and say, "Miss Livingstone, I have here a letter addressed to you, postmarked 'Eastbrook.' In my list, I have no correspondent of yours whose address this is. I cannot permit you to receive this letter, or any similar ones that may follow." Such audacity fairly astounded me. The wonder is that she ever happened not to notice his other letters. Of course she knew that the letter was from Dick; jealousy was written in every wrinkle on her face. At last it dawned upon me that here was the explanation of her conduct toward me. But schemer though she is, she shall not outwit me.

Ever yours, LORA.

—
September 30, 18—.

MY DEAR MABEL:—Why is it that the innocent must suffer? That is one of the mysteries that no one will ever solve. Every day brings to light fresh traps laid for my unsuspecting feet. Indeed my very life is in the greatest jeopardy. Jealousy is driving Miss Thompson to an extent undreamed of by the world at large. What the end will be, eternity only shall tell.

When circumstances became unfavorable for correspondence though the mail, of course Dick and I had to contrive some other plan. There is an iron fence around the campus, and every few yards there are small urns with little cavities in the top. These are exceedingly well adapted to various things. Now, behold a mystery! A well dressed young man comes in sight; he slackens his pace; he appears to be interested in the iron fence; he observes it

thoughtfully as if calculating; he places his hand upon an urn, noticing, no doubt, its general usefulness, he withdraws his hand and walks away a trifle [more rapidly. Soon a girl appears inside on the campus; she likewise strolls toward the fence, also attracted by its beauty, and usefulness; she also places her hand upon the very same urn; after a moment's meditation she likewise withdraws her hand and moves away a trifle more rapidly. This strange coincidence happens several days. But the girl has a cruel, wicked enemy. One day this enemy follows the unsuspecting girl, hides behind a tree till the girl has completed her survey of the urn, then seizes her, and sternly demands a letter. The poor girl taken off her guard, meekly hands over a letter which she happens to have. The two walk rapidly to the house, and never again does the girl come to the urn.

What shall I do Mabel? My resources are exhausted. Nothing is left for me but revenge—revenge, yes, I like that word. I have the sympathy of every girl in the Sem. and with their help I mean to push on to victory. Your undying friend,

LORA.

—
October 5, 18—.

MABEL:—The climax is reached. Endurance has ceased to be a virtue. The worm turns. Enter, Lora Livingstone.

To-night as I was coming down the hall behind Miss Thompson, a piece of paper fluttered to the floor from a book she was carrying. She did not notice it, so I hastened to pick it up (for I still had a grain of Christian charity left.) But just as I was going to hand it to her, my eyes accidentally fell on the paper, evidently a

scrap torn from a note book. At that moment every grain of the aforesaid charity dissolved. I held in my hands a scrap of a letter. All had been torn away except the conclusion, which read; "Meet me at the gate, Friday night, at 8 o'clock. Do not fail. Dick."

Mrs. Wilson must be notified at once. Such audacity fairly astounds me. The very idea of any one who passes for a lady daring to receive a note from a gentleman, and from Dick Gordon too. Why in my wildest flights of imagination I never have dreamed of such a thing. But I know what I'll do. Helen thinks this is the best plan. I'll drop the note near Mrs. Wilson's door where she will be certain to find it. She will think it is one of the girls, and will watch. Then will come the exposure. How honored I feel to think that I have been chosen as the one through whom two such imposters shall be brought to justice. Ah, how sweet is revenge. Yours in the hope of a happier future.

LORA.

—
October 6, 18—.

DEAR MABEL:—The end is at hand. As the hour draws near, my spirit turns to you for a last long farewell. My soul is already on the point of departure; what will become of my body. I know not, nor care. My days have been few and full of trouble; rest will be sweet. I have striven to do what was best, but how often it is that our own good intentions become the very instruments of our destruction.

As soon as I beheld Mrs. Wilson's countenance this morning, I knew that she had found the note, and would be waiting at the gate. I decided that I should also attend the meeting. So just after dark Hel-

en helped me out, and I took my stand behind a tree near the appointed rendezvous. How my spirits rose from their formerly cramped position as I pictured the scene soon to be enacted here. How haughtily I would confront these, my enemies! And how they would quail in my presence. Mrs. Wilson and I would then walk proudly away, arm in arm.

Higher still rose my spirits when I saw Mrs. Wilson coming down the walk and taking a position similar to mine. My triumph was at hand. Slowly passed the minutes. It was surely 8 o'clock. A half hour passed. My eagerness changed to disappointment. Miss Thompson was surely not coming. And Dick, he must have seen me watching. My position had become exceedingly uncomfortable, so much so, in fact, that I could give vent to my feelings in nothing less than a mighty sigh. Woe of woes! Like a flash a figure stepped from behind a tree nearby, and Mrs. Wilson confronted me. "Ah, so this is the young lady." That was all, but alas, how much did those few words express. We returned to the house together, but not exactly as my fond imagination had pictured.

I am under lock and key now to await a hearing tomorrow. There can be but one decision; I am powerless to prove my innocence. But what matters it? I shall never survive till the trial. Mama's grief will be terrible. Comfort her, Mabel. But it's all that hateful Wilson's fault. She has been bent on ruining me from the very first. May she receive her due reward.

Till we meet again,

LORA.

October 17, 18—

SWEETEST MABEL:—Have I ever in my letters mentioned Miss Thompson our German teacher? She is the dearest thing. I never knew anyone so perfectly lovely.

I told you about the little scrape I got into last night. It was really nothing but still had I not been proved innocent it might have resulted fatally—suspension or even expulsion? Yes, I may as well 'fess up. Mrs. Wilson called me to her room today and told me that I could consider myself expelled. Think of it. This last was too much for my broken spirit; huge sobs shook my frame.

Just then Miss Thompson entered. I had once suspected her of wishing to harm me, (what possessed me ever to imagine such a thing.) So in my grief, I grew unreasonable, rose tragically and cried in a broken voice: "Behold the ruin you have wrought." She looked hurt and demanded an explanation, which I gave. Then she laughed heartily, and turning said, "the poor child is innocent, Mrs. Wilson. The note was mine." That lady was too horrified for speech, but Miss Thompson laughingly continued. "It was only part of a story I am engaged in writing."

When Mrs. Wilson regained speech she still insisted on punishing me for being out on the campus at such an unholy hour. But Miss Thompson, the lovely dar-

ling begged me off. Really you can't imagine how perfectly adorable she is. Some of the girls don't like her (I know its nothing but jealousy for she's awfully pretty.) But I always liked her, and I'm so glad I never said a single mean thing about her. I shall always be thankful that, no matter what happened I took her part.

Lovingly, Lora.

ELLA MONTGOMERY, '07.

Doctor's Dream.

TROT along, trot along,
Westminster colt,
Of your lines white and blue,
I've got a holt.
Steady now, steady now
Whoa! don't you kick
Lest I plait a cord of words
That will reach you and your trick.

Now be true, that will do
That's about the pace.
Smoothly on we glide along
The road to knowledge place.
This is joy without alloy
My beautiful bounding pride
No wiley mule or bronks fool
Can canter at your side.

Ne'er stop to gaze across the days
At victory coming near
But take the reins and make the gains
Of one more college year.
When the race is done and the victory won
And we've passed beneath the wire
We'll ape the pace that won the race
And gallop on up higher.

JND.

Editorial.



THE HOLCAD staff desire to acknowledge the receipt of several articles recently submitted by various alumni. These have been most thankfully received, not only because of the material assistance rendered, but also of the interest thus shown in our work. It is very encouraging to know that many Westminster graduates still have a kindly feeling for the journal of their old college days, and take such an active interest in its welfare.

We wish that those in school would feel as free to contribute. For the HOLCAD belongs to every Westminster student individually, and contribution to its pages is not only his duty, but it as well becomes an excellent means of developing and training his individual literary talents. The college journal should reflect the literary work of the whole school, not of a few students. The editors will be glad to receive any material which you may care to send in and hope you may feel as free to contribute to other departments as many do to the local.

The idea sometimes prevails that the college paper is only for a talented few and that one should not contribute without special invitation. But such is not the case.

A COLLEGE community offers many and varied opportunities for observation and study to the wide awake student. One of the most interesting of these is the study of human nature as it is mirrored in

the walk and talk of the student in his every day life. In a college community there are as many different temperaments and characters as there are different men, and no two of them are exactly alike. One man will spend the whole four years in college, dodging and beating around all the work that he is not forced to do. His tendencies are towards anything that will free him from all responsibility and obligation. He shrinks from every appearance of duty and is defeated in every battle that forces itself upon him. To him the lesser activities of college are too trifling to bother with and the greater ones are beyond his sphere. He acts in a passive capacity, accepting the opinions and decisions of his recognized superiors as final, and never reasons anything out for himself—that would have the appearance of work. The only aim he has in the world is to squeeze through and get his “sheep-skin.” And when he realizes this ambition, if he ever does, he comes forward with all the dignity that the occasion permits and stands before his fellows, an educated man. But has he not had all the studies required for graduation? Did he not go through with all the Latin and German prescribed in the course? Well, yes, he drifted along with the tide and by one way or another got pushed through. But he can not translate the Latin on his own diploma. And, doubtless, his knowledge of Latin is a fair test of the other branches he has studied.

It is not singular that such a man as

this is found in a college community. He is only a representative of a type of men that is found in every walk and activity of life. But this is only one of the many dispositions to be found in a college community; and we are proud to say, one that is forced to lead a miserable life under conditions existing in our college.

THE November Century contains the second of Mr. Ralph D. Paine's series of articles on "The Spirit of College Sports," in which he treats especially of English and American Football. The article is alike interesting and valuable, as being the honest opinion of one, who himself an athlete while in college, has experienced all the complex difficulties of modern college football. In the light of his own experience, he has probed the very heart of the vexing athletic problem, which has been agitating the larger American institution and our own college as well. Mr. Paine places the blame of the corruptness prevailing in this sport, not upon the players but upon the game itself. From a simple pastime demanding only strength and agility, and open to every student, the game has developed into a complex sport, possible only to a specialized squad of weighty athletes. It requires such formidable physical qualities, such difficult and exhausting preparation, as to well nigh barr the youth of average physique. Thus professionalism has arisen and with the physical evolution of the game, a vital revolution of ethics in American colleges has interwoven itself, which threaten the moral welfare of every youth. American football possesses splendid possibilities of manly discipline and it is to be hoped that the present agitation will result in a change of rules such as the long-suffering public demands.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.



Miss McMillan—"I think the girls at the Hall ought to buy screens."

"Why?"

"So when the boys come over on Friday nights, they could just set the screens around."

Hood, telling about how plentiful rabbits were—"Why I scared one up just next door to a house."

Teacher—"And now, Sammy, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Sammy—"At de bottom."—Ex.

Minnie McMaster—"I surely do believe in love, in love in a cottage."

Bailey, noticing a pair of shoes that the buttons set over—"Oh, I see you've got your buttons lengthened."

Jack Smith affirms that he prefers small girls.

Prof. Shott—"Are cray fish found around here, Miss Cochran?"

"Yes sir."

"Where?"

"In the laboratory."

Miss Wray—"I'd love to go hunting with a man."

Proud of his English. "Oh ma foe! how he is like his father a chip of ze old blockhead is he not?"

Welch, buying lecture course tickets—"Please make the second out, Mrs. J. O. Welch."

Brown—"I want another Y. M. C. A. course ticket now."

"What was the subject of the sermon last night?"

Miss — "Pegatory."

Christy says he's going to get a 32 horse power light. 16 isn't enough.

Dr. Ferguson talking about the 31st Chap. of Proverbs. "I once heard a sermon taken from that entitled 'The model wife.' I want to read the chapter now, but you young ladies can read it and introduce it into your lives and you young men can read it for another purpose."

Clark Bell—"Last year I was only a volunteer at the Hall, but this year I'm a regular."

Doyle—"It's nice over at the Hall on Friday nights, isn't it? I always tho't there were too many there to have fun."

"What do you ever find to talk about from seven until half past nine?"

Miss C — "Oh the bell rings only too soon."

Miss Charline McKee and Miss Carter believed themselves in danger of death by fire the other night. They were awakened from their peaceful slumbers by a brilliant light in the outer room. Screams such as "We can't be saved" etc., were heard by the delighted listeners, and they had resigned themselves to tragic fate before they discovered that they were the victims of a "flash-light" joke.

It was only by the heroic efforts of Doyle and McClurg that several young ladies narrowly escaped being bitten by a savage mouse during calling hours at the Hall, last Friday night.

Things worth looking at—Pinkerton's

overcoat; Emerson Hazlett's grin; Fatty Anderson's shadow.

Irene Galbreath—"I've come to the conclusion that the size of a man doesn't count so much after all."

Christy—"Roberta is the only girl I got."

Girls discussing football—"Which counts most a touchdown or a score?"

Brown—Borrowing a knee guard. "Do you put this on the outside or on the inside."

McKay—Putting powder on his face, "This is a deuce of a thing; powder doesn't help it a bit."

Billy Irons—During course of narration. The lions stood around with blood dripping from their mouths after eating a cantelope

"It seems to me that the hall driveway is steeper than the board walk." Clara Dickey—"I believe it is but I haven't been the drive lately."

Burly Clark—"Forkum knows all the fellows here indefinitely."

Miss Smiley—"You're always right Grace. You once said that George and I will have a case."

Miss McMaster—Give me a conflating spoon, Mr. Sampson.

Prof.—Who was Zwingli's father?

Student—A pheasant.

Prof. Freeman—How is hydrogen sulphite prepared in the laboratory?

Student—With ferocious sulphur and sulphuric acid.

Connie—"I don't have money enough to get married unless the preacher would do it for 'Grace'."

"I've always said that it would be fine to be a poet."

Editor—"It certainly would be fine, imprisonment or both."—Ex.

McCown—"Professor can the lobster charm its prey the same as the cat can?"

The lecture given Wednesday evening Nov. 15th by Dr. Francis T. Moran was enjoyed and appreciated by a large audience. Dr. Moran had for his subject "Success" and his treatment of it showed great ability and proved very interesting to the hearers.

For the past two or three weeks the churches of the town have been holding union revival services every evening. The attendance at the meetings has been large and the results are especially encouraging.

A Bible Study Conference was held here several days last week under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Miller, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and Mr. McArthur the International Secretary gave very interesting addresses at these meetings and stirred up much enthusiasm for more Bible study among the students.

The following persons have been chosen for the Inter-Society contest to be held Commencement week—

| PHILOMATH | | ADELPHIC | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------|----------------|--|
| | Debate | | |
| J. F. Shrader | | W. J. Everhart | |
| | Oration | | |
| J. C. Smith | | R. S. McCown | |
| | Essay | | |
| J. G. McKay | | L. J. Davidson | |
| | Declamation | | |
| J. C. Campbell | | H. H. Cannon | |
| For the Preliminary Contest the Adel- | | | |

phics elected H. F. McBane, W. F. Rotzler and R. F. Galbreath. The Philomaths elected F. L. Locke, J. C. Bell and J. M. Daugherty.

Junior Orations are on once more. On any Friday night you may hear the roaring of the badly frightened Jr. and his lofty ideals involving Caesar, Napoleon, Geo. Washington and his cherry tree. The first number was very good in quality and we may hope for many radical changes in government in the succeeding year.

ALUMNI.

R. C. McKELVEY.

THE wedding of Rev. J. D. Barr, of Bloomington, Indiana, and Miss Alta Russell, of Hickory, Pa., was solemnized at the home of the bride, Thursday Nov. 2, 1905. At high noon the ceremony was performed by Rev. W. A. McConnell, D. D., assisted by Rev. James S. Barr, D. D. father of the groom. In the evening the bride and groom left for Bloomington, where a reception was given by Rev. Barr's congregation in that place. Both bride and groom are former students of Westminster College, Rev. Barr having graduated with the class of 1888. A large circle of friends and acquaintances join in extending congratulations and best wishes. Among those from New Wilmington who attended the wedding were: Dr. H. E. Barr and W. J. Shields, '85.

T. C. Cochran was elected District Attorney of Mercer County, Nov. 7. Mr. Cochran graduated from Westminster with the class of 1901 and since that time has steadily pursued the study of law. The

HOLCAD wishes to extend him congratulations on his success.

Miss Jeannie McKee, '02 is visiting with Miss Bessie Stewart, '99.

Rev. T. A. Houston, '74, of Eau Claire has returned and taken up residence on north Market street. Frank Houston '02. and Fred Houston ex-'07 are in the employ of the American Express Company in New York.

We are happy to note that Mary Sloss '04 is able to be out again after her serious attack of typhoid. It is hoped that she will soon be back at her position as teacher in the Union School.

Paul Schoeler, ex-'07, has gone to Pasadena, California, where he will study Electricity.

J. S. Tannehill '05 was here a few days visiting his brother Newton.

Harry Kuhn '01 of Monaca was home Nov. 8.

Frank Davidson '05, of Allegheny Theological Seminary paid us a visit about the middle of the month. He says the Seminary basket-ball team is practicing up for a game with Westminster.

Leach, ex-'07, is visiting John McKay.

William Cummings, '01, of W. U. P. Law Department paid a short visit in town at the time of the election.

Hugh G. Snodgrass, '02, who has been in Allegheny Theological Seminary since October was taken down with an attack of typhoid about three weeks ago. Mr. Snodgrass is now at his home in West Middlesex. At last word he was getting along as

well as could be expected and, it is hoped, will soon be out of danger.

Rev. W. H. McPeak, '02, of Mercer, Pa., occupied the pulpit on the Second U. P. Church Thursday and Friday evenings, Nov. 16th and 17th.

Rev. David Strang, '61, who has lately returned from Egypt, occupied the chapel pulpit on the evening of Oct. 29. Rev. Strang has had a wide experience as a missionary and his account of the religious and social conditions in Egypt was thoroughly enjoyed by his audience.

Rev. D. G. McKay, '72, of Greenville spent a few days in town, recently visiting his son, John McKay.

The following alumni attended the football game at New Castle: J. A. Smith, '05, Clyde Gibson, '02, T. A. Sampson, '01, Roy Neville, '02, Rev. L. K. Peacock, '98, J. P. Lockhart, '90, S. M. Jordan, '00, Gibner Zehner, '02, P. H. Yourd, '03.

Rev. J. L. Cotton, '85, preached in the Presbyterian church, Oct. 22.

Miss Sarah Madge, '95, is visiting at the home of Mr. Jas. Sloss.

Miss Anna M. Wallace.

Instructor in Music, 1888-89

Miss Anna M. Wallace, daughter of Dr. W. L. Wallace, D. D., the savor of whose eminent piety continues to this day in many a home, came to the college in the fall of 1888 as assistant of Prof. Austin in the Music Department. Though her period of service was brief, she left a distinct impression on all those who came near her. It was that of a refined, soulful, consecra-

ted Christian young women. She was naturally a very pleasing person, winsome in manner, attractive in appearance and unselfish. She enjoyed all that was beautiful in this world and she commended the Christ by a beautiful life that looked onward to a world to come. For several months she has been ill, suffering greatly yet with a smiling face, and on Sabbath Nov. 12, 1905 her spirit was released and entered into glory. Miss Hodgen, who was here with Miss Wallace during her year with us, speaks of her as a friend whom she greatly admired and loved. To others of us, her geniality, her artlessness, her enthusiasm, her trustfulness will be a very pleasing memory, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The Library.

Rev. David Strang, D. D., has made the College his debtor by contributing to the library recently two valuable books. The first is a copy of the Gospels in Arabic which will be more curious perhaps than instructive; the second is a fine copy of the Vulgate, which is more within the reach of general scholarship and will no doubt be consulted with interest.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

J. W. ACHESON.

A committee appointed by the University Council of Yale to investigate athletic abuses, has taken up the matter of allowing under-graduates to engage in more than one of the four major branches of sport. The investigation will also reach into such details as financial lavishness, indirect "graft," training tables, and "hospitality" to coaches.

The library at Cornell University requires a deposit of five dollars from each student drawing books for home use. The fee is returned at the end of the year, if the student's library record is clear.

Harvard Medical School has raised its standard for entrance by requiring a knowledge of elementary organic chemistry. The full requirements are a certificate that the student has passed in one year's full work in organic chemistry, a certificate that he has passed in qualitative analysis, and a college degree.

The authorities of Rutgers College are seeking a new president to take the place of Dr. Austin Scott, whose resignation has been accepted by the trustees.

At Dartmouth College three prizes have been offered to the seniors and juniors who shall present the best prepared notes in any English course. This is a good move for in any course in which the class-room work consists of lectures, the student's ability to take notes indicates his proficiency, and any tendency to stimulate proper note taking should be encouraged.

Concerning improvements there is one respect at least in which Westminster would do well to follow the example of Princeton. The Pennsylvania Railroad has its double track nearly completed to connect Princeton with the main line, and give the facilities so much needed on occasions when big crowds come to the University.

On November 24, the evening before the Columbia-Pennsylvania football game, the annual debate between those two Universities will be held. Their question should be of interest to every student. Resolved:

That any bona fide college student under twenty-one years of age, and having completed one year's work in good standing be allowed to represent in athletics the institution at which such work has been done, regardless of any compensation he may previously have received for his athletic ability.

John Hopkins has added a new feature in that an official medical advisor will render professional service free of charge to all students of the University.

The Harvard Crimson announces that President Abercrombie of the University of Alabama has been notified that there will be no examination for the Cecil Rhodes scholarships throughout the United States this year.

Harvard's gridiron on Soldier's Field is being improved and accommodations are being made for 40,000 people in preparation for the Harvard-Yale football game.

ATHLETICS.

AULEY MCAULEY. '06.

The first game of the series with Grove City was played at New Castle, Oct. 28. Before a large crowd composed principally of students and alumni, the team administered to our old rivals a most decisive defeat. That Grove City was in the wrong class was evident in every department of the game. The playing was almost entirely in Grove City's territory and they were for the greater part of the time on defensive. Our team had a slight advantage in weight, but the victory was due to better teamwork and not to superior weight. Long runs by the various players of our back-

field and ends were frequent. One of the prettiest plays of the game was the goal kicked from placement by Locke.

The casualties of the game were: Grove City's left end had several ribs broken, and Orr sprained his ankle.

The lineup—

Westminster 49.

Grove City 0.

| | | |
|---------------------|------------|-------------------|
| R. Scott..... | l. e. | (Nesbit) Marshall |
| Doyle..... | l. t. | Davis |
| Clark..... | l. g. | Moats |
| Smith..... | c. | McCullum |
| Orr (Everhart)..... | r. g. | Flinner |
| Elliott..... | r. t. | Smiler |
| McKay..... | r. e. | Sener |
| M. Scott..... | q. | Dickey |
| Lambie..... | l. h. | Case |
| Marks..... | r. h. | Capt. Kiskaden |
| Locke Capt. | f. b. | Baldwin |

Substitutions—Everhart for Orr, Nesbit for Marshall. Touchdowns—Marks 4, Locke 2, Elliott, M. Scott. Goals from touchdowns—Locke 5; Field goal—Locke. Referee—Leech of Geneva. Umpire—Markham, of Oberlin. Time of halves—25 and 20 minutes.

The team added another victory to its list, when a week after the game with Grove City, it defeated Allegheny on the home grounds 35 to 0. Allegheny played strong at the beginning of the first half and held Westminster for downs. There was some hard scrimmage and then Allegheny weakened and its goal line was crossed four times during the first half. In the second half Allegheny played a much stronger game. In the first few minutes of the half Westminster scored another touchdown. This was the last score of the game and from that time until the close of the game Allegheny played good foot-ball, once having the ball on Westminster's 2 yard line and losing it on a fumble. At another time they lost on downs on Westminster's 5 yard line. Westminster was penalized at critical times for off-side play. This ac-

counted for a great many of Allegheny's advances when near Westminster's goal line. The team did not play as well as it did against Grove City either on offensive or defensive and it was plainly evident that there had been a lack of practice.

The lineup—

Westminster—35.

Allegheny—0.

| | | |
|----------------------|-----------|--------------------|
| R. Scott | l. e..... | Ginn |
| Doyle | l. t..... | Robinson (Comfort) |
| (Gordon) Clark..... | l. g..... | McQuiston |
| Smith | c. | Cole |
| Everhart..... | r. g..... | Robertson |
| Elliott..... | r. t..... | Brown |
| Haukey (McKay) | r. e..... | Wilson |
| M. Scott..... | q. b..... | Nelson |
| Lambie..... | l. h..... | Aiken |
| Marks | r. h..... | Benedict |
| Locke | f. b..... | Rossiter |

Subs.—Gordon for Clark, McKay for Haukey, Comfort for Robinson. Touchdowns—Marks 3, Locke, Elliott, Lambie. Goals from touchdown—Locke 5. Referee—Leech of Geneva; Umpire—Peterson, O. S. U. Time of halves—25 and 20 minutes.



Westminster defeated Franklin Athletic Club football team Nov. 7. With coach Lang and Hayes, a former Westminster coach, of the Latrobe eleven playing tackles the team scored three touchdowns on Franklin's fast team. Franklin had not been scored against this season and the game was a fast one in spite of the fact that the field was heavy.

The team played excellent football and Franklin was unable to make any effective gains. The quarter-back kick was worked by Westminster with great success. The feature of the game was an 85-yard run for a touchdown by Westminster's quarter-back.

Westminster—17 Franklin A. C.—0

Touchdowns—R. Scott, M. Scott, Marks; Goals from touchdowns—Locke 2; Time of halves—20 minutes each.

Westminster defeated the Slippery Rock State Normal eleven Nov. 13th by a score of 69-0. The Normal team was unable to do anything with the line and ends, and Westminster had the ball almost continuously. A steady rain during the afternoon made the field slippery; this fact saving the Normal team from a worse defeat. Slippery Rock formerly played football with the Reserves with whom they would be about equally matched in strength. The credits of the game were as follows:—Touchdowns—Marks, 6; Lambie 5; R. Scott 1; Goals from touchdowns—Locke 7; Safety—Lambie; Time of halves—25 and 20 minutes.

The remaining game on the schedule is Grove City at Grove City, Nov. 30.

The Holcad.

VOL. XXVI.

New Wilmington, Pa. December, 1905.

No. 4.

An Interrupted Reverie.

AS I sit in meditation near my bedroom door,
Round me scattered books of knowledge which don't tempt me any more
I regard my stock of pictures o'er the spacious window seat,
Photos of my school companions whom I ever love to greet.
All my thoughts revolt at study. As I view them one by one
Each new form calls up a portion of our jolly college fun.
There are Jack and Bill and Teddy, boys with clownish tricks were filled,
For last night they raised a rough house and my box of coal they spilled.
Just a little way below them is the face of sturdy Tim,
Whose best time is spent in football which he plays with vicious vim.
To the right with lowering eyebrows is the stately "Chuck" McCoy
Who with eloquence sublimely could declaim when but a boy.
And I looked and thought and wondered where they all would be some day,
(For my mind was somewhat serious and I get 'the blues' that way,)
Jack would likely be a preacher judging from the way he talked
When we shut him in the wardrobe and his "cocoanut" was knocked.
Bill and Teddy would be lawyers, for with stories by the yard,
They could fool the Professors and smuggle an O. K. deportment card.
Tim would be a Harvard "full-back;" he would skirt old Eli's end,
And when rooters from the grand stand did their shouts to heaven send,
Tim would duck behind the "quarter," neath his nose guard hide a smile
As his thoughts turned to a brunette on the side lines all the while.
"Chuck" would be a platform lecturer who would draw enormous crowds,
He would speak with touching fervor, then with thunder shake the clouds—
But hold! I see another picture! By the powers 'tis getting late!
I must haste to "Uncles Corner" on the original to wait!
At the corner Jack was standing, Bill and Teddy too were there.
The walk was full of fellows waiting on that line of maidens fair.
They had gone to the post office and were coming down the street,
As they passed the jolly corner, boys stepped out their fate to meet.
One with bright bewitching glances nodded as I tipped my hat,
Then a fellow caught my coat tail. Oh, I could have knocked him flat!
But I freed me from his clutches, stepped beside that beauty tall,
And forget those other pictures as we slowly sought the Hall.

M. '07

A SHAMEFUL LEGACY

THE race problem is not a new one by any means. It has existed in one form or another since time immemorial, and so long as different races continue, the problem will likely trouble mankind. Egypt had her race problem, and sought its remedy in divine intervention; Greece and Rome had a solution in the application of force. England today has her problem and the question in India is: "Will the dark-skinned Arian submit to the light-skinned Briton?" We of America, though we justly pride ourselves on being the leaders of the world in some respects, are loath to admit that we are far behind in others, and refer to the Negro question only with disdain and horror. The very fact that we thus regard the problem indicates that it is a blight to our fair name, a sort of bugbear of colossal proportions. Strive as we may, the question is ever before us, and, like Banquo's ghost, will not down.

Perhaps one of the strangest phases of the problem is the fact that it exists at all in America. Under what conditions or for what purpose did the African negro come to this country? Was it his voluntary choice? Certainly not, for today no Africans, or at least very few, leave the shores of their native land for those of America. 'Tis true, a spirit of adventure was in the air during the early history of our country, but we are not so foolish as to suppose that an ignorant, superstitious, and utterly uncultured race would be in any way influenced by the lust for gold or love of adventure, to cross the unknown and tempestuous Atlantic. That they have come, and that they

have come in such numbers, indicates that others than themselves are responsible.

The South and Southwest would have been peopled with whites just as well as the North, but our fathers had not the foresight to see this, and calling or rather forcing the negro to his assistance, peopled with blacks those sections of our land which would otherwise have been peopled with whites. Herein lies their first mistake, for by thus using the negro there has fallen upon us the legacy of responsibility for his keeping.

I have said it was a mistake of our forefathers to bring the negro here; it was a far greater mistake to make him a slave, for thus not only did they violate all divine law, but utterly disregarded all social and political principles. We took up arms against our mother country because she sought to coerce us by unjust laws, and yet at the very instant the old liberty bell tolled the joyous news that made us free, we were binding with the cords of slavery a race that we should have loosed from the bonds of heathendom. From the very beginning it was possible to drive out slavery from the colonies, yet all sections received slaves, held slaves, protected slavery.

It is also a curious fact, but sadly true, that the colonists even went so far as to defend slavery on Biblical principles, and took pride in the fact that the negro had been drawn from the darkness of the African jungle and brought within the benign and elevating influence of the overseer and hoe gang. Thus to the legacy voluntarily assumed, shame and ignomy were added by the introduction of slavery.

It is to be lamented that slavery was introduced; it is to be infinitely more la-

mented that the religious and moral influence of the overseer was such as to reduce the negro to the lowest possible depths of degradation. Set free from the bonds of slavery by the great Lincoln and the noble spirit of the North, the negro has not yet come to a full realization of what his freedom means. The Northerners naturally look at the situation from a different viewpoint than the Southerner and claim that the negro is not being fairly treated. Notwithstanding recent articles to the contrary by Mr. Dixon and other Southern writers, the negro has not obtained civil and political equality, and it is mainly because it was feared that such equality implied also social equality. That such a position is utterly without proof is attested in no better way than by the experience of the Southerner himself.

Before the war the poor white man was as much a social outcast as the negro himself. The war has not altered conditions and the same feelings exist today with regard to the "poor white trash" as existed fifty or sixty years ago. If then, the civil and political rights of the white man, whose claims to social preferment are intensely strengthened by membership in the Anglo-Saxon family, do not secure for him social equality, it is unreasonable to suppose that they will do so in the case of the negro. The whole question seems to resolve itself to this: that the negro has no right which the white man is bound to respect; that he is not a man at all; that he is not one for whom Christ died. This may seem to some of us an extreme statement, yet we have but to read the daily papers to prove that it is not at all far-fetched. It is certainly true that the negro

has his bad qualities, but as we have shown above he is not entirely responsible. We have assumed the legacy, we have taken it up voluntarily and we are therefore responsible, not only to the negro, but to Him who created the negro.

The picture as here presented is indeed a dark one, and the shadows very black. But as the shadows token the sunshine, as the dark background in any picture sets forth the brighter colorings, so the darkness here but sets forth the true character and glorious victory of those who are to rise up, and are even now rising to meet the question fairly and squarely.

W. F. ROTZLER, '06.



THE OUTWARD APPEARANCE.

NOW, Wassita was an Indian in whom there was great guile.

And when he beholdeth the maiden Monamee, he loveth her.

Straightway, he putteth new feathers in his scalp lock, tatooeth his arms, and painteth his face with many colors. He hireth a man to decorate his deerskin with the totem of his tribe, but payeth him not. He stealeth his brother's moccasins, and borroweth his father's scalp-belt. He painteth his canoe, and filleth one end of it with game his brother hath shot.

Then he consulteth a fortune teller, and she seeth how he hath decked himself, and guesseth the reason thereof after the manner of fortune tellers. So she telleth him that he goeth in quest of love and that success awaited him.

This pleaseth Wassita exceedingly. He entereth his canoe, glideth down the river, and thinketh much of Monamee.

When he cometh to the tribe of Monamee, he boasteth of many brave deeds he hath never done, and Monomee sitteth near and listeneth. Anon she roasteth corn and game before the fire and bringeth them in unto the braves.

Then departed Wassita and thinketh yet oftener of Monamee.

Now it happened that Wallawoosa also loveth Monamee.

But when he goeth to her tribe he putteth no new feathers in his hair, neither painteth he his face nor tatooeth his arms. He borroweth no scalp-belt nor yet doeth wear his own with its many scalps. He weareth no totem tho his tribe hath greater glory than Wassita's. He bringeth no gift to Monamee but the love of an honest heart.

When the braves boasteth of their great deeds, he openeth not his mouth, tho his valor much exceedeth theirs. And

Monamee listeneth. Then she prepareth food and setteth it before him.

Then he departeth and hopeth that Monamee would love him for himself alone.

As yet no word hath been spoken, but Monamee knoweth both these men loveth her—as is the manner of maidens.

She pondereth the matter much in her heart.

Now, Monamee looketh most to the outward appearance.

So when the time cometh to decide she chooseth Wassita.

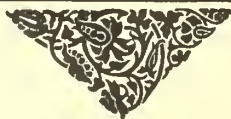
And he boasted more than ever

Wallawoosa's heart breaketh, yet he liveth his life thru, and maketh no sign.

Many modern stories are like unto this.

IDA KATE NEGLEY.

Elizabeth. Pa.



Editorial.



A TOPIC most in discussion among Westminster students today is the action taken by the Board of Trustees in its recent meeting—the adoption of a course whose fulfillment will mark a crisis in the history of the college. Besides the settling of that oft proposed question of removing the school to another location, and besides the adoption of plans for the purchase of additional ground and the erection of several much needed buildings, the Board adopted a novel method of government—concentration of executive power in the hands of the president. And this step marks a most important advance toward the realization of “Greater Westminster.” Without unduly exalting the office of president to the deterioration of the other offices the new method offers the only just means of concentrating power where responsibility rests. Dr. Russell and the Board agree that the prerogatives of the president’s administration must equal and parallel his responsibilities. To the United Presbyterian church, and to the world at large, Dr. Russell will soon stand to a great extent for Westminster—for her government, her methods, her failure and her successes. Would it be just to have him responsible for many things in which he might have little and no power? A closer union of administration and executive powers will result in a firmer, stronger institution. According to the new plan the policy of college administration, course of study, and

choice of faculty is to be determined by the Board of Consultation with the President, with due consideration of any suggestions which the faculty may present. And the execution of school policy will rest with the president, assisted by the faculty as an Advisory Board. To the president is given entire oversight of the school, and for its success he will be responsible. And in his conception of his duties as recently presented before the Board, Dr. Russell shows himself worthy of the confidence imposed upon him, as future leader of our eastern college work.

The new plan of government adopted by the Board seems to have met with the general approval of the student body. We are becoming enthusiastic over the plan for the improvement of our college and are expecting great things in the next few years. With the building of our new dormitories, our new Auditorium and Chapel, our new Gymnasium, and Science Hall, we expect to indeed realize “Greater Westminster.”

BASKET ball season comes to Westminster this year with the brightest of prospects. The aggressive work of each and every player on the team gives promise of one of the fastest and best teams in this part of the country. Without a doubt they will carry the white and blue through with victory and honor to themselves and to their college, and will equal or even surpass

the record made by our football team in the season that has just closed. Now, just a word to the student body. There will be adequate room for you to show your appreciation of and enthusiasm for the team this season. The manager has arranged an excellent schedule with eight home games. The gymnasium has been refitted with comfortable seats for the spectators and the pillars obstructing the view have been removed. Everything points to a favorable and enjoyable season for all lovers of the indoor sport. Let us as students place our college spirit above every detracting influences and give the team, individually and as a whole, the support and encouragement that is their due. We can show our interest and at the same time give substantial support by our presence at all the home games. And we can encourage the team by good, clean gentlemanly "rooting." That does not mean to hiss or hoot at the referee when his decision does not exactly coincide with our views. Neither does it mean to make personal remarks about an opposing player when he reports to foul or ungentlemanly methods for the sake of his own advantage. Such "rooting" is not only ungentlemanly but it lowers the "rooter" to the level of the offender. All "rooting" should be directed towards our own team. It finds expression in songs and college yells and should be continued when we are losing the same as when we are winning. Any appreciation of the opponents' brilliancy or skill should find expression in applause. Politeness is as much at premium on the basket ball floor as it is in the social gathering or banquet hall.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.



THE WHOLE STORY.

A little fun,
 A little play,
 A little laughter,
 Day by day.
 A little school
 And we'll confess
 A little bit
 Of waywardness.
 A little grief
 A little woe,
 As down the later
 Years we go.
 A little love,
 A little strife,
 A dive of hopes,
 And this is life—Ex.

Dr. Ferguson, speaking in Chapel of the lineup in the hall—"If there is anyone whom you wish very, very much to watch for—I know there are cases like that, (laughter) and you seem to know it too, I see—then please step around the corner to wait and watch side ways."

A sample of cards handed in at Lab. stock room.

250 C. C. Educated flask.

S. R. Fulton.

"Tell me" asked the British tourist who was interested in political matters, "what is your understanding of the oath of office here?" "Well," replied the earnest citizen, in most offices it's 'Darn that boy.'—Ex.

Rev. Kirkbride in Sr. Eng.—"Please hand in your papers after services."

Prof. Freeman—"Does H₂S burn, Mr. Orr?"

"Yes sir."

"What does it form?"

Orr—"A blue flame."

Martha McMillan—"I love Friday evenings."

Dr. Ferguson—"Whether life is worth the living depends largely on the liver."

Though they had never met b-4,
What cause had she 2 care?
She loved him 10 derly, because
He was a 1,000,000 aire.—Ex.

Prof. Shott, after locking up in its chest, a human skeleton which the biology class had been studying, "That's all that's left of a poor fellow who didn't study his biology." (laughter from the class.)

A Member of the class—"He will soon have a good many."

Becky Woods—"The only objection I have to the football picture is that they didn't make my picture large enough."

'Tis the week before Christmas
And matron and maid
Are hurrying hither
And thither to trade.
'Bout once in a thousand
A man you will spy,
But he knows for attention
There's no use to try,
For men at this season,
Have only one end—
To furnish the money
For women to spend.—Ex.

Dr. Campbell—"What is, f oraging?"

"Burly" Clark—"Oh, forging a note or anything like that"

Dr. Ferguson—"I have somebody's heart here, no doubt it is very highly regarded by the person to whom it belongs."

Miss ——"If I had somebody's heart I wouldn't want to Part with it."

Rev. Kirkbride in Eng—"Miss Broad, who are the greatest poets?"

Miss Broad—"Shakespeare, Milton Scott ———."

Prof. Shott—"Miss Metz how does the amoeba move?"

Miss Metz—"Very slowly."

Shott—"That depends on whether it's in a hurry or not."

"I want to tell you old man," said Kotchett, "how thoroughly ashamed I am of the temper I displayed last night. Your wife and sister must have tho't me crazy." "No, they didn't," replied Brightly. "I fixed that all right." "Ah, so good of you old man." "Yes, I told them you were drunk."—Ex.

"Two are better than one."

Miss McMaster—"Oh, is that so? Isn't that just dandy?"

Miss Montgomery—"Yes, I believe that."

Andy Park to Henderson—"We'll not go down 'Lover's Lane' tonight. We're with our sisters."

The last two numbers on the Lecture Course, Rev. Jno. Driver and Mr. Montaville Flowers proved the rarest treat of the year. For width of experience and command of language, few surpass Rev. Driver while Mr. Flowers' delightful rendition of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" held the audience in breathless suspense from beginning to end."

Mr. G. L. Cochran has been chosen by the Philomaths to take the place of Mr. Fred L. Locke in the Preliminary contest. Mr. Locke has left school to accept a position as a chemist in Sharon.

When My Pa Was at College.

WHEN my pa was a student, at College,—Let's see,
 'Twas in the seventies, p'r'aps seventy three,—
 It matters not when, 'twas a long time ago
 When students were sober, steady and slow.
 Before noses were bled, ribs broken and legs
 Played the "dickens" with mud, when making "best pegs"
 For the "pig skin" or goal, in our happy old game.
 (Pa tells 'bout "paddle-ball," as silly as tame,—
 Not a scalp torn loose, nor a rib broken or arm,—
 Not a thing to excite or cause an alarm,—
 Not a nose knocked "gee," nor a head set awry,—
 Not a liver hung out on the fence to dry,—
 They hadn't any fun in playing a game
 As awfully silly as 'twas measl'y tame.)
 It matters not when 'twas a long time ago
 When students were real tame and moved around slow.
 You ought to hear Pa talk;—what a funny old time,—
 'Twas "fierce" as could be, but he thinks it sublime.
 When he was a student as I've oft heard him tell,
 They were quiet and good,—the late college yell
 Had not been invented,—just think of it, boys,—
 Why, fun, don't you know, is eleven tenths noise.
 "Rah! Rah!! Ohooligan! Boom-boom-erang-boom,
 Papoosa, Rapoosa! Ugh! make for us room.
 We're coming, all coming, as on Ocean a gale,—
 Hoopela! Coopela!! Westminster all Hail!"
 Such nonsense as that could not be forgiven,—
 It would shut in their teeth the portals of heaven.
 All the boys of Pa's day would rush up the stairs
 Of Chapel in mornings to join in the prayers.
 Boys then walked so straight,—Pa says "circumspect,"
 Their backs might have broken, they stood erect.
 They whispered on Sunday and thought it a sin
 To listen to birdies, or indulge in a wee grin
 Past eleven o'clock on Saturday night
 Lest the Sabbath they'd knock as high as a kite.
 When at church, they all sat as sober as preachers
 And joined in the praises.—I'll bet they were screechers.

When Pa was at college they were all so sedate
 Its a wonder to me the hair on their pate
 Had'nt early dropped off and been quite blown away
 With study so hard of that blessed old day
 With study and musing and deep solemn thought
 Inside their heads.—Pa says they weren't caught
 In the act of their choosing what kind of good fruit
 Would be served with their dinner,—or when they'd recruit
 A bird for their luncheon, goose, turkey or chick.
 I'll bet they wer'nt caught, for they just took their pick.

When Pa was at College, they got up at five.
 "Gee"! boys, its a wonder the old man's alive.
 I think it indeed a most miserable sin
 To ruin your health, and "bear it and grin,"
 By getting up early;—just think, up at five
 And yawn, stretch, and mope and be just half alive
 Till eight, nine or ten,—the time the Creator
 Would have us arise,—then no incubator
 Is wanted by any to hatch his "ideas,"—
 And doors open to problems, unlocked with no keys—
 While Latin or Greek becomes a dear crony
 We'd bring to the class,—not riding a pony.

Say:—you ought to hear Pap tell of his studious hours,
 "Goliath of Gath." might have envied his powers.
 He played hide and seek with the stars of the sky,—
 He skipped with the flea, and he flew with the fly,—
 He knew all the traits of the kingdom of brutes
 And he darkened the heavens by throwing Greek roots,—
 And he tore great chunks out of Latin at sight,—
 While depths of the earth were his fondest delight,—
 Orations he spoke and fine essays he wrote,—
 In debate "hip and thigh" his opponent he smote,—
 Recited his lessons without a lone error
 "Gosh," boys, but my Pap was one "holy terror."

If students at college were now like my Pap
 Says he was, why,—what a curious old chap
 Each student would be—he would soon run to seed
 Like stately "cat-tails" in the marshes and mead,
 He'd be blowing around like my worthy old Pop
 Or be placed on a shelf in a "Curio" shop.

ALUMNI.

R. C. McKELVEY.

THESE Alumni have not been conducting themselves in a very lively manner for the last month or so and we find ourselves a little short of news just at present. However there was an unusually large number of them back to spend Thanksgiving with us among whom were: Miss A. B. Park '03, Bessie Henderson '04, R. A. Henderson '05, Anna Houston '03, P. A. Love '05, Mary McElree '05, Miss Vincent '03, R. N. Grier '01, T. G. Thompson '04, James Hazlett '05, Lydia Armstrong '05, Clyde Gibson '02, M. M. Edmundson '01.

Roland Deevers, '02, has been elected superintendent of the Sabbath School of the 6th church, Pittsburg.

An interesting bit of news comes to us through the Globe of James E. McNair a former student of Westminster who owns a 1400 acre Cattle Ranch in Southern Kansas. Mr. McNair went to school here with ex-Judge W. D. Wallace and J. Norman Martin and Dr. Jesse Moore. He was a star base-ball pitcher and was one of the first to throw a curved ball in Western Pennsylvania.

His Cattle Ranch is in Meade county in a section of the county which is enjoying a great real estate boom. This is a great source of satisfaction to the townspeople and land speculators but the ranchmen think they see in it an evil effect upon their business. Those who are inclined to be optimistic are glad to see their land increasing in value day by day. Meade county is known as the artisan district and the Mc-

Nair ranch has splendid water facilities. During this season of the year the neighboring ponds are thick with wild duck and an hours hunting here is rare sport indeed.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

J. W. ACHESON.

ALLEGHENY lost thirty-four students recently by dropping the civil engineering course from the curriculum. —Ex.

The new schedule of examinations for the academic department of Yale shows 195 elective courses actually taken by students.

In accordance with a new Fraternity rule at Lehigh, Freshmen are not allowed to live in their chapter houses until after the first term.

The annual Freshman—Sophomore debate at the University of Pennsylvania has been set for January 10. The two classes will debate the Philadelphia gas-lease question.

Every class at Harvard has a mandolin club and the University mandolin club is composed of the best men from the class clubs.

The Triangle club of Princeton University, composed of undergraduate dramatics, is to be allowed this year to take a longer trip than ever before. During the last three or four years this organization, which has gradually supplanted the Glee Club in popular favor, has gone to the Middle West giving performances in several cities, notably Chicago and Pittsburg. This year the Easter trip will be extended to St. Louis. The play for this year has been written by two Seniors.

The University of North Dakota should have an excellent college paper, for in addition to a course in journalism recently established in the University, credit will be given to the editors of the college daily in proportion to the amount of work they do.

The list of subjects for the Townsend—DeForest essay prizes, the highest in the academic department of Yale, include "Japanese Ideals," "The College and the University," "The Railroads and the State" and "John Hay."

The fever of reforming or abolishing football or athletics in general evidently has not reached the far West as yet, for the athletes of the University of California will hereafter receive credit toward graduation for their work on the gridiron, diamond and track.

On the return of Dr. Francis L. Patton to Princeton, after his recent accident in alighting from a street-car in Pittsburg, it was found by an X-ray examination, that he had suffered a compound fracture at the shoulder joint. The shoulder was encased in a plaster cast and Dr. Patton will be obliged to wear this for two or three weeks.

It is reported that Mr. Fred Bennett of Joliet, Ill., has offered Smith College, of Northampton, Mass., a million dollars and a beautiful site if they will move to Joliet.

Plans have been drawn for a new Yale boathouse to be built, it is reported, from the "reserve" athletic fund.

President Hopkins of Williams College in a communication to the college paper, has put himself on record in regard to the football question. He says: "We have made a business of it, and have ruined it.

Played by gentlemen in the spirit of sportsmen, between fairly matched and properly selected and trained teams, it is the best game we have." He is strongly in favor of radical reform, not abolition.

The faculty of Cornell University recommends that "a subsidiary circulating library on open shelves be established for the promotion of the general culture of the whole student body."

Of the foreign students registered at the University of Pennsylvania, eleven are from Japan. Of these six are in the Wharton School taking a financial course. Two others are in the Dental School, and two in the architectural department.

It has been calculated, that the tuition fee of \$150 a year covers about one-sixth of the expense of educating a student in Cornell's medical department.

MUSIC AND ART.

W
ETHEL FINNEY

IN looking over this month's literature we find several very able criticisms in the "Literary Digest" about music and art in general.

One of these is a comment on a rather unusual theory advanced by a Frenchman to account for the hypnotism exerted by art. All people endowed with a sense of the artistic, no matter how little developed, agree that art and music affect them peculiarly and seem to hypnotize them to some degree. The author says further that at first he attributed this impression to the fact that he was not sufficiently well trained to appreciate all the detail and nicety of a

masterful production. Finally, however he concludes that this impression made by a masterful picture or musical production, this enthusiasm and "rapport," resembles nothing "so much as falling in love at first sight." This is a very unusual and striking way of expressing and describing what is usually called "appreciation" of music.

Of late there has been a discussion going on in the musical and scientific world about the brain of a singer. A Welsh singer with some degree of reputation, published a book lately along this line of thought. Some of his critics accused him of saying that a singer or musician need have very little brain power, he uses so much emotion and mechanism that he needs little else. The reply to this is interesting and well worth reading. A singer to be truly a master must use such a wide range of music in order to appeal to and reach the highest and noblest of man's thoughts and this would be impossible without a pretty good education and a well trained brain.

Coming nearer home we find an encouraging increase in the art department. An increase of interest, pupils and work. If the department keeps on growing at this rate we shall have something to be proud of before Dr. Ferguson leaves us, and probably an exhibit at Commencement.

All Junior orations for this year have been given and the music department has heaved a great sigh of relief. It has been extremely difficult with a new faculty, no available material and pianos which are not exactly new, to get enough music worked up to lend variety to the Friday evening programs. This is something

which needs the co-operation of every student in College. The music department is here for the students and since this is America it must be upheld by the students. Since this is so, and since you are an American college student is it not your duty to uphold that department or from a more selfish standpoint, the upholding of the department will bring you forward and develop your latent powers. If you have a gift should you not develop that gift instead of wrapping it in a napkin? Just think what possibilities there are hidden in a body of three hundred students. Why doesn't Westminster College have a Glee Club? Or a Mandolin Club? Or a Male Quartette? Or even at the least a decent attendance at the Chorus Class. You ask, "Why doesn't the Music department do something?" The music department is doing all it can with what it has, and it is asking: "Why don't you do something to help us along?"

Then there is another way than by "taking lessons" to help on, not only this department, but the others as well. Do you know what the word encouragement means? We'll you can encourage by showing that you appreciate. "How?" By listening. A musician is a very touchy instrument, if you study only a very little bit you will find out why, and the least jar or even buzz sets him all out of tune and he can't play and as a natural consequence his playing is not interesting and you are bored. A college boy and girl boasts that he is a gentleman and she a gentlewoman, but a gentleman is always courteous. Is it courteous to whisper to your neighbor when somebody just in front of you is trying to talk to you—in music.

ATHLETICS.

AULEY MCAULEY. '06.

In consequence of Grove City's cancelling the Thanksgiving game the football season closed with the second game with Geneva, Nov. 18. This was the most hotly contested and most difficult to win of the home games. The teams were almost equally matched in size, Westminster having a slight advantage. Although Westminster's team-work was not up to the standard the individual playing was harder than usual. Geneva played a plucky game both on the offensive and defensive but they were unable to keep Westminster from scoring.

Westminster received the ball from the kickoff and advanced it across the center of the field. Marks, right half, then scored a touchdown from a 55 yard run. The second score was made on a quarter-quarter-back kick from near Geneva's goal-line. The ball was kicked over the goal line and Lambie fell on it scoring a touchdown. The last touchdown was scored by Locke on a line buck.

Long runs by Lambie and Marks were frequent. The team was somewhat weakened by the absence of the regular quarter-back, M. Scott, who was out of the game except during the last few minutes on account of a poisoned hand.

Lineup—

| | |
|------------------------|-----------|
| Westminster 17. | Geneva 0. |
| R. Scott.....l. e..... | McElhaney |
| Doyle.....l. t..... | Clifton |
| Clarke.....l. g..... | Stewart |
| Smith.....c..... | Bight |
| Everhart.....r. g..... | McKnight |
| Elliott.....r. t..... | Shuman |
| Wood.....r. e..... | George |

| | |
|---------------------|-----------|
| McKay.....q... | Thompson |
| Lambie...l. h..... | Allen |
| Marks.....r. h..... | McClurkin |
| Locke.....l. b..... | Sterrett |

Touchdowns—Lambie, Marks, Locke. Goals from touchdowns—Locke, 2. Referee—Smith of Geneva; umpire, Orr of Westminster. Time of halves, 25 minutes each.

This being the last game, the results of the season can be summed up. The team has beaten all of Westminster's oldest rivals. Allegheny, Geneva and Grove City have suffered overwhelming defeats and honors have been brought home from other fields. Out of eleven games nine were won. In only one of the eleven, the first of the season, did the team fail to score and in none of the nine games won, did the opponents score. The total number of points scored by Westminster was 310; by opposing teams, 32. This is an athletic record of which Westminster will always be proud and among her former athletes the football team of '05 will hold an honored place.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association W. J. Acheson was elected football manager for the season of '06. D. A. Doyle was elected manager of the second team. M. Scott has been elected captain of the 'varsity football team for '06.

Now that the "pig-skin" has been put away with all the rest of the football gear, attention has been turned to basketball. For several weeks, practice has been going on in the gymnasium. All of last year's team except one will be on the floor this season and the prospects for a fast team are bright.

The season opened auspiciously Dec.

9, by Westminster defeating the Buhl club of Sharon, 40 to 24.

Lineup:--

Deevers.....f.....McQuinston
Lambie.....f.....Davis
Elliott.....c.....Marquard
Patterson.....g.....Manning
Marks.....g.....Hughes

Field goals—Lambie 7, Deevers 4, Elliott 3, Patterson 2, Marks 1, Davis 5, McQuinston 2, Marquard 1; Goals from fouls—Deevers 6, Marquard 8, Substitutes Kuhn, McCrory, Zuver.

Manager A. A. McDonald has arranged the following schedule;--

AT HOME.

Dec. 9, '05. Buhl Club.

Dec. 15, '05. Alumni.

1906.

Jan. 8. Hiram College

Jan. 22. Grove City College.

Feb. 5. Allegheny College.

Feb. 24. W. U. P.

March 10. Geneva College.

March 23. Open.

ABROAD.

1906.

Jan. 12. W. U. P. at Pittsburg.

Jan. 19. Allegheny at Meadville.

Jan. 30. Geneva at Beaver Falls.

Jan. 31. Beaver at Beaver.

Feb. 1. East Liverpool at East Liverpool.

Feb. 13. Youngstown Y. M. C. A. at Youngstown.

Feb. 19. Grove City at Grove City.

March 3. Buhl Club at Sharon.

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Euwers, - New Castle

The Holcad.

VOL. XXVI.

New Wilmington, Pa. January, 1906.

No. 5.

The Thoughts and Actions of Men.



THE world of discovery is man's field of action. It is his fondest delight to pursue investigations in the realms of the mystical and unknown. He looks into the depths of the earth, he examines the molecular structure of matter, he follows with his telescope the courses of the stars and planets, and, still unsatisfied, he also studies himself, the most intricate, complex and inscrutable subject of all.

But man's spirit thrives on difficulties, and rejoices in things that seem impossible. "There are no Alps" was lived, if not spoken ages before the iron-willed Corsican took command of the French. It is the actions of determined, ambitious men that are recorded in history. Man sees what he is not, thinks of what he may be, and, discontented with the present, he hurls it behind him, makes impassable mountains his highways, makes oceans to be as though they were not, and invades the realms of things beyond.

A purpose in life is the necessary precedent of works. Man's purposes may be open and praiseworthy; they may also be secret and destructive. But such cannot find a safe hiding place in his heart, for, ere they rest there long, the act of his hand will play traitor to the thought of his artful

brain, and, by the character that is then found to have developed within him, will his real worth in the struggle for existence and supremacy be determined.

We live in a manner that seems to imply unshackled independence, liberty without a tie to bind, and yet, we may find, in every human heart, the consciousness that there exists a universal controlling agency that is more than human, whose wisdom we cannot comprehend, whose motives we cannot fathom. Man sees, in the material world, evidence that an Omniscient Being has been planning and working before him. He reads, in the objects that surround him, purposes that were originated by infinite wisdom and understanding, and, after the impressions thus received, does he pattern his thoughts, ideals and aspirations. But, be our environment what it may, absolute rest of our powers and faculties is unknown. The idea of inaction was never created by our imagination, nor can it be found in the wanderings of our phantasy. Action is a part of life; it was so ordained by our Creator and the natural conditions of our existence demand it. Logical thought and intelligent action; where shall we rank them? They are the powers that raise up empires, that form

governments, that develop civilizations; they are the forces that bring order out of chaos. Action, the language in which thoughts and motives are read, the material of which history is made. Thought, the originator of all that is good and beautiful and true, also wields the power of destruction, ruin, death. It is a fountain of blessing or a fountain of woe; from its depths there may spring the sweet waters of hope, joy, and peace, or it may belch forth an angry torrent of contention, malicious hate and vice. Even thus varied, extensive and overwhelming are the capabilities and powers of the mind. Man thinks, and in the very act he exercises a faculty which he can, in but slight measure, control or understand, for the power of thought, planted within us by, and originating in, Divinity itself, is beyond human comprehension and analysis; it has laughed at the wisdom of philosophers ever since history began to record the deeds of men. The very fact that it is mystical and profound courts investigation, and, when he attempts to explain the workings of the mind, man must think his deepest and noblest thought, for how can one study the wonders of the intellect without, in some way, acknowledging the transcendent wisdom and power of its Creator? And well it is that this must be conceded, for man cannot accomplish his greatest work until he realizes that there is a mind with keener perception than his own, that there is something to do greater than he has done; aye, he must feel that thoughts have been formed more profound than his, that deeds have been done and will yet be done that are beyond the power of man to duplicate. Yes, there must always be something for man's inspi-

ration, or he will degenerate; and, till time shall no longer be measured, there will be a goal which, like the phantom oases of the desert, ever in sight yet ever receding, will beckon him onward. Permanent retrogression cannot be, for man's nature rebels against subordination though he is never entirely independent; therefore his mind is continually active, ever on the alert, striving to free himself from the bonds of his environment and to realize, with blissful contentment, the position and achievements which an ambitious fancy has pictured, for there breathes no man "with soul so dead" that he has not created an ideal to which his life shall be likened.

Man lives in stern realities. He has a mind that can comprehend the abstract, discern the mystical, and, in a measure, understand the infinite. No problems come before him to which he bows in unresisting submission; no phenomena of nature does he permit to thwart his designs without a struggle. His intellectual powers strive with social conditions, with the mysteries of civil relationship and development, with the entanglements of international diplomacy, and his nature is still unsatisfied until those desires which pertain not to this world are given room to grow. And so man lives, recognizing no created equal, a being whose thoughts are mysterious, whose actions are far reaching and wonderful, whose strange complexity has defied the assaults of scientific investigation and with whose nature fixed laws and exact definitions can have little to do, for character building is not a science. There is something in the grandest work of the Creator that science can never explain. Some phases of our being must ever remain

closed against this fearless investigator of all things, else man's individuality will in time be lost. Let man be once robbed of his individual purpose, or let him be made to feel that he is but a toy in the hands of fate, and he will be swept from his course by the giddy irresistible whirl of human existence, and on the history of his life there will be set, with an eternal clasp, the seal of failure.

But such need not be our destiny, for better things are yet to be than ever were. Conditions exist that make it easier to rise than to fall. The lofty clouds of our ideals swell, with abundant showers of thought the streams of action and habit; these flow through the hills and valleys of life till they blend silently with the mighty ocean of character; and the broad unfathomed main of strong character forms again the ideals that fashion men's lives in succeeding years. Thus, life seems to follow an unchanging law, that holds all men in its relentless grasp, and yet it is not a law that forbids development, for, as long as the record of the past shall be preserved, there will be placed before us all the characters known to the historian's pen, and ours it will be to seek out and emulate the truest, the noblest and the best.

Deeds cannot be without an incentive, and the inward spur of an outraged honor or an insulted dignity, the sting of a wounded spirit, the remorseful consciousness of duty unperformed, these stand in towering pre-eminence among the forces that arouse men to action. There are chords in every human heart that respond in their sweetest tones to the touch of a power divine, filling man's whole being with the music of more exalted thoughts,

worthier purposes, and a truer conception of why he was created and why he lives; other strings there are that vibrate, in awful harmony, to the sweep of a satanic hand, sending forth a melancholy dirge, filling the human heart with a vicious, overwhelming desire to do wickedly and arousing the throes of an angry passion such as no wild lord of creation can ever feel.

What a truly wonderful being, then, is man? He comprises in his nature the contending extremes of good and evil. He possesses some emotions that reflect the image of his Maker, and others that are well worthy of the prince of darkness. Thus man's heart is a battlefield, and while right endures and wrong is unchained, the relentless struggle between one thought and another, between one act and another, between one life and another will still go on. Man is capable of despising himself and condemning his own faults; there is also a power within him that can make him conscious of his own virtues. And this is why our race still lives and develops, why civilization advances and barbarism recedes, why the love of liberty grows and contentment in servitude declines, why government rises and anarchy falls.

Honor and manhood cannot be considered as mere attainments to be despised at a whim and assumed at our pleasure. Those parts of our nature that have stood the test of centuries, those that have shone with their brightest lustre in times of peril and at the crises of history, must still be recognized as a safeguard of church, state and society. Human nature possesses the same fundamental elements today as it did when the first gardeners were driven from

Paradise. Then man's baser instincts had triumphed, but his nobler desires were not destroyed and they still live to be felt as a mighty power in determining the destiny of modern generations. Social creeds may change, forms of government may change, policies of nations may change, but the line between right and wrong remains the same; a line that can be followed through all the contentions of history, and it will yet be unended when the veil of the future shall be drawn aside. Man's thoughts, words and actions are the elements that constitute life, and whether his life shall be lived for good or for ill may be read in the character of his thoughts. His life is the noblest, his work is the best, his worth to his fellow men is the greatest whose mind is the purest and whose thoughts are turned toward the Author of thought.

Then, in this world of strife, let us strive to raise our lives to that higher plane where virtue is exalted and vice is abased, where liberty is honored and license despised, where truth and justice are cherished in the hearts of all.

'02

FOOT BALL REFORM.

FORASMUCH as many have taken in hand to set forth a declaration of those things which are surely believed among us, even as they have been lately delivered to us by eye witnesses, as well as by the press, it seemed good to me also that one who has also that one who has always been an admirer of college sports should say a word, less to enlighten than to impress.

It would be as much out of place for me to lay down some new rules for football as for a life-long resident of the

city to start a farm paper, a cow to learn type-writing, or a lawyer to be honest. Not that the game needs no amendment, and that even those who know the game thoroughly, as well as those who have never witnessed one have lately been aroused and even appalled at the death list caused by football.

It is true that a long list of deaths could be made in many vocations in life, but is there not a difference between deaths caused by accidents in the routine of one's daily business and that which is called "amusement" or "sport"? It is also true, and many are they who can testify to the same, that scores are scarred and maimed who are never reported outside of the college.

Although it was the extreme pleasure of the writer to indulge in but one and a half games during a three-years' course in college, yet where is the person that will say that he did not take his part on the side-lines to help cheer the representatives of his Alma Mater on to victory.

For the first reason then, such an one should not attempt to show the boys how to play football, but for the second it seems that a word from one who has been so interested should at least be listened to, and if worthy of consideration, cause some others to "go and do likewise." It is not my purpose to decry football, nor to try to arouse a feeling that will banish it from our colleges, as long as there is nothing to take its place but rather to reform it. It has come to the point where either reform or banishment is necessary. The great leaders of today prefer the former. The latter should not and will not come until something better can be substituted. It is

far from the idea of the average college man that such games as Ping Pong, Thumbs up or Pussy wants a corner, should be substituted for football. That which develops the man is needed. That which develops him physically mentally and morally is the education which best fits him for life's duties; and the neglect of one of these will handicap him in "the race of life." But why should we in our

endeavor to get it, permit those things which cut off a strong young life in the morning of youth with a clear bright day before him; or that which is more common, to start out on life's journey maimed and scarred in body for the sake of a few "Bravos!" from the side-lines, or a few months of risky, reckless "sport".

JOS. M. MCCALMONT, '03.



Editorial.



OUR first semester is fast drawing to a close, and Westminster students are soon to undergo the novel experience of a semi-yearly examination. Already the professors are beginning to look sternly just, while that "I told you so" expression becomes more and more marked; and every day the worn student adds a few extra inches to the length of his face, as he meditates upon the dire uncertainties attendant upon a Physics or Chemistry examination. Cramming is the highest aim as well as the last hope of all. And with this unusual putting forth of effort in preparation for the auspicious time, the oft-discussed question as to the effectualness of final examinations as a test of the student's work again suggests itself. In classes as large as many of ours, where the teacher "cannot get properly acquainted with his students" in regular class room work, the examination must to a great extent determine the estimate to be placed upon the student's work. But as to the truth of

such a test is there not great doubt? Does not this very "cramming" which is the order of the day here disprove its effectualness? Everyone knows that the examinations will come at a stated time, and accordingly a great many students postpone hard study and real work until such a time as they deem proper wherein to commit the text so as to remember it only until examination shall be passed, deceive the teacher and obtain a lying grade. Such a method of examination certainly does not stimulate independent thinking and continuous study which alone is really of lasting benefit. Would not many shorter unannounced tests be a more effective stimulant to continued effort, a truer demand for independent effort and impromptu thinking, and as well a more real test of the student's work?



THIS is a time for making new resolutions and as well for remaking old ones. The Junior class certainly deserves

commendation for the way it has begun the New Year. For at their first meeting this year the Juniors determined that, disregarding the disappointments and discouragements resulting from the publishing of former annuals, and overlooking the difficulties already encountered in the preparation of the present one, they will edit an Argo. So do they conceive their duty to themselves, succeeding classes, and to Westminster College. Westminster certainly should have an Argo. We have as much literary ability here as many schools who have for years published annuals, and we must have the Argo wherein to show our literary standing to other colleges and to the world at large. There is no reason why our annual may not in time be made to at least pay the expenses of its publication. The experiences of the two former years are certainly rather discouraging. But we Juniors deem it our duty to the coming Greater Westminster to sacrifice time, labor, and perhaps money for the continuance of the annual. Once firmly established custom will soon determine its yearly publication. We are very fortunate in the choice of our Argo staff and consider ourselves especially well equipped for the editing of our annual. But we need also the willing co-operation not only of every member of the class but also of the entire school, and its alumni and friends. With such assistance we hope to put forth an Argo which will reflect great credit upon our Alma Mater.

ON another page we have printed a notice of the offering of the John Barrett prizes, together with the list of subjects which may be chosen, and the

rules of competition. We hope that this may be of interest to our readers and may suggest to some participation in the contest. For why may Westminster not be represented in this contest? Her students have competed successfully not only in contests of physical powers but also in contests of intellectual ability. It is but a few years since Westminster was proud to hear of the successful competition of two of her students in the Cecil Rhodes examination, a contest open to students of every college of the United States. We have perhaps as great literary ability as many larger schools of learning, excellent instruction and training, and opportunity for research work not great, but nevertheless sufficient for the purpose. Therefore, why not compete?

HAVE you ever stopped to think how much we, in forming our personal opinions, are influenced by the opinions of others? How ready we are to abandon a careful examination of the facts and accept the opinion of perhaps the majority? It seems to be a natural tendency for us to want to be on the popular side. Back of this tendency, stimulating and augmenting it, is the desire to be a friend, a "good fellow," with the greatest number possible. For it is by a common agreement on a common interest that such a relationship is created and nourished. Or in other words, we recognize that "birds of a feather flock together." We desire to be of the same feather as the majority, and to accomplish this end we often sacrifice our own personal opinions and convictions.

Perhaps the principal reason for this desire to be on the popular side is the fear of criticism from the same, in case our

opinion should run counter to theirs. We can ignore with a feeling of security, the criticism of the minority, but as soon as the gun of popular criticism is aimed at us, our first impulse is to hoist the flag of truce, run over and get behind the gun, and help to shoot down the men that have had the courage to stand by their own convictions. For there is no man whom we would rather see go out of prominence, than the one who has stood for what he thought to be right when we, fearing the sting of censure have deserted like cowards.

The popular side of any question is not necessarily the right side; in fact it is often the reverse. So we are not safe in accepting it on the grounds that it is popular. No man is justified in having an opinion which he himself has not formed by a careful examination of facts, guided by his own conception of right and wrong.

The class of 1907 have taken up the work on their ARGO with an interest that is bound to make it a success. This movement should receive the hearty support of every student in Westminster college, for it is primarily a representation of every phase of college life and is therefore dependent upon the undergraduate body for its support and ultimate success. Everyone showing a willingness to help the class in this undertaking will show a right-mindedness, in keeping with good, college spirit.



Mary had a iittle lamb,

'Twas good beyond all question:
And then she went and had some more
And then had indigestion.—Ex.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.

Small boy's definition of a meridian—
"A meridian is a menagere lion running
around the earth."

Have you Bible students ever read anything about football in the Bible? If you haven't look in Hezekiah 3:14.

Frank Shrader—"I hardly agree with Prof. Hewetson's views in regard to proposing."

Teacher—"Johnny, what was the battle cry of the Revolution which even now brings tears to our eyes?"

Johnny—"In Onion there is strength."

A Hall girl—"Tell me truly how does macaroni really grow?"

Jack McKay as the train approached the station known as Love—"I believe I'll get off here, I wouldn't mind being in love."

"Are you Hungary?"

"Yes; Siam."

"Well, come along; I'll Fiji."

Brown to Mr. Dickey, just as the Hack was leaving the Hall—"Did you see me holding her hand?"

Mr. Dickey—"That was my hand you were holding."

Teacher—"Johnny, repeat after me—'Moses was an austere man and made atonetment for the sins of his people.'"

Johnny—"Moses was an oyster man and made ointment for the shins of his his people."

Miss Park—"Girls, I believe I have heart trobule. I really don't know what's wrong with my heart this semester."

" 'Tis said some girls are pressed for time—some for the fun of it." McKay—"I'm going to do some pressing for the fun of it."

Stranger—"What is peculiar about Friday nights at Westminster?"

Miss Cochran—"Friday nights are the only nights there."

"If I were that young man I would take heart."

Miss Davida Finney—"Whose, his or mine?"

"If college bred is a four-year loaf,
(The Smart Set says it's so)

Oh, tell me where the flour is found
For us who need the dough."

There was a young man from Laconia,

Whose mother-in-law had pneumonia

He hoped for the worst, and on May
21st,

He buried her 'neath the begonia.

---The Independent.

Miss Kline—"You know that part of Bible they don't put in any more—the apothecary (apocrophy)."

Miss Cochran—"I don't see why they always have lectures and concerts on Friday nights."

Prof. Freeman in Astronomy—"Mr. Rose, which direction do the nodes move when they regress?"

Mr. Rose—"The other way."

"Could anyone, love, between us come?"

He asked in accents tender.

"Were they to do so now, my own,

They'd have to be mighty slender."

—Ex.

Miss Douthett—"The last piece of bread surely doesn't signify the old maid, I hope? I got it."

A CHALLENGE.

The members of the Wright House hereby challenge any other crowd of bona fide students of Westminster College, rooming under the same house-roof, to a series of contests in any, or all of the following sports or games: basket-ball, football, base-ball, hand-ball, sock-ball, push-ball, tennis, golf, hockey, lacrosse, billiards pool, polo, bowling, cricket, euchre, checkers, seven-up, cinch, five hundred, casino, pedro, flinch, chess, old maids, authors, dominoes, marbles, catty, boxing fencing, eating, jumping, running, rowing, shooting wrestling, swimming, skating, hunting, sleeping, whist, or any other scientific game. Signed: "Jack" Scott, Pres.,

"Jack" McKay, V. Pres.,

"Irish" McClurg, Treas.,

"Flicker" McDonald, Sec.,

"Midget" Scott, Capt.,

"Happy" Orr, Mgr.,

"Doc" Fulton, Trainer,

"Spike" Fulton, Clerk,

"Wrinkle" Simison, Att'y.

At a meeting of the Senior class, Mr. Ernest Calhoun was elected Senior Pipe of Peace orator. Mr. Roy Marks was elected by the Junior Class, as the Junior orator.

The invitations to the Junior-Freshman Banquet, Feb. 9, are out.

Everybody seems to be enjoying to the full extent, the fine skating at the mill-dam. The ice has not been better in many years.

The Senior class have decided to com-

mence the wearing of cap and gown next Semester, on Fridays and to chapel service.

We were sorry to see the poor attendance at the Hiram game here. Our manager has gone to much trouble and expense to have a good home schedule, and it is our duty to give him proper support.



ALUMNI.

R. C. McKELVEY.

Hugh McCartney '03 preached in the U. P. church of Eau Claire, Pa., Dec. 24.

Armor Veazey '02 spent the Christmas vacation with his parents here. Mr. Veazey is thoroughly enjoying his work at Cornell and though he is kept very busy, seems to thrive on it.

Breaden McElree '96, James Edgar '00 and Milton Magill '05 have returned to work in Allegheny Theological Seminary.

Howell Getty '03 attended a smoker given by the Pittsburgh chapter of the American Institute of Bank Clerks. A money-counting contest was one of the features of the evening and Mr. Getty took first place possibly from the force of a habit formed here at college. It will be remembered by those who know him that he took first place in the preliminary and the inter-collegiate oratorical contests during his course at Westminster. The feat performed at the smoker was that of counting \$911 and placing it in straps and piles in the short space of thirteen minutes and twenty-five seconds. Second to Mr. Getty was A. G. Boal '96 of the Union National Bank of

Elizabeth, with a record of fourteen minutes and nineteen seconds. Both men desire credit for their cleverness and remarkable speed. The prize awarded to first place was ten dollars.

Chas Baldwin '02 has been obliged to give up his work at the Allegheny seminary on account of poor health.

Robert Yourd '05 who has been principal of the Norfolk Mission College, Norfolk Va., since September took sick a short time before the holidays and was compelled to return home. Mr. Yourd is better now but does not expect to go back to his position.

We are happy to note that H. G. Snodgrass '02 is over his recent attack of typhoid.

Rev. L. K. Peacock '98 pastor of the First church, Sharon, Pa., has been voted an increase in salary of \$300 by his appreciative congregation.

Loa Mitchell '04 was confined to her bed for several days during the holidays by an attack of rheumatism.

Rev. J. M. Ferguson '99 pastor of the First U. P. church, New Castle, Pa., delivered a special sermon Dec. 24 in honor of the fifty-sixth anniversary of the congregation. It has had only three pastors during that time.

Dr. D. G. McKay '78 has received a call from the First U. P. congregation of Indianapolis.

Rev. J. M. Cameron has removed from Newark, N. J. to Lancaster, O.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

J. W. ACEHSON.

Never before in the history of football has such a hue and cry been raised against the game as at the close of the last season. From almost every college some voice has been raised decrying the most popular of college sports. This sudden and well nigh universal censure of the game no doubt has arisen from the larger number of fatalities this last season resulting from football, but there seems to be other evils charged against the game as played at present among our colleges.

The council of Columbia University adopted resolutions which include grave charges against the game. The president was advised to take such action as he deemed proper to correct the demoralization of sentiment among the students, and to restore athletics to their proper place in the life of the university. Adding, that at present athletics were in the hands of a small class of trained athletes; that athletic sports had taken on a professional aspect due to coaching and a large amount of time devoted to training, and that too much commercialism was attendant on inter-collegiate competitions.

Acting on these resolutions Columbia University has prohibited the present game of football. And well might they do so if it has brought about all these evils. Whether other schools will follow her example remains to be seen.

New York University took up the question, and called together representatives from over fifty colleges and universities. From these a committee was appoin-

ted to confer with the present Football Rules committee.

In nearly every school the question is being agitated. Two remedies seem to be universally under consideration either the substitution of the present English Rugby game, or else the present American game with such modifications as shall promise to eliminate the existing evils. It is a debatable question whether the Rugby game would actually lessen the danger to limb and life, while the present American football is not intended to be a parlor game. The most rational view is to eliminate as many of the existing evils as possible without essentially changing the character of the game, and then let students choose between cramped limbs over a chessboard, or bruised shins on the football field.

In the 426 colleges and universities of the United States are enrolled 175,000 students.

Sibley College at Cornell University has abolished final examinations, which shortens the examination period from twelve days to nine and a half. The time thus saved is made a vacation period.

Thirty foreign countries and forty-nine States and territories are represented by students at the University of Pennsylvania.

It was recently announced at Princeton, that no student would be admitted to the civil engineering course, as a freshman, with a condition in any part of his mathematics.

Mr. T. P. Shonts, chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, has given to Monmouth College \$10,000 as part of the \$30,000 needed to obtain an additional \$30-

100 which Mr. Andrew Carnegie had promised to give the college for a library.

At Bryn Mawr the new regulations direct that a student, who, at the end of her junior year, has received a grade below 70 per cent., in half of the hours she has thus far taken, shall be informed that she cannot graduate at the end of her fourth year, but, in order to obtain her degree, must return to the college for an additional year.

The John Hopkins Club, composed of alumni of that institution, has decided to build a new club-house near the university. The cost will be \$51,000.

Following is the question for debate in the triangular debating league, of which Williams, Brown and Dartmouth are members: "Resolved, That it would be for the best interest of American colleges that no money should be expended for traveling expenses, maintenance, equipment, and coaching of athletic teams engaged in inter-collegiate contests except from voluntary bona-fide, subscriptions of the students "

ATHLETICS.

AULEY MCAULEY. '06.

The game with the alumni of Westminster was easily won by the college team with the score of 54-5. The alumni team was greatly outclassed both in team-work and in throwing goal. The first field-goal was scored by the alumni; but with the exception of one other this was the only one scored by them during the game. In the second half the subs were put into the game, Kuhn, Zuver, and McCrory taking the place of Lambie, Deevers, and Patterson.

Westminster defeated the Hiram College, Jan. 8 by a most decisive score of 77-23. Westminster's team work was good and the ball was continually dropping down through Hiram's basket. Hiram has gained considerable reputation in basket-ball and it is with great pride that we have seen our team win from them such a victory. The change in Westminster's lineup since the last game seemed to work very well and was evidently an improvement on the old lineup. The lineup—

| | | |
|----------------|--------|------------|
| Deevers..... | F..... | Phillips |
| Elliot..... | F..... | Beckelhalp |
| Marks..... | C..... | Muhn |
| Lambie..... | G..... | Line |
| Patterson..... | G..... | Hurd |

Field goals—Marks 11, Lambie 10, Elliot 8, Deevers 4, Patterson 3, Hiram 8. Goals from fouls—Deevers 5, Hiram 7. Referee—Hart of New Castle.

Y. W. C. A.

Our Association has chosen two delegates to attend the convention at Nashville Tenn., from Feb. 28th to March 2nd. It is a Student Volunteer Convention but is not limited to that movement alone and will doubtless benefit our Association much. Our delegates are Miss Anna Barackman and Miss Ada Parks.

Some of the most prominent workers in Student Volunteer and Association work will be present and address the Convention. In order to raise money to pay the expenses of our delegates a supper will be held on Monday, January, 29th in the Bank building.

The election of officers for next year will take place sometime next month.

Remember the reception by the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. on the first Friday evening of next Semester.

The John Barrett Prizes. 1906

Three prizes—a first prize of \$100, a second prize of \$75, and a third prize of \$50—have been established by the Hon. John Barrett, United States Minister to Columbia, to be awarded to the authors of the best papers on any one of the subjects named below. Mr. Barrett states the object of the prizes to be “to promote the study of the history, peoples, politics, resources and possibilities of our sister Republics,” and to develop throughout the United States “a wider interest in our political and commercial relations with Latin-America, and to foster a more general study of Latin-American history, institutions, political, social and educational conditions, material and industrial resources, and commercial possibilities—especially as they affect the growth of closer ties of international comity and confidence.”

The prizes are offered subject to the following rules of competition:

- (1) The competition is open to any student, man or woman, registered during the academic year 1905-6 in any American college, university, or technical school. Undergraduate, professional and graduate students are alike eligible.
- (2) Papers submitted by competitors must not exceed 10,000 words in length.
- (3) Papers, accompanied by the full name and address of the writer and statement of the class and college, university, or technical school to which the writer belongs must be mailed or delivered to an express company not later than September 1, 1906, addressed to

the President of Columbia University, New York, N. Y., marked “For the John Barrett Prize.”

- (4) The prizes will be awarded by a Committee of Judges chosen for the purpose, and the results will be announced through the public press as soon after October 1, 1906 as practicable.
- (5) The paper awarded the first prize will be transmitted by the undersigned to the Director of the Bureau of American Republics, who will cause it to be published and circulated as one of the publications of that Bureau.
- (6) All papers submitted in competition, other than the one to which the first prize is awarded, will be destroyed as soon as the prizes have been awarded, unless, at the time of sending, a competitor asks for the return of the manuscript and furnishes a fully stamped and properly addressed envelope.
- (7) Papers must be submitted in type-written form.

Any one of the following subjects may be chosen:

I Political and Economic

- (a) The Monroe Doctrine and its influence on the political and economic development of Latin-America.
- (b) The influence of the Panama Canal on the commercial and political development of Latin-America.
- (c) Present conditions and future possibilities of the trade of the United States and South America.

- (d) The present material and economic progress of South America.
- (e) The practicability and utility of the proposed Pan-American railway.

II Historical.

- (a) The influences and conditions that worked for the independence and establishment of the South American Republics.
- (b) The influences and conditions that worked for the independence and establishment of the Central American Republics and Mexico.
- (c) The character and achievements of Bolivar as shown in the struggle for the independence of Northern South America.
- (d) The character and achievements of San Martin as shown in the struggle for the independence of Southern South America.
- (e) The conditions surrounding and circumstances influencing the overthrow of the Empire and establishment of the Republic in Brazil.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER,
President of Columbia University
ALBERT SHAW,

Editor of the Review of Reviews

JOHN HOUSTON FINLEY,

President of New York City College

November 25, 1905.

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NEW WILMINGTON, PA

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No. 6.

The Devil in Literature.



AMONG the various characters in the world's literature one of the most interesting figures is the Devil. This character appears in the literature of every people in some one of his many forms—his personality varying according to the ideas peculiar to the people, and the doctrines of the times. But however varied his forms and different his attributes, the Devil stands universally as man's conception of the principle of evil. As Mephistopheles says;

"Thus all the elements which ye
Destruction, Sin, or briefly, Evil, name,
As my peculiar element I claim."

Three great Devils have appeared in literature, very different in nature and form, yet withal of one common underlying spirit—three conceptions under which all other ideas of the evil one may be included: Milton's Satan, Shakespeare's Iago, and Goethe's Mephistopheles.

In *Paradise Lost* the chief part is taken by Satan. He is believed by many to be the person of the epic, the real hero of the poem. It is his life that we follow in the poem from the time of his yet unimpaired archangelship among the celestials, on to that time when in pursuit of revenge, he tries the strength of the new race, and by

success in his attempt, wins possession of man for a season. As hero of the epic, Satan is presented in a rather unusual light. Instead of inspiring our loathing he commands our admiration. In spite of reverses, he continues to compel the obedience of those whom he has brought into the abyss; he remains master because he deserves to be. Firmer, more enterprising, more scheming than the rest, he it is from whom all deep councils proceed, unlooked-for resources, courageous deeds. Though defeated, he prevails; though wounded, he triumphs, for the thunder which smote his head left his heart invincible. Feebler in force, he remains superior in nobility, welcoming his defeat and subsequent independence as a glory, a liberty, and joy.

"Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven."

Satan is a colossal figure and all within and around the fallen angel is great.

But however unconventional a devil he is when viewed in this light, Satan stands pre-eminently as the real theological Devil,

the real English-Protestant Evil One. He is the fallen angel of the Bible, and as such is the natural product of this age of Bible reading and theological discussion. Although his true English republicanism—

“The unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome”

are modifications enhanced by the Puritan mind, Satan is in the main, the real Devil of the Scriptures.

In contrast to this Biblical conception of the Devil as an evil angel or spirit, we have the demon in concrete human form as personified by Shakespeare's Iago. Unlike Satan, whose character on the whole is rather attractive, Iago possesses not a single admirable quality. He excites nothing but repulsion. Indeed critics concede to him the position as master villain of the world's literature.

“I am nothing if not critical.”

Thus does Iago himself give the key to his character. He despises man; for every portrait of woman he finds most insulting insinuations. He amuses himself by setting men's passions at issue, and he laughs at them as at a play,

As a good fellow outwardly, genial and popular, but within a heartless, selfish, cold-blooded, and utterly unscrupulous scoundrel, Iago is perhaps the most conventional of Devils. He is moreover a character distinct from the two other types of Devil in being the personification of evil rather than a direct tempter, or principle of Evil. But the feature which completes him and makes him a prince of Devils is the atrocious plausibility and the cogent reasoning by which he likens his crimes to virtues. And this quality it is which

makes him rank with Mephistopheles.

Goethe's Mephistopheles is one of the most remarkable characters in literature. He represents a distinct type of devil in that he represents a principle—a principle directly antagonistic to Good. He is pre-eminently a spirit of negation.

“The spirit I which evermore denies.”

Thus he explains that his proper element is evil in all of its forms. And this is the part which he plays throughout the poem. He is not Satan, but an intellectual Devil, who works by always presenting the opposite of Good. He argues rather than directly tempts, and secures his power over man by trains of reasoning which are the echoes of man's own doubts. He is the echo of all reckless and defiant unbelief of the whole human race; in him are concentrated its rebellious impulses, its indulgences, its negation of Faith, Virtue, and Love, and herein lies the secret of his power.

Mephistopheles is a compound of cunning, subtlety, ridicule, and cynicism, a compound which is neither human nor completely infernal. He is the most unconventional of Devils. Like the very Evil of man's nature which he represents, he always wills the Bad, and always works the Good in spite of himself. In short Mephistopheles embodies modern and scientific conception of the principle of evil.

Of the three Devils Satan is the most admirable, Iago the most repellant, but Mephistopheles the most powerful and dangerous. For while Satan tempts, and Iago incarnates evil, Mephistopheles reasons, and his arguments are well nigh unanswerable. Thus it is that Goethe has given us the most genuine Devil in literature.

E. M. '07.

MARTHA'S SILENT SYMPATHY.

“YES, we've decided to leave this place which has never been a home but only a stopping-place for me.”

The speaker, Mrs. Brandon, was a medium sized lady in the prime of womanhood. Her voice had a note of hopelessness that was pitiful to hear, and her face wore an expression of bitterness that somehow looked out of place.

“When I came West with Joe, I expected to find a country covered with soft grass and flowers and a soft breeze that meant nothing but comfort. You know what I found. Instead of the soft grass with the gentle breeze I found these rasping weeds and this dry, hot wind that makes one's face burn as with a fever and keeps the clothes white with dust. I was terribly disappointed but thought I might get used to it if Joe got along well with the crops but when the baby died and the crops were time after time either burnt out by drouth or eaten by grasshoppers I just gave up.”

Here, the speaker, whose expression both in face and voice had kept getting more pathetic as she told her story, broke down entirely and for a few minutes she sat with her hands covering her face, the picture of hopelessness and misery. She did not cry as most women would but her body was shaken by dry sobs.

The listener, an elderly lady, of kindly expression, now came to Mrs. Brandon's side and drawing the discouraged woman's head to her breast seemed lost, for a while, in thought. Doubtless her mind had wandered back to the time when she with her then young husband had come to struggle for existence on the plains. She too had had

her battles to fight and her hardships to bear for instead of one little grave to mourn over, as had her guest, she had three.

After the two women had stayed in this position a short time the dry sobs of the younger woman gave place to quiet weeping and together the two mothers wept over their little ones whom they would see no more until they could claim them in the land that knows no parting.

But even grieved mother-nature must have an end of weeping so after a time the first speaker raised her head from the bosom of her friend and lo! the expression of bitterness had changed to one of peaceful trust, and the hopeless look was almost gone.

“Martha,” said Mrs. Brandon, “this is the first time I have cried since the first year we came here. Even when the baby died I could not cry, though my eyes burned and I thought my heart would burst. And Martha, do not think me foolish if I tell you that that cry has made me feel better than anything else in the world could do.”

I did not tell you at first that Joe does not want to go back East but he had promised to go because I begged so hard, but now I think I will tell him that if he wishes I will stay quietly and try Kansas for another year; though Martha, you cannot know how I long for a sight of the hill back of my old home in Pennsylvania, or a touch of the soft sweet breeze that came down through the orchard all summer long. But most of all how I would enjoy the sound of mother's voice!

But Joe is kind to me and little Nell's

grave is here so I think we will stay."



The scene is almost the same. But instead of a room with two women we see the room filled with people and, above the murmur of voices on the outside may be heard the quiet weeping of women and the occasional sound of a man clearing his throat as though something were hurting him.

At one end of the room is a long white box covered with flowers, which, on approaching it, we find to be a coffin, and in it the form of an old peaceful-looking lady.

The services are short but impressive and as the soft earth nestles about the casket, the neighbors and friends realize that they have lost a friend that will be hard to replace.

Among the mourners is a face that looks familiar and as we look it slowly comes to our minds that this is Mrs. Brandon. Many years have passed and many changes taken place since she first told her troubles to her friend Martha and received the silent though heartfelt, sympathy. And no one realizes more than Mrs. Brandon what a friend they are losing as they lay Martha away for the long rest.

As Mrs. Brandon and Joe drive home across the prairie through the gathering dusk she tells Joe for the first time of how she received help and encouragement from Martha's silent sympathy, and she just finishes her story as they drive past the big red barns to the doorway where they see awaiting them their only son, the pride of their hearts.

As Others See us.

A man went to New Wilmington,
Unused to college ways,
And there beheld the strangest thing
He'd seen in all his days.

A little after dinner time,
He strolled down to the college,
To view that institution great,
And gain a little knowledge.

He scarce had reached the building, when
He heard a noise behind,
And, turning, saw a crowd of boys,
Of every shape and kind.

Some were tall, and some were short,
Their dress was passing well,
They seemed to be all heading for
A single spot "pell-mell."

They reached the college, passed within,
And then from up the street,
The stranger heard another bunch
Of many falling feet.

They walked along without a word,
Like those who went before,
And, coming down that very walk,
Went in the self-same door.

Then from above, the college bell
Pealed forth from out the tower,
It rang and stopped, then stopped, then
rang,
For nearly half an hour.

Our friend concluded something must
Be going on that day,
And stepped inside the building
To see what was to pay.

Within a few were standing straight,
Along the narrow halls,
While others talked in bunches small
And leaned against the walls.

Some glowered at each other, like
Clouds on a stormy night;
If one had dared to "jolly" them,
He would have got a bite.

And every now and then a "guy"
 Would call to one or two,
 And tell them, in the corner, what
 He wanted them to do.

So many faces black and gray,
 O'erspread the place with gloom
 But when some girls walked in they all
 Repaired to some class room.

No one could see what happened then.
 They stayed for quite a while
 And then came out with faces that
 Would make a donkey smile.

Some laughed and some were looking
 'mad'
 Some's eyes were on the floor,
 One boy was talking fast and fierce,
 The stranger thought he swore.

A number soon surrounded him,
 With looks quite long and thin,
 Then they hustled from the campus with
 No license to "butt in."

The laughers now assembled close
 And talked the matter o'er,
 The bunch then gaily disappeared,
 Out through the double door.

Great fear now seized the stranger
 That these folks were all crazy,
 For people seldom act so queer,
 Unless their minds are hazy.

He rushed to Dr. Ferguson's
 To tell him of the trouble,
 And when he met the president,
 His breath was coming double.

Between his snorts, he sputtered out
 The things that he had seen,
 Then begged him quick to tell him what
 They might be thought to mean.

The Doctor heard the fellow's speech
 With varying complexion,
 Then gave a loud ha! ha! and said;
 "That's just a class election!"

R. C. M. '07.

The Wheel of Life.

ROBERT M. YOURD, '05.

In Eastern lands
 On India's strands
 On Thibets broad plateau
 Through valleys mild
 Through passes wild
 O'er mountains crowned with snow
 Roam the Holy men
 With book and pen
 O'er the broad land to and fro.

They lie in wait
 At Temple's gate
 To beg from passersby
 Or at some shrine
 They spend their time
 Where prayers to Buddha fly.
 With many a charm
 They keep from harm
 And save men when they die.

Perchance some priest
 At temple's feast
 May mysteries unfold.
 How the 'Arrow' fell
 And the 'Sacred Well'
 Gushed forth in days of old.
 Wherein if bathed
 One's soul is saved
 And freed from earthly mould.

And in their 'Search'
 They onward lurch
 And grope to find the 'Way.'
 And the 'Excellent law
 Which Buddha saw
 They ponder every day.
 They merit acquire
 Which all desire
 When mercy's alms they pay.

The 'Lama' old
 His 'Chela' told
 These mysteries one and all
 Will croon o'er beads
 And pray for needs
 Beside the aged wall

Of lamasseni.
Broad phylacteries
Give warning, lest he fall.

But of all the mysteries of Buddha's faith
Which through that land is rife
Most striking are the lessons drawn
From the wonderful 'Wheel of Life.'

All deeds of men are herein portrayed,
The peaceful and those of strife
Both evil and good are the forces at work
On this wonderful 'Wheel of Life.'

'Man is bound to the wheel' they say
Where Lust is Passion's wife
Only the one who walks in 'the Way'
Finds rest from the 'Wheel of Life.'

And oh how true is the truth, today
How true, in our own fair land
Man is a slave to the 'Wheel of Life'
And Lust has fettered the hand.

Ay! lust for power and paltry gold
Hold our nation bound to the 'Wheel.'
Awake then oh manhood in all your prime
And grind lust under your heel!

The 'Wheel of Life,' the 'Wheel of Life'
The cruel relentless 'Wheel'
Release, O God, from the images
Before whose shrine we kneel!

Oh may our country find the 'Way'
And our land be free from 'isms'
May never again—discord arise
Or be there, any schism.



In the Year 2,000.

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma
And the sodium of alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, mama!
I'm going to make a pie.
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose;
So give me a gram of phosphate,
And the carbon and cellulose.
Now give me a chunk of caseine, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat,
And give me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat,
And if the electric oven is cold,
Just turn it on half an ohm,
For I want to have the supper ready
As soon as John comes home.
—Cleveland Leader.

Editorial.



An evil which we hear discussed so much of late and against which a reform recently instituted at the Hall is directed, is the spirit of clannishness—a tendency to separate into crowds and cliques bounded with prejudices unsurmountable. It is said that with the present year the spirit is more marked than ever before. And recent events certainly justify this conclusion. Not only has the "crowd" spirit caused much unpleasantness and aroused much discussion in school, but also is it attracting the notice of friends outside.

It is but natural that we should have our own particular friends, with whom we form a closer, and more intimate fellowship than we could with other schoolmates. But is it fair to ourselves, our friends, and the other students to cultivate this friendship to the exclusion of every other acquaintance? We are prejudiced, narrow, and thoughtless of the feelings of others, and we are spoiling our college career by this very selfishness. A college education consists in a great measure in the broadening of self which is brought about by acquaintance with the different phases of human nature found in the student body. We live in a time of specialization, but we carry the idea too far when we specialize so even in our acquaintanceships. And so we are neglecting one of the best opportunities which college life offers and as well missing one of its greatest pleasures, when we confine ourselves to one particular crowd.

Rules may be made by the faculty designed to overcome the spirit which is marring college life here, but these can avail little unless we individually realize our fault, and enter in with the proper spirit, to help in their promotion.



The fourth annual debate between Geneva and Westminster colleges will be held here on the evening of March 1st next. I think we make a safe estimate when we say that not more than half the students in the college could tell the facts and history of this contest movement. We will venture farther and say that there are at least one-fourth of the students who do not know who will represent our college in the contest this year. This condition of affairs is the result of an inexcusable lack of interest on the part of the student body. Perhaps the principal reason for this lack of interest is the failure of the student body to appreciate the importance of the movement rather than their lack of loyalty to the college. There are, doubtless, very few in school who do not know the record of our athletic teams for years back. This evidence of interest is very commendable in itself, but it should not be carried to excess at the expense of a movement that is of far more importance, and one that is more in line with college work as well as with cultured ideals. A literary contest, from a literary standpoint, is as much superior to an athletic contest as the intellec-

tual powers are superior to the physical. This being the case, the contest next March should awaken the enthusiasm and support of everyone in earnest in intellectual pursuits. If your interest is not spontaneous it might not be a bad plan to manufacture a little for the occasion. By so doing you will not only show a loyalty to your college and a disposition to give the most important things first place in your interest, but you will give our contestants a feeling of security and support that will be bound to bring victory and honor to our school.



One of the great interests in the college world of today is the new preceptorial system which has recently been introduced at Princeton. It consists in a large reinforcement of faculty, designed to produce somewhat of personal contact between student and teacher. As President Wilson says: "Our object in so largely recruiting our faculty has been to take our institution as much as possible out of the formal class rooms, and get it into the lives of the undergraduates, depending less on lectures and written tests, and more on personal conference and intimate counsel."

In these days of rapid expansion of the college into the university, the tendency has been to multiply the list of studies in the curriculum, and as a result to increase the numbers in the student body, without due enlargement of the teaching force. The lecture and final examination systems have largely displaced the old time method of individual instruction and counsel. As a result the teacher and pupil are utter strangers, and no thorough instruction can be imparted where there is no real personal

counsel. This development of the college is one merely of extension.

Princeton's new system consists in an intensification of instruction as well as an extension. In extending their curricula, colleges are only following the trend of the times. The needs of the age demand opportunity for instruction in every line. But expansion of curriculum without proper intensification of instruction does not develop a college. It is only one sided growth.

Princeton has taken the lead in what will perhaps prove one of the most important and influential educational movements in the United States. And, judged by the first few months of experience at Princeton, the new system promises to prove a permanent success.



With this issue of the HOLCAD another year is completed, and the term of the present staff expires. But before retiring, we wish to say a few words of thanks and farewell. It is with reluctance that we give up a work which has proven not only very helpful, but as well exceedingly interesting. True, we have not perhaps realized the full scope of our opportunity; we have not until now begun to fully appreciate the possibilities of our position. But while we have not done all that we might have done, we feel that our work has attained some little success at least. And for this we owe much to the help and kindly forbearance of our readers and fellow students. You have not only supported us by contributions to our paper, and by subscription, but you have also helped us by little words of encouragement and appreciation. We have appreciated your kindly criticism and have

striven to profit by it. Whatever success the HOLCAD may have attained during the past year is largely due to the alumni and to our fellow students in Westminster. For this the staff desires to thank you. And we would also bespeak your support for our successors, yet untried, for whom their new position will at first prove very difficult. May success be their's, and may the HOLCAD grow under their hands into such a paper as we now dream of.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.

Contentment.

(Humbly asking pardon of O. W. Holmes.)

Little we ask; our wants are few;
We only want a Hall of stone,
(A very plain brown stone will do)
That we may call our home.
All colleges have such a one,
We have the worst one 'neath the sun.

Plain food is good enough for us;
One course of hash, as good as ten!
And then we know we mustn't fuss,
Thank Heaven for hash, Amen!
I always did think dried beef nice;
My choice would be vanilla ice.

We care not much for gold or land;
Give us a good check now and then;
Some good hard cash some golden sand,
And we're contented in our den.
We only ask that parents send
A little more than we can spend.

Parlors—gyms—such things as these,
Which others often want from pride,
We value for their power to please,
Nor take long to decide;
One gymnasium, we confess,
Several parlors we'd fain possess.

Of pictures, we would like to own
Oils and crayons, three or four;
(They give a parlor such a tone!)
Of prints perhaps as many more.
Some parlor chairs, nice satin cloth,
We would receive, nothing loath.

The free one's tricks we will not learn,
Nor envy the care-free, happy fool;
Shall not restraint serve well our turn?
We'll gladly live by rule.
Give faculty its double share,
To break bounds will only nightly dare.

Thus humbly pass the good things by
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If finance more generous gifts deny,
We shall not miss them much.
Too grateful for the blessings lent,
Of simple tastes and mind content.
U. G. K. '07.

Dr. Campbell—"What became of Turkey in Europe?"

Second Prep.—"Nothing left of it but Greece."

Rose the morning after Y. W. C. A. supper.—"Well if Welch keeps getting Bigger and Jamison keeps getting Broad their room will soon be too small to hold them."

"Mike, how's your wife?"

"Oh, she's dead, thank your honor. How's your own?"—Ex.

Mamma—"Did Charley take one of those flowers from the vase last night?"

Bessie—"No, I don't think so, why?"

Mamma—"I thought I heard him say as he was leaving, I'm going to steal just one."

"Why Bessie what's the matter?"
—Exchange.

Prof. Grier at the lecture—"They clapped us as we came in, I hope they keep it up, I enjoy it."

Jack McKay—"Go away—I'd only promise that to the one girl I love."

To the shoe-shine—"Look here little fellow haven't you ancestors?"

Shoe-shine—"No sir, boss I'se jis gettin' over de mumps."—Ex.

When all my thinks in vain are thunk.
when all my winks in vain are wunk, what
saves me from an awful flunk? My Pony.
—Exchange.

Miss Bigger—"I used to be larger than
my father."

"Why, how do you make that out?"

Miss Bigger—"When I was a little
Bigger."

Acheson—on Sabbath morning before
exam "Bill, which comes first exams or
judgment day?"

Bill—"Exams I expect."

Acheson—"Well then I'm going
home and study for exams today."

Prof. Hewetson—"If I were creating
a hell I know well enough a few I'd put in
it."

"The rain it raineth every day
Upon the just and unjust feller
But mostly on the just because
The unjust takes the just's umbrel-
ler."—Ex.

Wanted—A short sketch of Newton A
Tannehill, including an account of his many
successes written by himself.

Wanted—One beautiful picture of
Puddin' Doyle studying.

Mr. J. has found a new name for his
horse. Quite often on a moonlight night,
J—'s voice is heard echoing through the
crisp, still night, "Get up Closer."

Adah Park—I believe in twos."

One "gall" is divided into three parts
—cheek, iron nerve and brass.—Ex.

Jack Smith—"That rig of Wyatt Cam-
bell's wouldn't be nice enough for Mabel
and me to go to the banquet in."

Which one of the Seniors is it that be-
lieves that "the effectual fervent anger of a
righteous man availeth much."

Young ladies—would you guess it?
Are like arrows, don't you know?
They cannot pierce a single heart
Until they have a beau.

And like the helpless arrows which
Alone, can nothing do
Young ladies till they get a beau,
Are in a quiver, too.—Ex.

Miss Bell—"If I had a case I'd object
to a third person, otherwise I wouldn't."

Roberta Dickey—"No, Mr. Christie is
the nicest fellow in school."

"Absence makes the heart grow fond-
er." So we are told. Just so, absence of
light makes the arm go round her.—Ex.

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We ought to make suggestions
And avoid the teachers quiz
By asking lots of questions.—Ex.

Wanted—By Miss Montgomery—A
diamond ring.

Miss Eliza Carson—"Is that your new
scratch basket?"

Miss Park has requested that the fol-
lowing inscription be put on her tombstone

"Here lies the body
Of Ada C. Park
She put out her light
And went home in the dark."

Miss McMillan—"Wouldn't it be nice
for a person to be two and still have one
mind? One could go away and the other
stay at home."

Extract from a paper in English exam-
ination "That period was called the Ren-
nasontz."

Someone seeing Brown standing in front of the college counting very audibly and looking from one side of the campus to the other asked, "Why, what are you counting for?"

Brown, evidently irritated in his task—"Wait I saw a lady cross the campus just now and I'm trying if I could count fifty before I see McClurg."

Roberta Dickey—"Girls you know it won't be my fault if I'm an old maid."

Miss McCay—"I've nothing left to wish for after I get a cap and gown but to get married."

HEARD AT THE 1ST CHURCH SOCIAL.

There is a professor named Grier,
Who is to his students most dear—

He's fond, so they say,

Of a color named G—ray

When he smiles all his dimples appear.

Miss McGinnis has a new head gear
so they say—A Hood.

Jamison has become tired of this
country and is going a—Broad.

A violent wind blew up the Creek last
week.

Burleigh Clark (singing)—"To-night
my heart is in Tennessee."

Rooster Bell—"Mine is over at the
Hall."

Davida Finney—"I have just found
out that I have two hearts besides my own
in my keeping."

Mabel Matthews—"You're better off
than I am, for I don't even have my own."

Prof. Hewetson in English—"Mr.
Marks, can you tell me what is one of
the most dramatic scenes in 'Paradise Lost'?"

Mr. Marks—"Where some fellow is
trying to get into Hell."

LOCALS.

The large audience which assembled at the 2nd U. P. Church on Feb. 13, to hear Russell H. Conwell deliver his lecture, was badly disappointed, as he was detained at Eastbrook by an accident which happened to his train.

The New England supper given in the gymnasium, January 29th, to defray the expenses of sending delegates to the Christian Association convention at Nashville, Tenn., was largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Leal Tunstall, a student here a few years ago, to Mr. William E. Crouch. The wedding took place January 23rd.

The Junior-Freshman banquet was given February 9th, at Hotel McCreary. The parlor and halls were beautifully decorated in the Junior colors, old gold and blue, and the green and white of the Freshmen class adorned the dining room. The banquet was very elaborate and delightful. Mr. Brown, president of the Junior class, was toast-master. The following responded to toasts: Robert Galbreath, Class of '09; Wilbert Grounds, Class of '07; Hugh Paxton, The Ladies; Ralph McKelvey, Alma Mater. In all its appointments, this banquet was one of the most pleasant events of the kind ever given here.

A foreign missionary convention was held here, beginning Friday evening, February 16th, and ending Sabbath evening, February 18th. The speakers, all well-known in the missionary field, were Rev.

J. G. Hunt, of Egypt; Rev. Dr. Chas. R. Watson, corresponding secretary of the Foreign Board; Rev. W. B. Anderson, of India; Mrs. E. M. Hill, secretary of the Women's Foreign Mission Board; and J. Campbell White, Esq., secretary of the Ways and Means committee. They succeeded in arousing much earnest enthusiasm among the students, and it is believed that the meetings will result in great good to the missionary cause.

The 1907 "Argo" staff are hard at work on the book and expect to have it ready to send to press about the first of March. The publication will be somewhat larger than last year's and will contain all the pictures of the year's athletic teams, clubs, societies, etc., as well as several articles by leading men of the denomination.

To our successors in the local department we extend a hearty greeting, and wish for them the loyal support of the entire student body.

ALUMNI.

R. C. McKELVEY.

Rev. R. H. Hood visited his son here, Feb. 5.

Robert Timms, ex-'06 visited friends in college for a few days in the early part of the month.

H F. Hazlett, '04, was recently the guest of his brother of the class of 1906.

Rev. D. T. McCalmont, '84, assisted Dr. McElree at the Second U. P. church, Jan. 27-28.

Prof. James Grier, '02, gave an inter-

esting and enjoyable discourse on his trip to Egypt and experiences there, on Sabbath morning, Jan. 21, in the First U. P. church.

Rev. D. G. McKay, '78, of Greenville preached in the chapel Sabbath evening, Jan. 21.

Mrs. Wm. McElwee, Jr., '02, who has been quite ill for a few weeks is now on the road to recovery.

The following alumni attended the '07-'09 Banquet, Friday evening, Feb. 9th: Roy Neville, '02, James Stranahan, '05, "Cap" Davis ex-'06, Stevenson ex-'06 and the Misses Laura Turner, '05, Elizabeth Quay, '05, Florence Beatty, '05.

Ben Graham, '04, instructor in the High School at Canonsburg, was stricken with serious heart trouble while attending church services in that place Sabbath morning, Feb. 4th. Prof. Graham is a member of the choir in Central church and toward the close of the service was noticed to throw back his head and without much warning he fell to the floor. Drs. C. L. Harsha and A. L. Bunion were called and succeeded in reviving him with some difficulty. At last word he was slowly improving and it is to be hoped that he will soon be back at his position in the High School where he has become the source of great satisfaction to the school board.

Rev. J. C. Kistler, '86, preached to the students in the chapel, Sabbath evening Feb. 11.

Rev. J. D. Barr, '88, of Bloomington, Ind., formerly pastor of the First U. P. church of this place, assisted Rev. R. W. Thompson at communion, Feb. 4.

Don McKim, '01, visited friends in school recently.

W. E. Minter, '04, who is just over a serious attack of typhoid, is expected as a visitor at the home of his cousin in this vicinity in the near future.

It is with pain we announce the death of Mrs. Agnes Newmyer Porter at her home in Wilksburg, Wednesday morning January 31. It is but a short space of time since Mrs. Porter was here attending school and her sudden death is a shock to many here with whom she was personally acquainted.

Announcements are out for the wedding of Miss Irene Greenwald of West Newton, Pa., and Mr. Howard M. Clark, '05, of Bowerstown, Ohio. There are over 150 invitations issued and the event will create quite a stir in West Newton.

Mr. Clark while in college, took a prominent place in athletics, being a member of the '04 Philadelphia relay team. The bride is also a former student of Westminster.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

J. W. ACHESON.

Much interest is being aroused in the different colleges over the coming International Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Association Conference to be held at Nashville, Tenn. Michigan will make an expenditure of \$1,125 in sending a delegation of forty four. The University of Illinois will send forty students, while Harvard, Yale and Princeton will send large delegations, which are being selected re-

gardless of the ability of those chosen to meet the necessary expense. Great things should come from this convention to the universities and colleges represented and to the Christian Association work throughout the world. Three delegates are going from Westminster.

The Pennsylvania College for Women has succeeded in raising \$50,000 for the endowment fund within the required time limit. This secures for them in addition two premium pledges of \$20,000 each.

Edinboro Normal will soon have a new gymnasium ready to be thrown open to the Normal students. It is a handsome structure and will add greatly to the equipment of the institution.

Ohio Wesleyan will dedicate their new gymnasium on February 22. A banquet will be given at the same time.

The National Inter-collegiate Football Rules Committee has decided upon nothing definite as yet. While little as yet can be said of the outcome it is practically certain that the change will be radical and rapid. This is necessitated by the attitude of Columbia, Harvard and several others. The suggested changes favor open play and the elimination of unnecessary roughness.

The corporation of Harvard University has decided that students who take more than the required amount of work must in addition to the regular tuition fee of \$150 pay \$20 for each course.

Brown University will build a library as a memorial to John Hay. One half the cost, which is estimated at \$300,000, will be given by Mr. Carnegie.

The committee appointed by the Yale University Council to frame new athletic measures has made the following recommendations to the faculty.

(1) No more tutoring of athletics at the expense of the University Athletic Association.

(2) Limiting the number and expenses of the coaches of the athletic teams.

(3) Absolute publicity in the accounts of the treasurer, Walter Camp.

Other recommendations favored in part by the committee are:

(1) Giving up training tables.

(2) Prohibiting athletes from other universities from playing on Yale teams after importation.

(3) Cutting off all extravagance in the matter of athletic administration.—Ex.

At the University of Arkansas five buildings are under course of construction: a dairy building, an agricultural hall, an additional boy's dormitory, a women's dormitory and a chemical building.

Cornell's latest Catalog shows an enrollment of 3385 students.

ATHLETICS.

AULEY MCAULEY. '06.

Westminster is surely out for victory in athletics this year. The record of the basket-ball team at present gives promise of a record at the end of the season equal to that made by the football team. Of the ten games yet played, all but two were won by our team.

Jan. 12 was the second time during the college year that a Westminster team went to Pittsburg to play against W. U. P.

The first meeting was on the gridiron and W. U. P. won by a narrow margin; at the second meeting our basket ball team gained a decisive victory.

The game was fast and clean. Our team proved itself beyond any doubt the better of the two. The line up—

Westminster 35. W. U. P. 15.

| | | |
|-----------------|--------|------------|
| Deevers..... | F..... | Frye |
| Elliot | F..... | McCandless |
| Marks | C..... | Capewell |
| Lambie..... | G..... | Gill |
| Patterson | G..... | McCormick |

Field goals—Deevers 6, Lambie 5, Marks 2, Elliot 2, W. U. P. 6. Goals from fouls—Deevers 5, W. U. P. 3.

Officials—Edmundson for Westminster, Printz for W. U. P.

The team was not quite so successful at Meadville, Jan. 19. Allegheny ran up 21 points to our 13. During the first half Westminster outplayed Allegheny and gained a lead, but lost it in the second half. Line up—

| | | |
|----------------|--------|----------|
| Deevers | F..... | Mason |
| Elliot | F..... | Rossiter |
| Marks | C..... | Comfort |
| Lambie..... | G..... | Ferry |
| Patterson..... | G..... | Giesey |

Field goals—Elliot 3, Lambie 2, Deevers 1, Rossiter 5, Mason 2, Comfort 2. Goals from fouls—Deevers 1, Comfort 3.

Subs.—Kuhn, Zuber, McCrory. Referee—Jones. Umpire—Joe Thompson.

This defeat seemed only to make the team a little stronger for the next game; for when it met Geneva at Beaver Falls it accomplished a feat that had not been done for years viz., beat Geneva on her own floor. The work of Lambie at guard was

missed, but McCrory filled his place well. Score—Westminster 31-Geneva 20.

On Jan. 31, the day following the game with Geneva, our team defeated Beaver College at Beaver by the score of 48-17.

Scoring was as follows: Field goals—Elliot 11, Marks 4, Deevers 3, Patterson 2, McCrory 2, Beaver 6. Goals from fouls—Deevers 2, Elliot 2, Beaver 5. Time—20 minute halves.

Westminster ran up a score of 48-20 on a team from New Castle. Our team was not in the best condition for playing, from the fact that all the men had attended the Junior-Freshman banquet on the evening before or a larger score would have been made. Scoring—Field goals—Lambie 6, Marks 6, Elliot 5, Deevers 4, Patterson, Kuhn, New Castle 8. Goals from fouls—Deevers 2, New Castle 4. Referee—Scott for Westminster.

The second of the games with Allegheny was played in our gymnasium on Feb. 5.

In the mass meeting in the afternoon considerable enthusiasm was stirred up and was manifested all through the game in the evening. It was the hardest and most in-

teresting game yet played on our floor this season.

Allegheny played a good game but Westminster excelled in team work and throwing goals. The passing of our team was fast and at times Allegheny found it difficult to keep track of the ball. The game was rough but with our floor room it is impossible to play for two fast teams without some roughness. Nevertheless for the most part there seemed to be good feeling between the players of both teams.

Particulars—

| Westminster 31 | Allegheny 14 |
|----------------|-----------------|
| Deevers | F..... Mason |
| Elliot | F..... Rossiter |
| Marks | C..... Comfort |
| McCrory..... | G..... Ferry |
| Patterson..... | G..... Giesey |

Field goals—Elliot 6, Deevers 3, Marks 2, Patterson 1; Allegheny 5. Goals from fouls—Deevers 7, Comfort 4. Subs—Kuhn, Zuver; Referee, Jones; Umpire, Williams.

The third game will be played at Sharon, March 19.

On Feb. 13 the team played against the Youngstown Y. M. C. A. The result of this game was the second defeat of the season. Score Westminster 21-Youngstown 32.

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Euwers, - New Castle

The Holcad.

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New Wilmington, Pa. March, 1906.

No. 7.

University of Vienna.



IN the college world it is as in social life, each person is interested in knowing what others engaged in the same pursuits are doing, hence the readers of the HOLCAD who are, or have been, students of Westminster, may be interested in hearing from the University of Vienna.

Vienna is such an old city that its ancient history is veiled in mystery, some historians going so far as to assert that 108 years after the return of the Israelites to the promised land after their bondage in Egypt it was inhabited by Phoenician Jews, and give as the proof the finding of certain stone tablets of this period cut with Hebrew inscriptions. However this may be it is known to have been a city before the Christian era; therefore it is not surprising that sufficient progress in civilization had been made to call for a university nearly a century and a half before America was discovered.

The universities of Prague and Vienna were founded about the same time by Duke Rudolf IV of the Hapsburg line and were modeled after the University of Paris at that time about one hundred and fifty years old. It consisted of four departments: theology, law, medicine, and philosophy,

the last of which has so expanded as to include every branch usually found in a college curriculum. Steady progress has been made along with the times from the very first except that when Austria has suffered the university has suffered with it, and when she has been blessed with progressive rulers the university has reaped the advantage. In no period of its history, however, has it made such long strides as during the reign of the present Emperor Franz Josef, the year of whose accession, 1848, is called the "landmark between old and new Austria."

The old buildings near the heart of the city have all been demolished or converted into other uses, and the magnificent structure now occupied was built in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. It is situated on the Ringstrasse with the new city hall, house of parliament, art museums, and opera house, all built about the same time. The Viennese are artists in exterior architecture and erect buildings that may well suggest "frozen music;" but for interior arrangement and adaptability to use and comfort they might learn much from the country that planned the Pullman car.

The University is built of gray stone ornamented with many figures and scenes; some so large as to attract one's attention at a distance, others so fine and delicate as to appear to have been done with an artist's pencil. The magnificent entrance hall with its tiled floor, vaulted ceiling, marble pillars and staircases is quite in keeping with the outside of the building, but the recitation rooms, or rather lecture halls are seated with long, plain, wooden benches with similar desks in front of them. There are no such conveniences as cloak rooms, and the students either hang their hats and coats on hooks on the walls or place them on the benches at their side. There are in the building which is built around nine courts, about fifty lecture halls in connection with each of which are private offices for the instruction and special department libraries. In connection with the main library of over 500,000 volumes is a fine reading room with chairs and tables for about 300 readers.

College and university buildings on the continent do not cover so much space as in Great Britain and America for the reason that no homes are provided for the students. Here they come to Vienna, live where they please and as they please, spend the first ten days of each semester, if they so desire, in trying the lectures in order to select their courses, pay their fees, which are very small, then attend lectures and do their reading as it suits them, no record being kept of their presence or their daily work. However it behooves them to attend regularly and read continuously, as all the sponging and cramming they may do at the end will not suffice to put them through the dreaded examination and ob-

tain the coveted degrees. There is a great deal of independence in a European university.

Judging from the courses of study, the average age of the students, and their apparent familiarity with the fundamental branches the requirements for entrance must be high. The "Herr Doctor Professor Hofrath" who gives a course of lectures in "Roman History by Greek Historians" is using a sort of combination lecture-seminar system. He polygraphs the principal parts of his lectures, distributing the sheets each day and gives the students opportunity to speak or, in a way, recite on the lecture notes. Frequently long passages from the Greek historians are quoted on these sheets and translated at sight by the students with almost as much ease as they read their own language. With the Latin language, and Greek and Roman history they seem to be just as much at home.

There are about four hundred instructors in the university and eight thousand students of which perhaps not more than three hundred are young women. These students come from all parts of the world; outside of Austro-Hungary, Russia sends the most, and you may be surprised to know that America stands next although the Americans are, almost without exception registered in medicine.

The faculty and students have in their hands nearly all the power of administration, the president, or presiding officer being chosen generally by the faculty from their own number. In a recent interesting article in the "Atlantic Monthly" there is a statement to the effect that in these countries where the political government is

vested in one man the representative institutions of learning are republics, while in republican America the representative educational institutions are administered upon autocratic lines.

However there are conventional forms that appear much more subservient than any in a democratic country like ours. Students are expected to be in their places before the lecturer enters the room, and no matter how late he may be they do not think of leaving. They may talk, smoke until the air is blue, and otherwise enjoy themselves until the lecturer opens the door, then they all rise and remain standing until he has reached his desk, railed in like an old fashioned pulpit, and acknowledge their presence.

There is a great variety of dress among the Austrian students, some styles and shades of color that would look very much out of place in an American college. These peculiarities generally mean something, either the province from which the wearer has come or an association to which he belongs. As a general thing the Austrian men look well dressed and carry themselves well, no doubt due to their military training, as every man in Austria must spend at least one year in such training before he reaches the age of twenty-seven. This of course interferes materially with his university course unless he has served his year before he enters college, or is graduated at such an age as to enable him to do it later.

That which impresses me most in the educational system of Austria and Germany is the thoroughness with which they do things. Men study because they love to study and to make investigations; they teach because they have something they

must impart to others and they know just how to do it. "Die Lehre und Die Wissenschaft" is the ambition of the educated without much care for pecuniary reward. And this learning for learning's sake seems to be communicated to those who come here for study, or is it because they have this intense desire for learning that they come? In the concerts given by the great musicians and in the classical operas, students who cannot afford to pay for seats will pay for standing room and stand for hours with their music in their hands following its rendition by the singers and the orchestra.

If the student wants to learn he finds in Vienna every advantage, but if that is not his purpose he can find as many and even more temptations than he would have to encounter in America, and had better stay there. MARGARET McLAUGHRY.

Vienna, Austria.

February 28, 1906.

THE CRY OF THE CITY.

MUNICIPAL freedom is the germ of national liberty. The nation which would keep its principles of individualism and democratic sovereignty unsullied, must be a nation, whose municipal governments are free from the rule of the demagogue.

Liberty is like the Alpine rose that grows far up the mountain heights, kissed by the breath of purity and nourished by the sunshine of God's love. Like it she fades when transplanted to low valleys where the fogs and vapors of vice and political corruption stunt her growth and where the rank weeds of anarchy and so-

cialism choke her roots and dye her leaves with blood.

National ideals can never attain to any height while our cities are ring-ridden and while the political boss dictates to the masses. The spirit of American democracy is not in harmony with an oligarchy which is, after all, but a federation of autocracies.

The past quarter century has been a time in which the unscrupulous politician has ruled with an iron hand. Did we say iron?—say rather with a sin-stained hand and with a cruel, black heart. What tales could be told of the bribes, the scandals of the crimes of the men in the seats of the mighty! How much could be said of the gambling den, of the brothel, of the notorious dens of vice given full right of way in our leading cities!

Go to New York and what do you find? The once notorious "Bowery," a respectable business street, with her broad lines of street railway tracks, a veritable highway of the city's traffic; "Five Points"—a corner reclaimed—and do you say New York is no longer New York, the wicked? Go down through Little Italy or Chinatown at from 12 to 3 in the morning; step into any of the brilliantly lighted dens; go up those narrow, winding passage ways, one, three, five, eight stories and view the opium fiends at work; go into the Subway taverns and see the Bohemians assembled there; see the men and the women abandoned to a life of shame, and tell me is New York's government pure which allows such dens to flourish as long as the district votes their way?

Go to Philadelphia, old ring-ridden Philadelphia, which but lately rose in her might and tore the "leeches" off her body.

Deep down in the depths of the tenement regions you will find sights that would draw tears to any eyes. Home—is that home? If home, 'tis but a hell! Why? Ask the saloon-keeper who damns souls for sordid gold and pays his tax to the politician who keeps him where he is. Ask the tenement owner who evades the laws of health and by a ready bribe conceals his guilt. Look at those pale women, toiling, toiling, toiling, day in, day out, huddled under the walls of the great factory! Their ears hear only the deafening din of the machinery, their eyes view the scenery of the filthy, narrow street—victims whose condition can be traced to the same source—evil living in bad surroundings, permitted and fostered by the unscrupulous men who hold the seats of power.

And what of Pittsburg? old, familiar Pittsburg, fitly called the "Pot of Hell;" for beneath the eternal flames of her mighty furnaces are enacted crimes, civil and political, which rival any planned amid the doleful shades. If ever the great god Mammon walked the streets of any city, he has trodden the lanes of Pittsburg where the lust for gold is openly the chief desire.

Our western cities have been no better. Salt Lake, fettered by a Mormon hierarchy—apostles of a nation's curse. Denver, St. Louis, Chicago—aye Chicago, well called "a city ashamed"—all have in the past few years been the scenes of fearful corruption and awful crimes.

Such have been and are largely today the conditions. What are the fruits?

Discontent prevails throughout our land, and discontent is the mother of revolution. Revolution and democracy can

mean but one of two things—reformation, or socialism. Fools scoff at socialism. Once a cloud the size of a man's hand, it has grown to the size and blackness of the Nimbus. Those who noted its progress at the time of the last presidential campaign know well its growing strength. Those who have heard its threats from the voice of malcontents, know well the danger to the nation and the home.

Shall we return to the herd? Our manhood answers no! But, hark! Hear the sullen roar, the many-handed deimos Athens feared is rushing to the fray. The cry of the city, the sob of the nation has

pierced its ears, long sealed by the wax of flattery and deceit. It is the cry of the tenement with all its horrors, of wan faces, of broken hearts, of beast lives. It is the cry of the working-man robbed of his own by crafty employer. It is the call of the tax-payer demanding redress. It is the sob of the mother driven to desperation by the vice which has ruined her son. It is the cry of the church commanding repentance. It is the plea of a nation for justice. It is the voice of God for reformation and vengeance.

And it will be heard.

ROBERT W. YOURD, '05.



Recollections of Westminster Alumni.

LONG ago, each early Autumn,
When your youth was at its zenith,
'Mid a crowd of fellow-students,
We stepped down upon the platform
Of the quaint old Sharpsville station.
Quite a bunch was waiting for us,
Formed of students from the village,
And a few from other places,
Who had hurried back to college,
With the zeal for study showing
In their countenance and manner.
Then a start was also needed
To get members for "Old Philo,"
(Or Adelphic, as it might be),
And a chance to muster voters
For some nigh-approached election.
So while Thompson flung the baggage,
Mr. Allen gathered trunk-checks,
And the boys and girls exchanged their
Hearty greetings with such hubbub
As to shock the little village,
Which had been so calmly sleeping,
Sleeping with no one to rouse her,
Since they left her in the springtime.
Soon a jolly line of people
Wandered up the street to dinner,
Thence to chapel in the college

Where they sang a song of Zion,
Breathed a prayer led by the "Doctor;"
Then with grief they had to learn of
Irk some tasks assigned for morning,
For those profs. enthusiastic
In the cause of education,
Made the lessons for the first day,
Just as long as any other.
While they made their little speeches,
Here and there a faithful student
Wrote the pages in his note book
With a sigh of resignation,
And replaced it in his pocket.
Now, as if to make a climax,
"Doctor" rose behind the pulpit,
With the one hand drew his kerchief,
With the other stroked his whiskers,
And in tones that sent a quiver
Through the hearts of many present,
Spake the mandate: "Mr. Veazey's
In the HOLCAD room; go pay him!"
Then, the chapel service ended,
Books were bought and trunks were
opened,
Boxes "pinched" for cozy corners,
Walls were decked with countless
pictures,

But those lessons did not suffer
 From an overstrain of study,
 For the boys had formed a habit,
 In those early nineteen hundreds,
 Of refraining from the crime of
 Taking anything but chapel,
 Interspersed with "Hall" a little,
 For the first fortnight of college.
 In the evening by the hack-load,
 Came those students from the Junction,
 Who had missed the trains, or held

back

In the hope to stretch vacation.
 And, somewhere within the city,
 'Ere the clock had struck eleven,
 Evil plots were formed by fellows
 Who were searching for employment;
 And their brains had soon conceived a
 Curious series of stag parties,
 In the open air at midnight,
 For the benefit of fellows
 Who were new to native customs.
 And small wonder that the moon
 laughed

As she soared high in the heavens,
 Looking down upon the capers
 Of those clownish imps of darkness.
 Over there at Shakey Hollow
 Stood a crowd of laughing students
 While the boy who entertained them
 Milked a stump into his hat crown.
 On the railroad near the station,
 Was a line of six or seven
 Playing freight-train to the time of
 Twic as many wooden paddles.
 Last of all, upon the ball-field,
 Was a bunch of victims weary,
 Playing leap-frog on the diamond,
 In the moonlight soft and cheery.
 Those who took this night for sleeping
 Heard strange noises at their windows,
 And awoke with queer sensations,
 Thinking they had had a nightmare;

But when morning dawned serenely,
 Everything was calm and tranquil,
 Not a sign remained to tell them
 What had happened while they slum-
 bered.

Happy days were those that followed;
 In the hours off from study
 'Twas a treat to take a ramble
 To the banks of the Neshannock,
 There to watch its rippling waters,
 Glide beneath the bending willows,
 With a gentle song of freedom.
 Or to walk upon the railroad
 With a lady from the "Hillside,"
 (For the traffic on the Sharpsville
 Did not hinder such enjoyment).
 Then, when winter passed, and with it
 All those customary pleasures,
 Such as skating at the mill-dam;
 Taking sleigh rides through the
 country;

Hearing Juniors in the chapel
 Spout their views on lively questions;
 Holding banquets at the hotel
 Where we "tripped the light fantastic;"
 And, when Spring advanced to Summer,
 Nearing time for our commencement,
 We could stroll to Furnace Hill, and
 From its summit see a picture,
 That to all Westminster students
 Is one ne'er to be forgotten.
 Far to north, and west, and eastward,
 Lofty hills with strips of woodland,
 Cut with now and then an opening;
 Trace the blue sky in a circle,
 And their slopes together seem to
 Form a roughly moulded basin,
 In its bowl, an elevation,
 On which sleeps the peaceful village;
 While above the scattered dwellings,
 With its chimneys and its flag staff,
 Tower the spires of dear "Old College"
 In the grove of pines and maples.

MCKELVEY, '07.

THE SUPREMACY OF SENTIMENT.

EVERY man lives in two worlds: the world of sentiment and the world of sense. Every man, indeed, is made up of two men: that which his imagination pictures—his ideal self, and that which he actually is—his real self; and the degree in which the ideal yields to the real or the real to the ideal, determines in the case of every man whether he shall be classed with the idealists or the realists.

The realism of the school of Epicurus, Alexander, and Napoleon engendered not only a spirit of autocratic power, but also a debasing sense of physical well-being. It set forth the doctrine of the highest material good in human affairs, as the god to whom all must bow, or the altar upon which they must pour out their dearest libation. In supplanting these false and debasing precepts of a sensuous creed by the ruling sentiment in the life of a Plato, of a Shakespeare, of the Christ, himself, we but pay due homage, not to the fleeting phantom of worldly success, but to the true ideal of humanity, that bids us do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with God.

But these altruistic principles fail to get even a feeble recognition today. Wealth—or what has lately been called by that name—has become the chief end of our time. "Success in life," says John Fiske, "has become synonymous with becoming wealthy. A man who is successful in what he undertakes is a man who makes his employment pay him in money. Our normal type of character is that of the shrewd, circumspect business man; as in the middle ages it was that of the hardy warrior. And as in those days when fighting was a constant necessity, and when

the only honourable way for a gentleman of high rank to make money was by freebooting, fighting came to be regarded as an end desirable in itself; so in these days the effort to accumulate has become a source of enjoyment rather than a means to it."

In fact the most glaring defect of our time is its money-madness—not the desire to accumulate a competency, which is a perfectly honourable ambition, but the inordinate thirst for gold. Burke, at the close of the eighteenth century complained that the age of chivalry was gone and that the age of sophisters, calculators, and economists had succeeded. Well, the old chivalry has gone. But a new age of chivalry is upon us—not one in which the plumed knight goes forth with helmet and spear and black charger to do battle for God and king and native land, but one in which the "Bull" and the "Bear," maddened by the lust for gain, are let loose to trample down and to gore their weaker and less fortunate fellow beings; an age in which character is at a discount; when conscience fails to get a hearing, and when the whole regime of mammon worship seems to be a growing creed. Yes, I say it with shame, the present age is one in which the almighty dollar has shut out all other vision, and the success of a man's life has actually come to be measured by the amount of money that he possesses.

In their effort to accumulate, men too often employ means that even a Robin Hood would have blushed to acknowledge. True the current cant of commercialism still repeats the old maxim "Honesty is the best policy;" but the vaulting ambition the shrewd cunning, and the unscrupulous power of a Mohammed, a Machiavelli, or a Rockefeller, are nevertheless regarded as

the real essentials of success. Essentials did I say? Out on it! Away with such babble! Do not commit the sacrilege of calling them essentials. The great, greedy grasping hand of Mammon is satisfied with nothing but gain, and that gain must be had with absolute disregard for any law of life.

What a hell this world must be to a self-centered man who has failed in business—one who has been carrying a high hand in the upper stratum of society—when it leads him, rather than retrench, to seek a subterfuge in dishonesty or to oppress his fellow men. And yet this is the ordinary state of the so-called aristocracy of wealth. Shrewd and prudent and powerful in their undertakings, they have nevertheless made their way to empire through a sea of sorrow, and have strewn the ramparts of their strongholds with the bodies of those whose blood cries out against them.

But sooner or later every dominant social movement must spend itself. Feudalism, Puritanism, absolutism, where are they now? Their influence has mingled with the swift-flowing stream of civilization. And the time will surely come when the realism of the present—under whatever guise it may mask itself, whether of mammonism, rationalism, or materialism—shall lose its dominating influence and unite with the other forces of our complex modern life. The reign of the ideal, which is the reign of true and noble sentiment, will then be restored. In the slow and steady evolution of humanity the sermon on the Mount will yet become the creed of a reconstructed and regenerated world; for as the Scotch peasant-bard has so sweetly sung

"It's a coming yet for a' that
That man to man the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

In that good time a-coming man shall have learned his duty to man; and in the performance of that duty he will gain his coveted success, for duty discharged, and that alone, is the only real success.

What a proof we have of this in the career of Hannibal. The highest, the noblest, the truest that humanity then knew, burnt in the heart of Hannibal as he stood at the sacred altar and, prompted by his own volition as well as his father's earnest desire, swore an oath of eternal enmity against Rome and the Romans. He was only nine years old when he took that oath, but there is no more brilliant page of history than that which records its momentous results. Goaded on by a Carthaginian's hate for his foes and by the defeats of his father, with his youthful oath, like a spectre ever staring him in the face, Hannibal saw nothing, heard nothing, and wished for nothing but the humiliation of Rome as she struggled in the death throes at his feet. Look at Hannibal a fifth of a century later, when, on the eve of the success of his great conquest, he is called home by an ungrateful people and meets defeat in his own country. This defeat detracts nothing from his brilliancy, for it often requires infinitely more courage and heroic fortitude to endure defeat than to stand at the head of victorious legions and hear the plaudits of a nation.

What led that ancient general to offer on the altar of his country, a service so gallant, but so unappreciated? Was it pride or self aggrandizement? Ah, No! It was the best that he knew. Hannibal loved his country with the ardor of an eastern devotion, and he exhausted body and mind in its service. It was his only thot, the mainspring of life, the benefit of which

can only be revealed at the great tribunal.

Thus the awakening of a thot in a man has often been the complete revolutionizing of that man's life. That instant he has caught the spirit of true life. What was a passing pleasure yesterday today seems mean and sordid; and only the noble, true and good have any place in his thots.

Yonder youth seems dull and stupid as he sits in his little study at Kensington, but there is a sentiment in his mind that lives and grows with the years. He dreams of it, his whole being vibrates with the fascination of it. In his fancy he marches as a soldier, he dreams of Caesar and the Rubicon, he hears the iron tramp of the Roman legions. One day he finds himself in the Coliseum and hears the friars chanting their solemn vespers beneath the broken arches of a lost magnificence. There in the silence of that sacred hour, the ambition that filled his boyish head at Kensington received the final impulse that caused Gibbon to give to the world the greatest history ever written.

Trace back lives like these and you can find the fountain-head of their existence, the one compelling thought that swept them on to a glorious destiny. And so it must always be. The man who would achieve enduring fame must throw off the mask of conventionalism, renounce every selfish motive, and give free scope to every Heaven-born inspiration.

Is this a true portrayal of the successful life? Is it too strong or too weak in web and woof? Look with me down the vista of four decades of years and see that southern veteran at Appomattox as he lays down his arms for the last time, wrings the hands of his comrades, and buttoning up his faded gray jacket, begins his weary

march back over the old Virginia hills. Back home? Ah, but the ravages of war have long since blotted out that sacred precinct! Back to neighbors and loved ones? No, those little green mounds in yonder cemetery mark the resting place of all that is mortal of those sweet companions. He went back to a desolate country with nothing but a heart of gold and a determination bred of his better self, to gather again the tangled ends of life. That was the iron determination, the indomitable courage of true sentiment that reconstructed the South.

Or look at that other hero of the great conflict—at Grant in his home in New York City as he struggles to the last on his "Memoirs," in the face of the painful and wasting disease that is slowly eating out his life; struggling, I say, not for any personal gain, but that he might not leave his family destitute—and where can you find a nobler instance of true heroism.

These are the characters with whom we must contrast Mohammed, Machiavelli and Rockefeller. Those who sought power and prestige by grinding the very life out of their subjects, over against these who put themselves on a common level with their fellowmen that in rising they might lift their brothers with them; and who tho often beset with temptations and difficulties.

"Never turned [their] back, but marched
breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break, never
dreamed
Tho' right were worsted, wrong would tri-
umph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better
Sleep to wake."

For after all if we would be truly successful we must stand approved, not by wealth or fame or earthly position, but by the royal worth of true manhood.

LEWIS J. DAVIDSON, 0060

Editorial.



WITH this number the HOLCAD enters upon another year of its existence, a better year, let us hope, than any which has preceded. These are stirring times at Westminster; every day we hear of some new plans for her development; and with the coming year, perhaps, she will reach a crisis in her history. College spirit is being aroused these days as never before. The newly proposed plans of the Board are meeting with the heartiest zeal and enthusiasm on the part of the students. And this spirit ought naturally to manifest itself by hearty co-operation of the students in all lines of college work. It should manifest itself by earnest interest in society and literary work, by hearty support of our athletic teams, by attendance upon the lecture course, and lastly but equally important by contributions and subscription to the college paper, the very organ of this college spirit.

During the coming year we hope to make the paper more interesting and attractive. We are sorry to have lost some of our staff members—good, hard workers—but such is the course of human affairs that they are to leave Westminster this coming June. But we have also been amply recompensed for our loss in the new staff members—also good, hard workers.

We have been considering plans for the improvement of the HOLCAD. Although our means are somewhat limited, we hope to be able to offer our readers something

new occasionally in the way of decoration. And we are also planning to secure more articles by our alumni in the hope that this will make the HOLCAD of more general interest to our graduates and friends outside of school.

The paper cannot be a success until it literally overflows with expressions of college spirit. And in this it is dependent wholly upon the the mass of our students. Will you not support it by your interest and encouragement, contribution to its pages and last but not least, by your subscription.

A Word of Advice.

OUR staff is a dandy,
Though lacking in beauty;
To write for these columns
Is each student's duty.

Though brief your production,
We always will take it,
And stand up for you, when
We hear "knockers" rake it.

But the best way to help us
(We do hate to say it)
Is, *subscribe for this paper,*
And don't fail to pay it.

Then when you've gone "broke,"
And feel sort of sad,
It will cheer up your spirits
To read the HOLCAD.

VICTORY has come to Westminster three different times during the past month through two different channels. The first and most important was the unquestionable victory of our representatives in the Geneva-Westminster Debate over those of the other college. The decision of the judges was a unanimous one as was that of every fair-minded, unprejudiced man in the audience. The arguments of both teams however were well chosen and forcible, and were indeed creditable to the debaters as well as to the colleges they represented. But not only were the visitors outclassed in argument but unquestionably so in style and delivery as well.

This is, without a doubt, the greatest victory that has come to Westminster in the last year, and it has been appreciated as such by all who have the highest interests of Westminster at heart. However, with this, as with most everything else, there was a discouraging feature. All told there were about ninety-five people at the contest. Among them we'll say there were twenty people outside those directly interested in the college as students and professors. This leaves seventy-five out of the three hundred who should have been there: less than one fourth of the students in school. At a basket-ball game the following week there were nearly two hundred spectators. Now we don't for a minute decry the game of basketball, for it is most worthy and valuable for many reasons, but it surely shows a sad misplacement of interest on the part of the student body and we might say here, on the part of some of the professors too, when an athletic contest offers to them more inducements than does a literary contest. There is some-

thing sadly wrong and it should be made right. There is doubtless some cause for this wrong conception of the relative merit and importance of these two branches of college activity. It isn't in compliance with precedent or custom that such is the case, for the contests have heretofore received their due attention and interest. It is rather a drifting away from the example of those gone before.

Who then is to blame for this state of affairs? We can't say that it is the student alone—the same evidences of a lack of interest on the part of some who by virtue of their position ought to set a better example, have been noticed. However we shall not try here to locate the blame but will submit it to you in the hope that your thinking it over may bring about a reform.

The two other unequalled victories of the month were those of our basketball team over the champion Tamaqua team and over the Buhl Club team at Sharon. These victories together with preceding ones justify us in believing that ours is the fastest basketball team in Western Penna.

THE enthusiasm aroused by the meeting of the Student Volunteer Convention at Nashville, is making itself felt in our school these days. On the return of our delegates and their reports of the discussions at the convention, the actions taken, and the plans adopted. There was an unusually large and enthusiastic crowd in attendance upon the union meeting of the Associations last Tuesday night, when the reports of the returned delegates were given, and it is to be hoped that the increased interest thus manifested is a sign of a coming reformation in our college.

American colleges, in recognition of their function to prepare the youth of our land for living well, have arranged their operation so that his environment may minister to the threefold nature of the student—his body, mind, and soul. But the colleges have failed to care for these three elements in the proper proportion. A few years ago they emphasized only intellectual growth. Later this was supplemented by increased attention to the student's physical welfare. But there are very few colleges which attempt through their courses and through their government to reach directly the spiritual life of the student body. And this is the field of the Associations. It is their function to supply spiritual training, and to maintain religious habits among the students, by which alone they can really grow. In short, the Associations are religious guardians of college students.

Though Association work is emphasized more here perhaps than at many institutions, still it does not receive proper attention among the students. Few there are who realize its importance toward the attainment of a higher education. For real education consists not only in mental and physical growth, but above all in an equal development of the spiritual. Are not many of us cultivating but a one sided development?

The indifference which is here manifested toward Association work may in large part be traced to a lack of zeal among the members. We consider our duty done when we attend the meetings regularly, and perhaps take part in a half-hearted and wholly unenthusiastic way. Such methods will never interest our schoolmates who are coldly inclined to Association work and

perhaps even prejudiced against it. It is only by enthusiastic devotion and zealous labor in the cause and consistent every-day Christian life that we can hope to draw men into that broadest and truest college life.

IT is with the greatest pleasure that we are able to offer to our readers this month an interesting article received from our former English Professor, Miss Margaret McLaughry. Miss McLaughry for several years occupied the chair of English at Westminster and that she still retains a warm interest in our college and the students is shown by this kindly remembrance of the HOLCAD. There are doubtless many among our students who knew and still remember her, and we are sure that her article will be most interesting to students as well as alumni.

Miss McLaughry with her sister, Dr. McLaughry of New Castle, has been travelling for several months in Europe, having spent some time in England, France and Germany. They are now in Berlin where Dr. McLaughry is engaged in study. The following is an extract from a letter received recently by a friend:

"There is nothing I have enjoyed more on my trip than what I have seen and learned about the educational work, and especially here I have been brought into some contact with educators and have found them to be most agreeable in their manners and generous with their instructions. The students have interested me very much and while they may be more studious in general than our American students, I am sure I like the American

girl and boy much better. I have not heard a word about football or sports of any kind in connection with the University, but I think the men may be indulging in amusements that are worse, such as drinking and duelling. A student's education does not seem to be completed until he can carry a scar on his face. * * * *

We leave Vienna tomorrow for Venice and after a month in Italy sail April fourth on the Republic, White Star Line, for dear old America, the freest and noblest land we have seen."



HOLCADES MIKRAI.

GRACE MARTIN bringing alcohol—
What kind do you want?
Why cooking alcohol.

Roberta Dickey—Every girl has a proposal before she is twenty-one. Just think what is coming my way,

The German banker of the Hub loves to tell the story of the two Irishmen who discussed the "nationality of the American states."

Said Pat, "Faith an' be jabers, if this great counthry ain't overrun wid th' Irish, an' yit out o' thairty-two shtates in th' Union not wan has an Irish name,"

"Sure, an' yer wrong," replied Mike.
"What's the matter wid O'Regon?"—Ex-change.

"Look here!" exclaimed the old lady,
"I want you to take back that parrot you sold me, I find it swears very badly."

"Well, madam" replied the dealer,
"It's a very young bird; it'll learn to swear better when it's a bit older.—Ex.

Clara Dickey—Oh papa, I wish John could just talk to you.

Mary C. handing the paper back of an American Literature book to Janet P.—I guess that's your back, Janet.

Marjorie Cochran on the Hall porch crowded with couples—Which couple needs a chaperon the worst?

Ethel Finney—Oh Marjorie, come over here.

Grace Newell has become a great "Hummer" of late.

Friday evening is a popular night at the Hall with some members of the faculty.

A maiden named Josephine King
Dropped dead while attempting to sing.

Then a neighbor next door,
Whom her songs had made sore,
Bowed his head, and said,
Death, where's thy sting?—Ex.

Dr. Campbell in Sociology—At what altitude do the majority of people live?

Mr. Brown—Below sea-level.

Miss Finney introducing Mr. Calhoun—
Miss— I want you to meet Mr. Coonie.

Harold—Ma, what are those specks in the milky way?

Mother—Those are typhoid germs, my dear.—Ex.

EPITAPH.

In Memory of Our Father.

Gone to join his appendix, his tonsils,
his olfactory nerve, his ear-drum and a leg
prematurely removed by a hospital surgeon
who craved the experience.—Ex.

Nell McAuley speaking of her cousin, a missionary in India—Oh, she has some queer religion. She believes in osteopathy.

Marv Sloss while consulting the ouija board—Is Burleigh in love?

The board is slow in answering.

Marie Allen—Well Burleigh, it is taking you a long time to decide.

Miss Bigger—I have an awful name. I'll be glad when I change 't.

Clarke Bell, Tuesday evening after having climbed up the fire-escape to look into chapel at a union Association meeting—It isn't worth while for me to wait. There is no one in there for me.

Miss Cochran is heard to remark the same Tuesday evening—If you see anyone up there waiting for me, tell him he is waiting in vain.

Andy Park, looking through the bars on a baggage car window—This seems natural.

Laugh and the world laughs with you.
Snore and you sleep alone.



LOCALS.

The Sophomore-Senior banquet was held February 23rd, at Hotel McCreary. The parlor was simply but tastefully decorated with potted flowers, and the dining-room was beautifully trimmed with the Senior class colors, black and gold. The color scheme was also well carried out in the table decorations, which consisted of yellow daffodils, yellow candles and shades. The banquet was elaborate and pleasing. Mr. Bell, the Sophomore class president, was a very able and charming toast-master, introducing the different speakers in a pleasant humorous manner. The following responded to toasts: William Goehring,

Class of '06; David Rose, Class of '08; Roy Deevers, The Ladies; Dayton Doyle, Alma Mater. The banquet in all its phases, proved a successful social event.

The Fourth Annual Geneva-Westminster Debate was held in the College Chapel, Thursday evening, March 1st. The debaters for Geneva were G. A. Bole, '06, and Everett McGarey, '07; those for Westminster were W. V. Irons, '06, and A. W. Henderson, '07. The question for debate was: Resolved—"That the Interstate Commerce Commission should have power to regulate railroad rates in interstate commerce;" the affirmative being upheld by the Geneva debaters, the negative by our own. The judges were Dr. J. C. Temple, of Alliance, O., Prof. Grant Norris of Braddock, and Prof. A. E. Maltby, of Slippery Rock State Normal. All four speakers presented good arguments and the debate was interesting throughout, becoming especially so during the few minutes rebuttal allotted to each one. But that our own representatives, who had the poorest side of the question to maintain, did the best work was shown in the decision of the judges which was unanimous in granting the victory to Westminster. This makes the third time in the four years that Westminster has won the debate; winning it twice here and once at Geneva.

The location committee of our Board of Trustees with Dr. Russell, our new president-elect at its head made us a short visit on Monday and Tuesday, February 26 and 27. Plans, with regard to a new location for the college were discussed and available territory around town was examined but nothing definite was done. Three sites are

under consideration, the present one, the ground back of the Ladies' Hall, and the Athletic Field.

On Tuesday morning Dr. Russell appeared in chapel and addressed the students for the first time since his election to the presidency. He received an enthusiastic reception from the students.

Dr. McClenahan, of the Allegheny Theological Seminary preached in our chapel service on March 11. He made a very strong appeal to young men to enter the ministry.

Three interesting reports of the Nashville Student Volunteer Convention were given before a large union meeting of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday, Mar. 13. Our delegates were: Miss Anna Barackman, Miss Ada Park and Mr. Robert Galbreath.

Our long looked for and much-talked of trolley-line to New Castle seems to be nearing realization. Engineers were over the route on March 10

The Elma Smith Company entertained the patrons of our Lecture Course on Mar. 7th. Their performance was very very enjoyable, the readings of Miss Elma Smith being well received. This entertainment was scheduled as the last number on our course. However there still remains one more to be given, which has not been decided on yet. It is to take the place of the lecture by Russell Conwell who was prevented from filling his engagement here on Feb. 13, by a railroad accident.

The chorus class is studying "Ruth", a sacred cantata by Gaul.

ALUMNI.

—
R. C. MCKELVEY.
—

The wedding of Miss Maud Simpson, of Monaca and Mr. Harry Kuhn, '00, took place at the home of the bride, Thursday evening, Feb. 22, at 9 o'clock. Rev. J. J. Kuhn of Atlantic performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. S. A. Bowers. About forty guests were present those from New Wilmington being: Mr. and Mrs. P. 'A. Kuhn and Perry Kuhn, Jr. The bride and groom are among the most popular young people of Monaca, and all join in wishing them future happiness. Mr. Kuhn and his wife were here a few days after the wedding visiting his parents and friends.

Dwight Russell, '03, and McClelland, '03, watched the basket ball game with Geneva in the gym, Mar. 10th.

W. E. Minter, '04, is in this vicinity visiting friends and relatives. We are happy to note that he has practically recovered from his serious illness.

A Westminster Women's Club, consisting of graduates and former students of the college, was organized in Pittsburg, March 3rd. There are thirty four members at present and efforts will be made to interest the women of Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio in the club. Letters will sent to graduates in Europe and in the mission fields of Egypt and India asking them to become associate members. The following are the officers elected at the first meeting: President, Miss Emma M. Campbell, '93, Mrs. T. K. Ray, '90, Vice President; Miss Loretta Mitchell, '04, Recording Secretary, Miss Jane Miller, '97,

Corresponding secretary, Mary E. Turner, '00, Treasurer.

Arrangements are in progress for a reception to be held in the Central Young Woman's Christian Association Building, March 24 at which Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson and Dr. and Mrs. Russell will be the honor guests. The headquarters of the Women's Club will be in the Publication building.

J. G. Nevin, '05, was in town a short time ago visiting his sister, Miss Lucile Nevin, '06

P. H. Yourd, '03, was here to see the game with Tamaqua. He returned almost immediately to his work in the Seminary.

MUSIC AND ART.

EMILY REDMOND.

"The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's
spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but lightly
pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!"

Jouchim, the great violinist, in giving to a friend his opinion of the comparative musical ability of different nations predicts that America will eventually be supreme in music. Naturally he places the Germans first and the Hungarians and Russians next, as their creative work is lower, but their execution quite as good. Next in his opinion come the French, Italians, Poles, Bohemians, Norwegians and English. Upon being asked by his friend where he ranked the Americans, Jouchim said, "Ah, the Americans! I have been thinking only of Europeans. The Americans are in a class by themselves in music. They have done nothing yet, but, believe

me, in that country of unlimited possibilities I can distinctly see their musical supremacy."

There is a very interesting essay by Emilie Frances Bauer on "The Young Woman in Music," in the January number of *The Musician*.

The recital given by the music students of the vocal and piano departments was a very enjoyable affair. The vocal solos were well rendered and Miss Black's piano solo was cleverly executed. The program was as follows:

"The Flower May Hide Its Lovely Face,"—*Osgood*
Mr. William Donaldson.

"Snowflakes," - - - *Cowen*
Miss Ethel Finney.

"Pedante La Mazurk," - - - *Wachs*
Miss Mary Black.

"Marie," (in German) and "The Eyes of Spring,"
Franz

Mr. Raymond Miller.
"A Winter Lullaby," - - - *DeKoven*
Miss Irene Galbreath.

Another recital was given by the students in music on Thursday, March 15.

"If eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being."

The new students in the Art room this semester, Misses Milleman and Smith. Miss Snodgrass, who has been studying water-color, is taking China painting this semester instead.

Since classes in Art have been resumed, some excellent work is being done. Miss Allen is working on a beautiful study in water-color called "Winter Moonlight." Miss Broad has just finished a very pretty picture of "Maytime." Miss Schloss is beginning a pretty shore scene. Miss Smith's oranges and Miss Milleman's pansies are very good.

Miss Snodgrass has finished some very pretty fruit plates done in different fruit designs and is now doing some dainty cups and saucers.

The free-hand drawing classes are very large this semester. Some of the pupils are using pen and ink instead of pencil.

Y. M. C. A.

It seems but a few weeks since the HOLCAD announced the election of Y. M. C. A. officers for 1906, and now we have already elected the officers for 1907.

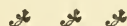
When we review the work of our Y. M. C. A. for the past year it is indeed small as compared with that that might have been accomplished. The opportunity for Christian work is too often pushed aside unaccepted. We are ready to accept almost anything else first. But we have not passed the year with nothing accomplished. On the other hand we have made good progress in our work. Never was more interest manifested by our members; never more good workers than at the present time; never has Bible study work been more encouraging than now. While our number has not been as large as we would like, yet the report from every one taking the work is: "It was never so interesting and helpful."

With such existing circumstances we are sure that the courageous Christian workers now taking charge will make splendid progress. We are anxious to help them in every way and as they take hold of the work we would say:

"Brooding over the past,
Weep not at its misfortune,
Seeing the mighty present
Falter not at its duty.

Hoping for the future,
Press on to things higher and more noble."

The newly elected officers are: President, Robert F. Galbreath, Carbon Black; Vice Pres., J. Frank Shrader, New Concord O.; Rec. Sec., J. C. Campbell, McKeesport; Cor Sec, J. W. Acheson, New Castle; Treas., J. R. McCrory, Pittsburg.



Y. W. C. A.

After a season of mingled success and failure the Young Women's Christian Association has entered upon the duties of a new year. In spite of the fact that much has been left undone, much has been accomplished by the united effort of the girls. Delegates were sent during the past year to Lakeside, Scranton and Nashville and the fact that so many have been enabled to enter into the spirit of these Conventions must surely count in the work of the coming year. At a union meeting of the Associations on Tuesday evening, March 13th the delegates to the Nashville Convention, Miss Park, Miss Barackman and Mr. Galbreath from the Y. M. C. A., gave excellent reports of that great meeting. Miss Grace Brinkerhoff, the student Secretary of Pennsylvania has visited our Association twice during the year and given help and instruction in methods of Association work.

The newly elected officers are: President, Miss Nellie McAuley, Vice Pres., Miss Sarah McCoy; Cor. Sec., Miss Della Grounds; Rec. Sec., Miss Eleanor Clark, Treasurer, Miss Grace Newell. A special meeting was held on the first Tuesday evening of March for the installation of the new officers.

ATHLETICS.

J. F. SHRADER.

It shall be the purpose of the athletic editor of the HOLCAD for the coming year to present to the student body in a readable manner, a record of all the athletic events of the college. The HOLCAD as an organ of the college stands for all that is cleanest and best in athletic sports, and is necessarily antagonistic to everything that tends towards professionalism as well as ungentlemanliness in athletic sports. Since all athletic sports in their nature are attended by temptations for the practice of either of these evils, it shall be our purpose through this column to come between the student body and any such inclinations, with the purpose of elevating our athletics as well as our standing among other colleges. There is no place in the world where manliness and decency should be at a premium as much as in a college community where education is the chief aim and where progress along lines of culture, refinement and manliness is the first sign of its presence. The absence of progress along these lines is invariably indicative of a lack of progress in, or even an absence of any degree of education, and it is therefore barbarous. Let us as students by our disposition towards athletics in general show the effects of our college atmosphere; putting it in its place as a by-play and an adjunct to the real work of the college which is education.

Tamaqua Game.

In one of the closest and most hotly contested games ever witnessed on the local floor, our team defeated the champion Tamaqua five by a score of 39 to 30. In the first half under National rules, which the visitors had been accustomed to playing, they succeeded in netting more points than our team; the first half ending with the score 25 to 14 in their favor. This score was due largely to the inconvenience caused by our being unaccustomed with the rules, rather than the decided superiority of the visitor's team work. In the second half under A. A. U. rules, with the advantage of a small floor, which somewhat handicapped the Tamaqua passers, our team by supe-

rior team work and by sensational brilliancy succeeded in scoring 25 points to the visitors' 5, making the final score 39 to 30. The game throughout was characterized by a remarkable absence of fouling, and by a feeling of good will and friendly rivalry between all the members of the two teams. For Westminster every man on the team starred. The victory cannot be attributed to the playing of any one man but to the whole team. The Tamaqua team comes from Tamaqua, a little town in the eastern part of the state and is justly considered the champion basketball team of the world. Their game with Westminster was one of the last of a series of forty-seven in this part of the country, out of which they lost only five others. The lineup follows:

| Tamaqua—30. | Westminster—39. |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| Fogarty.....f..... | Elliott |
| O'Donnell.....f..... | Deevers |
| Mulliner.....c..... | Marks |
| Wilson.....g..... | Lambie |
| Hough.....g..... | Patterson |

Junior--Senior.

The Junior team defeated the senior passers to the tune of 22 to 12, Thursday afternoon, March 8th. It was a rough but exciting game. The winning team excelled in team work and shooting.

The line-up.

| Juniors. | Seniors. |
|----------------------|-----------|
| Brown.....r.f..... | Davison |
| McKay.....l.f..... | Calhoun |
| Mitchell.....c..... | Tannehill |
| McCrory.....r.g..... | Gordon |
| Smith.....l.g..... | Rose |

Geneva--Westminster.

On Saturday afternoon, March 10, Westminster defeated Geneva college 59-14. The visitors played a good game for about ten minutes of the first half and then weakened. The rest of the game was easy with Westminster leading by a large margin.

The line-up.

| Geneva 14. | Westminster 59. |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| McClurkin.....r.f..... | Deevers |
| Bole.....l.f..... | Elliott |
| Thompson.....c..... | Marks |
| George.....l.g..... | Lambie |
| Schuman.....r.g..... | Calhoun |

Westminster vs. Buhl Club.

In the most exciting game that our champion basketball team has played this season they defeated the Buhl Club of Sharon on Monday evening, March 12, by the score of 23 to 20. The game was played on the Buhl Club floor which is a hard one to become accustomed to and this makes it the greater victory; in fact the Buhl Club has been defeated but once before this season, on their home floor, and that by the champion Tamaquas.

The game started auspiciously for Westminster. After about two minutes of play Elliott caged a beauty from field. Our team held the lead from this on throughout the first half, with the Buhlites hot on the trail; the half ending 13 to 8.

In the second half the Sharon passers succeeded in netting several baskets before our team got away from the unlucky score of 13, and with about two minutes of play the score stood 20 to 19 in their favor. However, with fast team

work and a series of nice passes, Marks got the ball in the open and scored the winning points from a difficult field goal. Deevers made another field goal before the time was called. The features of the game were the playing of Deevers, Elliott and Marks. The game was a little rough in spots and was characterized by more or less disagreement between the officials. For Sharon Fred Locke, our former full-back and football captain excelled.

The line-up.

Buhl 20.

Westminster 23.

| | | |
|----------------|--------|-----------|
| Davis..... | f..... | Elliott |
| Locke..... | f..... | Deever |
| Marquard..... | c..... | Marks |
| McQuiston..... | g..... | Lambie |
| Clark..... | g..... | Patterson |

Field goals—Marquard 2, Deevers 3, Elliott 3
 Davis 2, Locke 2, Marks 3, Patterson 2, McQuiston
 Foul goals—Marquard 4, Deevers 3. Time of
 halvas—20 minutes.



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NEW WILMINGTON, PA

The Holcad.

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No. 8.

Message of Spring.



ROBIN filling all the air
With your joyful cry,
To our hearts so full of care,
Bringest thou message from on high?
Is your message one of cheer?
"Spring is here! Spring is here!"

Skies o'ercast with clouds of grey,
Yielding softly falling rain,
Broken by a golden ray,
Is your message joy or pain?
"Clouded skies will soon be clear,
Spring is here! Spring is here!"

Violet hidden midst the green
From the careless passer by,
What does all your fragrance mean,
Is it incense wafted high?
"Happiest day of all the year,
Spring is here? Spring is here!"

Life and light is everywhere,
In bursting bud and changing sky;
Joyfulness is in the air,
Seize it; do not pass it by.
Let your days be full of cheer,
Spring is here! Spring is here!

N. G. K. '07.

JACK'S FIGHTING CHANCE.

THE fall term of school at Winfield College was almost ended. Only a day remained before the beginning of examinations—a time all too short for those who had neglected their studies during the term, and who hoped, in the last few hours, to obtain by “cramming,” enough knowledge to tide them over examinations.

That the time was, indeed, too short, was becoming more and more evident to Jack Stanford as he pored busily over his book late the night before examinations.

Like many a football player, he had found his time largely engrossed with matters not wholly pertaining to his studies. And now, at the last moment, he was working with the energy of despair, in an attempt to master some of the principles of calculus which seemed to be doing their best to elude him. The moaning of the wind around the corners of the building made study still more difficult; for it conjured up before his mind the wind-swept football field, the scene of so many memorable struggles, and now, to his imagination, once again peopled with swiftly moving figures. The joy and excitement of the old days were his again, as he lived over the scenes of the past football season. But, as a more fitful gust of wind swept around the corners, he awoke with a start and bent to his study with redoubled energy.

This had happened for perhaps the tenth time, when quick footsteps were heard on the stairs, and without knocking, a curly headed, slightly built youth burst into the room.

“O, it’s you, Arthur,” said Jack by way of greeting. “What’s the news?”

“Nothing much, Jack. How’s calculus?”

“Delightfully muddled! I’m all at sea.”

“Well, let us see,” said the newcomer, approaching the table. “Perhaps we can both figure it out,” and with an air of interest he applied himself to his self-assigned task of enlightening his older companion.

Arthur Dick, more generally known among the students as “the Kid,” was regarded by his classmates as the keenest mathematician in the class, if not in the whole school. The prestige which this fact gave him in the eyes of the students, was increased by his youthful looks and boyish figure. He and Jack came from the same town and were warm friends notwithstanding the difference in age. The stalwart Jack and the diminutive Arthur were often seen together on the campus. It was this difference in age that led Jack, at the beginning of their college course, to assume a sort of guardian influence over his young companion. Jack had given himself to athletics and Arthur had far outstripped him in his studies as well as in certain other matters—so much so that Jack himself admitted it was thinking of the “Kid” that had kept him straight more than once.

Jack at length pulled himself up with a sigh. “I wish you would tell me why I ever took calculus,” he said mournfully. “My term grade is sure to be on the shady side of the passing mark. Old ‘Bucky’ used to play football himself but he don’t seem to make much allowance for a fellow. You know he flunked ‘Doc’ Williams last year and ‘Doc’ was better than I am.”

“O come, Jack, don’t get blue,” re-

plied Arthur, "you know you have a good fighting chance yet."

"I might have if I knew what the questions were going to be; but this thing of trying to learn the whole book in a few hours, seems to me almost like labor spent in vain. Say, if I could just get hold of a list of the questions!"

Arthur regarded him with amazement. "You don't mean that you would steal them? You know, Jack, that you wouldn't use them if you could get hold of them."

"Well," Jack replied, "I suppose my conscience would bother me a little, but then, Kid, it's a pretty tight place. All my marks will be low this term, and if I fail in this—", an ominous shake of the head concluded the sentence.

"I'm going home now, Jack," said Arthur; "go over in the morning and see 'Bucky' about some of those harder places. He ought to understand the trials and tribulations of a captain of the football team. Tell him you have been carrying five studies this term. Get as close to me during examinations as you can, and I'll help you out if I get a chance. Meanwhile, don't get blue. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Kid." And the door closed behind him.

Jack sat in his chair for some time after the door closed gazing gloomily into the fire. From time to time he shook his head as though in reply to some question. "It does look mean," he said to himself, "but I fear that a good chance to take them would be a strong temptation." He again became thoughtful. "No, I won't," he exclaimed with decided emphasis, "and that settles it." So saying, he arose and pushed back his chair, as though firmly convinced as to his course of action.

Half past seven o'clock the next morning, found Professor Irwin, instructor of mathematics, seated at his desk in the recitation room. It was still a full hour before class time, but the completion of some extra work before examinations began, prompted him to this rather early arrival. His studious habits were well known to the students; and despite the fact that he exacted diligence on the part of the members of his classes, he was popular among the student body. The name of "Bucky," a recollection of the days when he was a member of the 'varsity football team, still clung to him, and as such he was more popularly known to the students.

As he busied himself over his papers a resounding knock on the door was heard, and at the professor's call, Jack Stanford entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Stanford," said the professor pleasantly, "do you find yourself fully prepared this morning to demonstrate your knowledge of calculus?"

"Far from it, professor," replied Jack. "I just came to ask you some questions about it." And he proceeded to state his difficulties.

The professor, who was always willing to comply with such requests, entered at once into an explanation of Jack's questions. "I think I can explain that point more fully in this way," he said, turning to the blackboard, and stopping in his work from time to time to make explanations, whenever necessary. Jack listened attentively to the explanations, but during the periods of silence, allowed his gaze to fall upon the professor's desk, on which were lying several papers. He doubted not that they were lists of examination questions,

but at first no one in particular interested him. A second glance, however, showed him one which, apparently, had just been completed, and which caused him involuntarily to start. The last question on the page was a statement of the same question which the professor was now solving! The professor's voice recalled Jack to himself. "I think you understand the explanation as far as we have gone, Mr. Stanford."

"Quite well, Professor," replied Jack without hesitation.

"The next step follows quite logically," continued the professor turning to the board.

Jack's eyes again wandered to the paper. There were just ten questions on the list, probably the full number as they would be given that afternoon. Again, and more strongly than before, came the temptation which had suggested itself to him on the preceding night; so quick was the impulse that he did not stop to reason, but with a quick glance toward the professor, he deftly and noiselessly folded the paper and thrust it into his pocket. When the problem was finished, Jack was all attention. "It is all much clearer," he said, and thanking the professor for his trouble, he left quickly, neglecting even to close the door.

As Professor Irwin went to close the door the door of the Greek room just opposite opened, and the cheerful voice of Professor King greeted him: "Can you come over for a moment, Irwin?" The two men were close friends and were in the habit of exchanging brief calls as leisure moments presented the opportunity. Professor King's invitation was therefore accepted without question by Professor Irwin,

and he crossed the hall, leaving his own door ajar.

Scarcely had the Greek room door closed behind Irwin, when Arthur Dick presented himself at Professor Irwin's door, seeking a final interview for the purpose of satisfying his mind as to the correctness of certain equations. Finding that the professor was not in his room, he entered and seated himself, as he thought he recognized Irwin's voice in conversation in the opposite room, and surmised that he would return soon. He had been seated but a few moments, when Professor Irwin came in and soon settled the points in question.

After Arthur's departure, Irwin turned quickly to his desk, as but few moments remained until class time. But as he looked over his papers one was missing—the list of questions for the calculus examination. Thinking that he had overlooked or mislaid it, he again looked over his papers, then turned through his books and then ransacked the drawers; but still no paper was to be found. "That is strange," said he, scratching his head. "I am almost certain I left it on my desk." He then went back to the Greek room, but no paper was to be found there. Had he found it in the hall he would have concluded that the wind had blown it out thro' the door; but it was not there. "I am loath to believe that Arthur Dick would have taken it, but he certainly had a good chance to do so," said the professor to himself, "and I cannot imagine what else could have become of the paper."

Further search for the paper was forbidden by the approach of the class hour. But again and again during the course of

the morning, the matter suggested itself to him, and the more he thought about it the deeper became his conviction that Arthur had taken the paper. He could think of no motive for such action on Arthur's part, as he was the best mathematician in the class and seldom failed to solve the problems assigned. Moreover, all the professor's former dealings with Arthur had convinced him of his thoroughgoing honesty. But the paper was gone and suspicion pointed strongly toward Arthur as the culprit. Irwin, however, decided to let the matter rest, hoping that the missing paper would be discovered, or, if really stolen, that the offender would, of his own accord, confess the deed.

When Arthur entered Jack's room about two hours later, he found Jack sitting at his study table with his head bowed in his hands.

"What's the matter now, Jack?" he said cheerfully, "more difficulties?"

He picked up the calculus book, and at the first turn of the leaves, out dropped the list of questions. Arthur regarded it a moment in silence and then said: "How's this, Jack?"

"You ought to know," replied Jack, raising his head, "at least, you might guess."

"What do you intend to do?" questioned Arthur after another pause.

"Do? I can think of only two things that I can do. Either go to Irwin and tell him everything, or pack my trunk and go home in disgrace. Neither outlook is very promising."

"But you're going to Irwin?" again asked Arthur.

"I— I suppose so. I have been ar-

guing with myself for an hour and have just about decided to go to Irwin."

"Of course you will, Jack. Better go right now."

Without a word Jack took his cap and left the room. But when he had almost reached the college building, his resolution failed him, and he turned off into a street leading from the town. He walked slowly along the street until he had reached the edge of the town; but here he stopped: "This is too much like running away," he said to himself, and turned and walked quickly back to Professor Irwin's room.

Professor Irwin sat alone at his desk. Stanford walked up to the desk and with trembling voice, said. "Professor Irwin, I have something to tell you." Then quickly and hurriedly he told him of the whole matter from beginning to end. When he had finished, the professor arose, and holding his hand out to Jack, said: "Jack, I'm glad you came to me. As you may suppose, I am very sorry that the paper was taken by you, but I am just as glad that you have acted the manly part in confessing."

The calculus examination took place that afternoon, according to schedule. Jack was there and as he bent over the questions, he felt that, as Arthur had said, he still had "a good fighting chance."

THE HEART OF THE NATION.

AMONG all civilized peoples, from the very foundation of society, the home has ever been the social unit. Wherever civilization has penetrated, wherever the ennobling influence of Christianity has been felt, the value—,ay

the sanctity of the home has been emphasized.

The home is "The Heart of the Nation." Destroy the purity of home life, degrade the queenly position of woman, take away the restraints and the cultivating influence of home training and you drink the heart blood of a people.

Persia, Turkey, India, China—what are they today? Shall we call them nations—synonym for power and strength? Let us call them hells! None who realize the horrors of the harem will disavow the name.

America may well be proud of her position among the nations of the world in her regard for the home, and in her high esteem for woman. Nor has her confidence in woman's ability been misplaced. In wit, in intellectual attainment, in true culture, in versatility, in beauty, in diplomacy, the American woman leads the world. America is a land of homes. The standard of purity and love, in and for the home, has ever been upheld in America. "For God, for home, for native land," might well be said to be the motto of all true hearted Americans.

Whence is evil? The Biblical student will say from satan, but the necessity of evil is a problem of the profoundest philosophy. Fain would we see our land unsullied and our nation clean and pure. Whether or no it be a lack of faith in God, we must realize conditions as they are, not as they ought to be; face the cold, hard facts of the case and deal with them as men, and not as theorists or dreamers.

There are forces at work today in our land, whose professed intent, whether

concealed by crafty hand or openly avowed, are ruinous to the home. And if ruinous to the home, destructive to the nation. Chief among these are six mighty evils, ay, a damnable curse to our native land! Anarchy, socialism, Mormonism, intemperance, race fusion, and last but not least, the divorce laws of our states and nation, make up the daring crew!

Anarchy! red-handed, black-hearted anarchy; sister unto tyranny; a brother no less vile! Always destructive, the enemy of government, the advocate of lawlessness, the priestess of crime, the apostle of iconoclasm, she should be crushed ere her hand be lifted or her death dealing blow be felt! Ay; anarchy, the murderess of the parent, the burner of the dwelling, with all her deadly missels and her no less deadly threats should be utterly stamped out of our country, as we love our homes and honor native land! For her law is death.

Socialism is not anarchy, though often confused with it. Anarchy is destructive; Socialism is iconoclastic. Anarchy would abolish; socialism would recast. Anarchy is no government; socialism is common government. Founded on the altruistic principle of the common brotherhood of man, supported by the Sermon on the Mount, an advocate of "freest" liberty and equality for all, the professed champion of the humble poor, it presents a problem in subtilty, craftiness and danger, that is stupendous to say the least. That is the most dangerous enemy that comes in the guise of a friend, and therein lies the danger in the socialistic doctrine. Socialism is hostile to our national ideals because it would annihilate individualism. It is a menace because it profits by the abuse of capital,

and the oppression of the working man. It is antagonistic to our government because it is opposed to the law of progress that is a dominant feature in its code. It is the enemy of the home because it advocates "free love" and lightens the sanctity of Christian marriage. Under its regime, children are but common property, and must be raised upon perfect equality as a basis. It discourages all attempts to rise above the masses and means a step backward to the herd.

Socialism is not a theory; it is a fact. It is organized. Its deeper principles, like those of Mormonism, are veiled. Its power is growing, its vote is increasing. The trust is but a step towards socialism. Government ownership is under the same category; the public library is based on her principles. But are these evils? Rather advantages in many lines, and therein is the inherent strength of socialism. The Socialist vote in Chicago jumped from 14,000 in 1902, to 46,000 in 1904. This is typical of its rapid growth throughout our country. In December 1905 the "Appeal to Reason," a Socialist paper published at Girard, Kansas, issued 3,000,000 paid-in-advance copies. Recently \$2,000,000 was left to found a Socialist college in New York. An inter-collegiate socialistic society has been formed with Jack London, the novelist, as president, to promulgate the doctrines among the students of our land.

Shall we suffer this deadly foe to thus gain a foothold?—alas, it is already gained! But as we love our homes, our nation and our God, as we believe in progress and the rights of the individual, let us be alert to the dangers of this monster, Socialism!

Equally antagonistic to our national

government and far more dangerous to the sanctity of the home, is Mormonism. Having the balance of political power in six states already, complete control of one, it hopes to soon have the balance of power at Washington, and to compel legislation to swing their way. If the men of our country allow Reed Smoot to sit in the Senate, a Mormon victory will have been achieved, and a step taken by the government which some day may dye our western plains with blood,—at all events a step which will be an insult to the mothers of the land.

Are we to breed a race of adulterers? No, a thousand times, no! Do not recoil at the thought, but face cold facts and stamp this evil from our land. The Mormon's deny polygamy—they lie! Sworn to secrecy by their apostles, they perjure themselves and acquire merit in the faith. Converts from Mormonism have revealed on oath the truth and practices of this awful crime.

Mormonism professes to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. Listen! They teach that Jesus Christ was a polygamist. If Mary and Martha and that other Mary whom Jesus loved, were not his wives, they teach, then his conduct towards them was most unbecoming a man free from the guilt of the world. Horrors! But listen! God himself is a polygamist and sits in heaven with his many spirit wives, begetting spirits which are the souls of men. In the form of Adam he brought one of his spirit wives to earth and created a fleshly race, whose mission it was henceforth to beget a people whose bodies his spirit children should inhabit. Thus each man is capable of attaining to the equality of God in the after-

life, and will possess a world which he shall people. These are doctrines of the Mormon faith, revealed by a Mormon convert and sworn to be those taught him in the schools and in their religious instruction. The danger to the home and the nation is self evident. It is damnable, to say the least.

The problem of intemperance presents perhaps the greatest evil to the Home and to the Nation, extant in our country today. Intemperance in a broad sense, covers dissipation of any sort and presents a question at once ethical and economical.

It is with the economical aspect we would deal. Enough for the ethical side that it is a shame to our nation and to the Christian voters of the land to allow a traffic which ruins manhood—ay damns men's souls to exist in our land for a day. The Prohibition party may not be the party you would see in power, it may be radical, it may be visionary, but as you love your God, your home, your country make room in the platform of the powerful party for a measure which will save our land from ruin, men's souls from hell and a nation from God's everlasting curse!

You plead revenue, ay gold is the curse of any people! But would you have gold? Free our land from vice and crime, empty our penitentiaries, insane asylums, jails and poor-houses of three-fourths of their criminals and paupers, the fruit of disobedience of nature's laws; increase the productive capacity of the nation, deduct the cost of supporting such institutions and the loss of revenue will not be felt. You will have a race of clear brains, strong armed men, men in the true sense of the word, free from corruption, vice and

crime and with at least one step taken toward the final goal of good. To accomplish this, away with the demagogue who for his office keeps the saloon where it is today!

There is a danger to the home and to the nation which we shrink from mentioning. It is "Race Fusion." We are heartily in sympathy with the elevation of the negro race. We admire the genius and ability of Dixon, we recognize him as a leading orator of our land, but we recognize also in him a radical.

His solution of the negro problem by transportation is impracticable, unChristian, absurd. To tear 10,000,000 people from their homes, deny them rights of citizenship already granted, even could it be made constitutional by amendment would be a blot on our nation's honor beside which the Acadian exile would be a pygmy. The north would never permit it. It would at all events precipitate a race, if not a second civil war. The prophesied Dixonian race war may come, if the negro remains here. God forbid, but better that than race fusion which presents the real problem. How deal with it? Already much white and black blood courses through the same veins. With increased enlightenment and social elevation of the negro, which cannot be refused much longer, more threatens. How stop it?

Increased morality among both white and black will aid materially and that will come with increased education of the degraded masses. More strenuous, ay stern but beneficial would be a law making racial intermarriages between white and black a crime punishable by death. Such a law would be a fair one to both races and

should be advocated by both races as the only solution of the problem of social purity among the races. If passed such a law would be the means of the erasure of the so called "lynch law," for no longer would there be fear of the criminal, white or black evading the punishment of his worse than murder crime.

The Divorce Laws of our land in general make up the last menace to the Home and to the Nation upon which we shall touch.

The alarming statistics with regard to the number and causes of divorce grants reveal a horrible state of affairs in our land. The levity with which the sacred ordinance of marriage is regarded among thousands, is a crime in God's sight and against humanity and society in general.

Strenuous action should be taken legally against this evil at once, if the sanctity of the home is to be preserved. Doubtless the divorce question is the result of a question more general. Much may be laid at the door of intemperance in this regard. But however that may be, suffice it to say, it presents a problem stupendous and alarming.

These then are the chief enemies of the Home, in our land today—Anarchy, Socialism, Mormonism, Intemperance, Race Fusion and Divorce Laws.

It may be visionary to hope to see them entirely blotted from any land. The prophecy that they will ruin our nation may seem too strong. The politician would like to flatter himself that the danger is far distant. But as there is a law of compensation in God's universe, the debt must be paid!

We of the Saxon race are proud of our

lineage. We boast in our noble heritage, of freedom. We glory in the strength and resources of our land. We are proud of our nation as a great power and as an arbiter of justice throughout the world. Our wealth is great, our power is great, our law is ample, but know this: Rome had law enough to save her but she fell. Greece had power enough to save her but she fell. Babylon had wealth enough to save her but she fell. Who knows but in the lapse of the ages it may be said of us. The United States was a great and powerful nation, she despised the law of heaven and she fell! She was, but is no more! Let us not be pessimistic, but God forbid that we should blind our eyes to truth and rush headlong to a nation's doom.

In the midst of gloom let us trust in God, whose hand has ever been the moulder of history. "It may be that the Lord will help us," let the heart of our nation turn to Him.

"Therefore to whom turn, but to Thee the ineffable name?

Builder and Maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!

What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?

Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?

There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before;

The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;

What was good, shall be good, with, for evil so much the more;

On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round."

(Robt. Browning.)

ROBERT WILSON YOURD, 1905.

Theodore Roosevelt Jr., of Harvard has declined the presidency of his class. This sounds like the metal of Theodore Sr.—Ex.

THE SILENT POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

THACKERAY in his Round About Papers tells a fine and touching story of a famous London doctor, into whose consulting room crowds came daily, that they might be healed. Having a suspicion that there was something vitally wrong with himself, he consulted another famous physician at Dublin. After a thorough examination he was told that he might last a year. Then he came home knowing that he must soon die, and made up his accounts with man and heaven. He visited his patients as usual, cheering, comforting, soothing and healing them. He said not a word to his family; but lived amongst them cheerful and tender, and calm and loving; though he knew the night was at hand when he should see them no more.

It was winter time, and they told him that a very sick man at a distance wanted him: and though he knew that he was himself at death's door, he went to the sick man; for the large fee would be good for his children. And the good doctor died; and his family never knew until he was gone, that he had been long aware of the inevitable doom.

We hear too little in these days of such quiet, homely heroism. Voluntary efforts purposely put forth to attain eminence are not to be despised, but it is undoubtedly true that the patient pursuit of duty, although scarcely noticed is vastly more effective in its silent sway. Just as the soil and sunshine impart more nourishment to the delicate flower than artificial aids, so the silent, unseen power of conscience affects the hearts of men more powerfully than the conspicuous observed forces aroused by anticipation of public applause.

And though its best results may not be visible, they are nevertheless actually there developing in the soul a light and power that will never vanish. But to a great extent the world does not acknowledge this silent power. On the contrary its accepted heroes are those who have sought prominence in the strong light of public observation. Yet who are the men that are moulding and fashioning the world to-day? Not those who are prompted only by a greed for gain; nor those honored as brilliant diplomats; nor those whose names are echoed far and wide as mighty men of valor; nor yet those who shake the forum with the thunder of their eloquence; but those who perform the simple duties of life in a quiet inconspicuous and unassuming way. How much true manliness is there in him who quietly accepts his position in life and bears his lot calmly and even cheerfully, filling it with patience and heroic self-sacrifice! How much true nobility in the silent fulfillment of duty!

All about us everywhere exhibited are occasions that demand the highest order of courage and resolution. See yonder! where the lurid gleam of the fire-demon reddens the midnight sky. What an enemy has broken loose among us! With a triumphant leap it snaps its fetters; it roars with victory; it bends its flaming crest towards quiet homes where men and women and innocent babes are wrapped in peaceful sleep. The bell rings; and what trumpet peal, what beating drum ever sounded a more perilous call? No battle-field ever displayed a nobler courage than that of the man who, in the humble discharge of duty, dashes into the fiery furnace, climbs the tottering walls, where

placing himself between his fellow creatures and the flames, he stands scorched and bruised beating the red terror back and down, animated by that irresistible energy which springs from the human will bent upon a noble purpose.

And so in more silent and more sacred forms, when not conscious that the eyes of the multitude are fixed upon them, men and women perform the noblest works and practice the sublimest heroism. And when these things are known, we always look up to these quiet heroes with a respect that amounts to reverence and unreservedly admire the silent power of conscience.

All around us in every walk of life there are to be found not a few of these unsung and unhonored heroes. Who shall depreciate the noble work done for future generations by the faithful teacher, who labors in comparative obscurity—or by the gentle nurse, whose name is hardly heard beyond the sick room, but who never surrenders even in the face of life's great enemy—or pre-eminently by the noble wife and mother, who, in her great love, brings every faculty to bear for the welfare of her children and the peace, safety and happiness of the home. All these and many others labor in quiet humility, with no thought of commendation or reward. They may deem their own lives insignificant; yet their real importance as factors in the happiness and progress of mankind is beyond the power of calculation.

When we look back at the history of the world just before the Reformation, we find that the coronations of emperors and the enthronements of popes were the themes on every tongue. But back in the heart of Germany in that unpretentious

little mining village, the real event of the century was taking place. In the rude home of an humble miner a child was born who was to play an important part in the drama of the nations, for out of that obscure home came Martin Luther. The influence of that German Mother upon her boy's character, as patiently, perseveringly and piously she taught him to be faithful to God and man, was the power which more than all others in that century was shaping the destinies of mankind.

And this great principle is just as true in the world today. Some modest mother, some benevolent physician, some unassuming man, laboring in comparative obscurity desiring to live his life usefully, doing valuable work in the world, and shedding an influence for good that lasts long after he is forgotten, such an one will receive the approving smile of heaven.

And here is thrown open a broad and noble field, depending not upon genius or station but upon will, and therefore, accessible to everyone. The world is an arena where one may strive quietly, building up his own inner nature, and letting such power as he possesses go out in blessings to his fellowmen. And the condition of the game is, not prominence but good purpose and loyal endeavor. It is not in seeming, but in being, and it makes no essential difference whether the world confesses it or not, so long as we actually have it, working in our consciousness of duty and drawing our consolation from inward resources.

But there is, however, a large class of persons who feel discouraged because as they have done nothing to attract attention. They estimate their abilities far below their

merit. They really desire to have diffused through their lives the ideal of fidelity in their work as the greatest factor of life. Yet this seems to them impossible in their secluded and humble station. They realize that they are only known to a very few people, and though it is their earnest desire to add their mite to the sum total of human progress and happiness, yet the feeling of their deficiencies and lack of opportunities holds them back.

But is it so that humble abilities are of small account? Is the world indebted only to those of great genius and rare powers? Are there not some advantages which a life of obscurity has over one that cherishes no other hope than applause? It is in many respects a more independent one. If each of us were to contribute his little effort to the deeds and thoughts and sentiments that make the world a little brighter and cleaner and nearer heaven, he would round out a complete life, winning his own commendation and placing the world under an obligation to him.

If true fidelity to principle were set, as it ought to be, above life itself, it would have a powerful effect on our moral characters. Very few of us will ever have a chance to dazzle the world's eye by some conspicuous deed. Each of us, however, will have an opportunity to advance civilization and make the world better and more beautiful by performing the simple and obvious duties of life. It was this plain devotedness to duty that sent Duff to India; Livingstone to Africa; Elliott to the Indians; Booth to the slums of London and Moody to the world. It may be a hard cross for a great many of us but the only sure way of reforming the world is for each of us to contribute his mite. The moral courage to

speak the truth in the face of flouts and jeers, to be brave and cheerful even though the messenger of fate is knocking at our door and to pursue our way according to the dictates of conscience are just the qualities of which the world stands in greatest need and they are the very qualities which each of us possess. And after all these are far greater than the striking and conspicuous deeds of daring that command applause. How much of our virtue is due to the fact that we long to have a herald sound our names to an applauding populace. And yet how much acknowledged dignity is there in that life that struggles all alone, without fame, without mention, without recorded honor. How much genuine nobleness in the calm work of duty, when all conception of human merit fades into the glory of God

And this is the great end to be desired—this strength and exaltation of the soul, imparting as it does the profoundest significance to a quiet life. Daily men contend for success, for station, for power. But these are perishable awards. The real prize is a crown that "fadeth not away" And, if we comprehend the great purpose of existence at all—if we look with any eagerness to its intrinsic issues and its final result; we shall heed that decree of Divine Wisdom and justice that comes down to us through all the vicissitudes of life; and try to do our duty, exercise our love, and to drink with patience the sweet and bitter which the All Father mingles in life's mysterious cup. And they who so use their lives, will be far more than compensated in the fuller, happier and nobler life into which they will enter. And to all these, let us say:

"Columbia ere shall know them,
And from her glittering towers,
Kisses of love shall throw them
And wreaths of sweetest flowers:
Ever in realms of glory
Will stand their starry claims,
Angels have heard their story,
And God knows all their names."

JAMES DOUGHERTY, '06.

THE HISTORY OF A WORD.

THERE is probably no more interesting study in English than that of tracing a word from its original meaning down through past ages to its present signification. Some words have degenerated; some have been bettered. As man is influenced by the environment in which he is placed so a word through its associations comes to denote different things until one can scarcely recognize any traces of its original character. Let us take for example the word "ascetic" or "asceticism" and follow its degeneration through the various stages.

The word is of Greek derivation and primarily meant an athlete or the course of training undergone by one preparing to take part in an athletic contest. History is full of accounts of how Greek runners submitted to the strictest kind of discipline, a chief element being temperance, preparatory to participating in a contest requiring strength and endurance. Epictetus gives us some rules that were submitted to by the Greek youth and no one today will discredit their value. "A competitor," he says, "must be regular and orderly in his habits, must abstain from wine and confessions, must not eat at random, must exercise at appointed times, and must give himself up entirely to his training master." Every one now-a-days will admit that too much stress cannot be put upon these directions. He who would perform creditably at the present time on the track, diamond or gridiron must subject himself to a rigid course of discipline.

Later the word was adopted by the Stoic school of philosophers and came to mean the discipline needs in the practice of virtue in controlling the appetites and pas-

sions. Then when the Christian religion made itself felt in the world, the word came to denote something still different. At first the Stoic use of the word was accepted, but finally the word came to denote the attempt to attain holiness by self-mortification, that is by starving out the evil nature in man.

At this stage in its history "aceticism" was a discipline which began as simplicity of living, the voluntary surrender of natural comforts and possessions, to attain holiness. Gradually it came to be regarded, not as a means for good but as a good in itself. This gave rise to the great institution of Monasticism which vied with Feudalism for supremacy during the mediaeval ages. Monks hastened to the mountains and subjected themselves to all sorts of bodily torture and starvation in the vain hope of becoming more spiritual.

Thus out of the good sprang the evil. The Creator never intended us to so mutilate these bodies which he has given us. The whole spirit of monasticism is not only contrary to God's law but contrary to the law of human experience. It stands to reason that any mortal will have dreams and see visions if the body is in so depraved a condition, and it is little wonder that these hermits of the mountains imagined strange things. But underlying all is the spirit of self-denial and self control. These can easily be detected as the ground principles of the word "asceticism." Both are worthy virtues and should be cultivated. As the Greek athlete submitted to discipline to attain the highest possible perfection so man must cultivate self restraint and self denial to make the best possible use of his powers.

But there are men who would go to extremes. Some will advocate the importance of exercise to the point where it will detract from the studies, the main business of a college life. Thence comes the professional. Others will preach the doctrine that physical culture is a waste of time. Thence comes the "book worm." It would be far better to strike a happy mean.

Editorial.



The Honor System.

A TOPIC much discussed of late in educational magazines and college journals is the so-called "Honor System." The system has been tried with much success in several higher institutions, and the good results obtained argue strongly for its adoption in all colleges and universities.

Everyone will acknowledge the remarkable prevalence of "flimming" among college students, a condition which menaces our institutions and renders impossible of attainment the very object of higher education. The fault lies with the students, as does also the remedy. It is they who suffer: it is theirs to institute reform.

The "Honor System" as instituted in those schools which have resorted to this method of reform, has been adopted by the entire student body in concerted action. In this any attempt to cheat in examination is designated an act of dishonor, and the offender is dealt with as his contemptible deed merits—the penalty being dismissal from the institution. But the strength of the system consists in its execution by the student body, the court of justice being composed of a secret student committee, which on detecting the offence, tries the offender, and, being convinced of his guilt quietly asks him to leave school. This form of student government has been found far more effective than any law or penalty imposed by Faculty. It enforces a true test of scholarship in that under this method

of government the student must stand or fall according to his merits. It strengthens the already honest man, and compels reform in the dishonest one. Necessitating the abandonment of all suspicion between professor and student, it brings about a more frank and cordial relation between them. Thus by influencing for good the character of the individual student, by strengthening the student body by the responsibility of self government, and by harmonizing the faculty and student body the "Honor System" promotes the best interests of the institution.

Why may Westminster not have the Honor System? No one can question the need of some reform in our examination methods. We all know what unfairness and dishonesty are weakening the character of our students, and defeating the object of our college. The "flimming" which prevails here is truly shameful. The Honor System has proven so effective in other schools that we see no reason why it should be impossible, or should prove ineffective here. Like many another school we have fallen into a rut, and may be loath to change the old for the new. But today, when so many changes are being wrought, when Westminster is in a period of transition to Greater Westminster, the time seems especially favorable for reform. And should not the need for honesty in our examinations as well as honesty in other lines, induce us to attempt the reform?

Government by Faculty is wholesome and very effective. But there are many instances in which student government is particularly appropriate and especially effective. Once aroused to the realization of its duty, the student body of Westminster is capable of executing a just and impartial Honor System. And in this way may our college also grow in real strength while she increases in size. And thus may she send forth cultured men, big men, men of moral strength and spiritual power.

THERE are no two persons exactly alike. Everyone has some trait or characteristic that is peculiar to him and to him alone. The sum of these traits peculiar to the person is what distinguishes him from others and is called personality. Our liking or disliking for the person depends primarily on the merit or absence of merit in the qualities that are the essence of his personality. It is this element in their make-up that causes people to respond differently, under the same conditions to the same stimulus or exciting force. Holmes has said:—

We like the leaf, the summit, or the wave,
Reflect the light our common nature gave,
And every sunbeam, falling from her throne,
Wears, on our hearts, some coloring of our own.

Thus it depends upon our coloring, our personality to a very great extent, what impression is left on our hearts by each object and action that comes to our knowledge. For example—here is some sport or pastime that is labeled by some as “questionable.” Now there may be nothing

about that pastime in its nature that demands any moral sacrifice, yet in the hearts of some it may excite a response that is truly questionable. But before that response was aroused there existed in that heart some coloring that was questionable. Thus the evil results of that pastime come from the heart of the one participating rather than from the pastime. Here we come to realize the significance and to appreciate the meaning of the Bible’s way of putting it:—“Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.” The thing to do is to purify the heart rather than condemn the pastime. For there are people in the world with enough bad coloring in their hearts to take evil out of everything they do themselves as well as out of everything they see others doing. While on the other hand there are people who can

“Find tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,

Sermons in stones and good in everything.”

These are the people with the right hue of personal coloring, and by observation we find they are the people who see the most good in others and question least the actions of others.

To sum up, we would say that the amount of good we can see in everything and in everybody is commensurate with, and cannot exceed, the amount of good in our own hearts, and just so far as our personal coloring is bad will we take evil from people and things when they are in circumstances that might be termed “questionable.”

HOLCADES MIKRAI.

TO whom it may concern:

Her bright teeth had a starry glint—
So glittering, so pearly white;
Still further the resemblance went—
Like stars they all came out at night —Ex.

Prof. McElree in Latin class.—Miss Bell.
what is a case?

Prof. Freeman in Chemistry class—What is
the nature of — Mr. Pierce?

Miss McMillan.—I am more familiar with
hymns, (hims).

Mr. Pinkerton.—Miss Black has been Black
long enough and wants to become Pink.

Eva Henderson when teasing Miss Graham.—
Howard (McBane) is a pretty name, is'nt it?

Clutter's college history can be briefly
summed up thus: A bird—a table—a bucket.

Some one reading from the Bible—"And Jesus
had compassion on her for she was a widower."

Cleland.—I used to think when I heard a cat
purr that wheels were going around.

Fat Anderson.—They were.

Ray Miller when strolling one beautiful
evening.—This night would be perfect if I only
had a girl.

Mr. Gordon, after drinking maple syrup.—I
die happy, but I regret that I have only one life
to give to maple syrup.

Mr. Rotzler.—How long does it take to make
maple syrup?

An Informer.—As long as the sap lasts.

Bertha M. at the breakfast table.—A private
interview is the kind I like. One can get so
much more out of it.

Miss McAuley to the man at the sugar camp,
—Do you burn maple wood in order to give map-
le syrup a flavor?

An answer found in an English examination
paper to the question: What are Dryden's chief
works?—Dryden's chief works are Pilgrim's Prog-
ress, Il Penseroso, Allegro, and Paradise Lost.

Miss Matthews speaking of Dr. Russell's as-
sertion that Westminster would no longer be a
match factory.—Well, I would like to see him
stop it.

Miss McNeese in an impromptu speech on
"Your Last Visit to the Sugar Camp."—We had a
fine time going out for everything was just right.
When we reached there they were boiling.

The anxious mother rings up what she thinks
is the day nursery to ask for some advice as to
her child. The following conversation ensued:

"I called up the nursery. Is this the nur-
sery?"

"Yes, ma'm."

"I am so worried about my little Rose."

"Vat seems to be der madder?"

"Oh, not so very much, but just a general
listlessness and lack of life."

"Ain'd growing righd, eh?"

"No, Sir."

"Vell, I dell you vat to do. You dake der
skissors and cut off about two inches from der
limbs, und—"

"What-a-at?"

"I say, dake der scissors and cut off about
two inches from der limbs, und den turn der gar-
ten hose on for about four hours in der morning"—

"What-a-at?"

"Turn der garten hose on for about four
hours in de morning, und den pile a lot of plack
dirt all around and shprinkle mit insegt powder
all ofer der top——"

"Si-r-r-r!"

"Shprinkle mit insegt powder ofer der top.
You know usually id is noddng but pugs dot—"

"How dare you? What do you mean by such
language?"

"Noddng but pugs dot chenerally causes der
trouble; und den you vant to vash dor rose mit a
liquid preparations I haf for sale.—"

"Who in the world are you, anyway?"

"Gottfred Gluber, the florist."

"O-o-oh! (weakly) Good by."—Ex.

Dr. Ferguson in chapel.—Mr. Donaldson is
making up a party ticket containing some in
whom he is interested. If you wish to join the
party, see him some time today.

Prof. Hewetson speaking of an umbrella which had been left in the library.—It can be found at the door. It is a new lady's umbrella.

Miss Davidson in French class.—Miss Kline, what is a horse-shoe?

Miss Kline.—A horse-shoe is a piece of iron, which a horse carries on its paw.

Miss M— while strolling.—When the moon goes under a cloud I feel shakey, because I can't see.

Mr. S—You must have moon eyes, then.

LOCALS.

SPRING strolling has begun. Lecture on the same is due.

The Sophomores are beginning to worry about their "Junior Orations." They are hunting subjects.

Dr. Campbell was absent from his classes last Friday, being absent at the burial of Mrs. Shannon, who died Tuesday, April 10th.

Close upon the announcement of a new trolley line to New Castle comes the rumor that the Pennsylvania Railroad is going to better its transportation facilities and run cars between here and New Castle every hour. A new station at the Junction is in the air.

The preliminary oratorical contest was held in the chapel Thursday evening, April 12. The following is a list of the contestants with their subjects:

"Clouds Upon the Horizon" - - J. C. Bell
"Conservatism and Reform of Government."

G. L. Cochran
"The Silent Power of Conscience" Jas. Dougherty
"The Voting Power of Ignorance" R. F. Galbreath
"Noblesse Oblige" - - J. H. McBane
"The Swing of the Political Pendulum."

W. F. Rotzler

The first three men represented the Philo society and the last three the Adelpic. The Judges were REV. W. E. McCULLOCH, Pittsburg, DR. D. J. WALLER, JR., Indiana, and PROF. J. S. FRUIT, Fredonia. The contest was the best and closest held for several years and was won by Mr. Rotzler. He will represent Westminster at

at the Tri-State Oratorical contest to be held at Bethany College, May 8.

There is quite a little sickness in school. Miss Nevin and Miss McMasters missed classes for a week or more, and Miss Lillian Milleman has been compelled to leave school altogether on account of ill health. Our typhoid fever patients, Mr. Warren and Mr. Scott, are doing as well as could be expected.

Dr. Ferguson was absent from College, April 10th to 14th attending the meeting of the executive commission of the Alliance of the Reformed Churches, held in Philadelphia. The commission has two sections—the eastern and the western. The eastern comprises the churches of Great Britain and the continent; the western comprises the churches in America, including Canada, the United States and South America.

Dr. Russell, our president-elect, was in town recently to confer with the faculty and make arrangements for a new course of study, called the Philosophic Course. In this course there will be no Greek, no advanced mathematics and very little science. More attention will be given to modern languages, English, Philosophy, History and Art. This course will be offered in next year's curriculum and will afford an opportunity to students desiring to cultivate their artistic talents.

The last entertainment in this year's lecture course was given Friday evening, April 13th, by Elias Day, the characterist. Mr. Day came highly recommended and proved an able, pleasing entertainer. His characterizations of the French musician, the Kentucky Colonel, and the avaricious Jew were especially well rendered. So well and so true to life were all the characterizations given that in not a single one could Mr. Day, in his own personality, be detected by the audience. Mr. Day took the place of Russel Conwell, who was to have been here on Feb. 13th, but was detained by a railroad accident. Our course this year in all its numbers has been very pleasing and a great credit to those who arranged it.

The following communication was received by a staff member after that notices were sent

out informing people that their subscriptions for the HOLCAD were due. The moral is that the business manager should be careful to send out such announcements at the right time and should be sure in writing to men of affairs that the communication will reach them through the proper officials.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES WASHINGTON.

New Wilmington, Pa., April 16, 1906.

T. H. E. Holcad, Dr.
City.

Dear Theodore:--I wish to thank you for the kind Easter Greeting you sent me and hope by next Easter to have one for you.

Yours affectionately,
D. A. DOYLE, per No. 76.

P. S. As I am afraid I cannot use this little remembrance just at present I return it to you, hoping you will have some use for it. I would just like to mention that after this all my bills should be sent to my financial agent or secretary, James Casper Negley.

Love and best wishes,

D. A. D.

Rev. W. J. Cooper died, Monday, April 2, at his home in this place, after an illness of three weeks. For some time he has supplied the pulpits of Clinton and Shiloh in Butler county, making his home, however, in New Wilmington. Although not a graduate of Westminster College, he was a student here at one time and was well known in these parts. He is survived by his wife and three sons: Rev. John Cooper, '96, of Meadville; Rev. Robert Cooper, '98, of Seattle, Wash.; and James Cooper who is now attending school here. "Though dead, he yet speaketh, for works do follow him."

ALUMNI.

R. C. MCKELVEY.

Lewis Perkins, '04, spent Sabbath, April 1, with his parents.

Rev. R. H. McCartney, '04, paid us a short visit during the early part of the month.

Announcement has been made of the engage-

ment of Miss K. E. Young, of East End, Pittsburg, to W. J. Williams, '02, of Caledonia, N. Y.

Robert Yourd, '05, was a recent visitor in town.

D. S. McBride, '04, was a recent visitor in New Wilmington.

Milton McGill, '05, preached before presbytery, at New Bedford, April 10.

James A. Stranahan, '05, has taken charge of the public schools in Mercer.

A. D. Stewart, '04, who is with the First National Bank of Pittsburg, is spending a short vacation with his relatives here.

H. F. Hazlett, '04, of the Allegheny Seminary, spent Sabbath, April 8, with his brother, E. E. Hazlett.

Rev. E. C. McCown, '01, occupied the chapel pulpit on Sabbath evening, March 18. His text was: "He who would have friends must show himself friendly."

Miss Jean M. Dunn, '04, of Bellevue, Pa., has been visiting her uncle, J. J. Ashenhurst. She has spent most of her time since graduating in Oregon, at the Warm Springs mission to the Indians.

Miss Loa Mitchell, '04, was home a few day the first of the month. She is teaching in Pittsburg, and was one of those who organized the Westminster Women's Club which has its headquarters in the U. P. publication building.

Miss Bess Shannon, '02, was called home to New Wilmington, April 10, on account of the serious illness of her mother. She arrived only a few hours before the aged lady's death. Services were held at the residence on the afternoon of April 12, and Miss Shannon started to Burgettstown with the body. The students of the college wish to extend their sympathy to her in her bereavement.

Rev. P. H. Yourd, '03, is at his home in Carnegie, suffering from an attack of typhoid. Mr. Yourd is now in his third year at Allegheny Seminary and his many friends are hoping that his unexpected illness will not interfere with his finishing the course this spring, and taking up

the work as pastor of the United Presbyterian congregation at Mt. Jackson, to which he has lately been called.

Miss Mary Newmyer, '04, was united in marriage to J. B. Witherspoon, '02, at her home in Wilkensburg, Thursday evening, March 29th, at 8 o'clock. The wedding was a quiet one to which relatives and intimate friends only were invited. The ceremony was performed by Dr. M. H. Mead, of Wilkinsburg. The guests present from New Wilmington, were Dr. C. E. Trainor, '97, and wife, Mrs. Anna Trainor, sister of the bride.

Rev. A. H. Baldinger, '00, on Sabbath morning, April 8, presented his resignation to the Second United Presbyterian congregation of Springdale. Rev. Baldinger has accepted a call to the Second church of Spokane, Washington, and will assume his duties there in May. The Spokane congregation is one of the growing churches of the west and the field is a very promising one.

At the last meeting of the board, Rev. J. D. Barr, '88, was elected to fill the chair of Greek, Westminster college. Rev. Barr was formerly pastor of the First church of this place and a few years ago accepted a call to Bloomington, Indiana, where he is working at the present time. Since moving to Bloomington he was married to Miss Alta Russell, a former student of Westminster. The many friends of Rev. and Mrs. Barr will be glad to welcome them back to New Wilmington.

MUSIC AND ART.

EMILY REDMOND.

"A poet is a musician and a musician is a poet, the only difference being that the musician's medium of expression is yet more subtle than that of a poet." Poetry is the visible and vivid expression of a poet's love for the beautiful. He clothes the thought, which this love brings, in beautiful words, and is urged to do this by an appreciation of sound and a faultless sense of rhythm and the gift of making delicate distinctions. But music goes still further, George Sand says: "Music expresses all that the mind

dreams and possesses of mystery and grandeur.

* * * It is the revelation of the infinite." "It is the last work of art," and by its subtle enraptures and enthralls the hearts and souls of men. Carlyle pays a beautiful tribute to music when he says; "Music is all said to be the speech of angels." Music is the power by which the slumbering feelings of the soul may be awakened. The true artist and musician must be a "weaver of dreams" and must have the gift of revealing his dreams to his less blessed fellow men, causing them to forget for a time the dull and dreary routine of their daily labor and freeing them from their usual unimaginative trend of thought.

Miss Zella Mitchell has entered the class in water-colors and is now working on a pretty landscape.

Miss Milliman who has been studying water-colors this Semester has been compelled to go home on account of ill-health. She had just finished a pretty landscape.

Miss Allen has finished a very beautiful study in water-colors called "Winter Moonlight" and is now working on a scene of Venice.

Miss Broad has done a farm scene and now has a pretty cluster of apples almost completed. Both pieces are worthy of mention.

Miss Sloss has done a very pretty shore scene and is now at work on a study of fruit.

Miss Smith has finished one very beautiful Venetian scene and is now beginning another.

Miss Snodgrass in China-painting has done four dainty cups and saucers in different designs and is now working on a fifth.



Tarkio College has recently put in operation the system of "cuts" from attendance at class, chapel and church. This system is already in use in many colleges and Universities. The student strike at State College last fall resulted in part from the faculty regulation in regard to when the specified number of "cuts" could be taken. Perhaps if tried at Westminster it might put an end to any tendency upon the part of the students to flunk or seek a minus mark in deportment grade.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

—
J. W. ACHESON.

The Northern Oratorical League holds its contest at Oberlin Ohio, this year.

In the colleges of Kansas there are now more than 100 student volunteers.

Baseball squads from thirty or more are out and working hard at nearly every school. Westminster is no exception.

Dean Judson has been appointed acting president of Chicago University, which position was left vacant by the death of Dr. Harper.

President Eliot of Harvard says it would take a man forty years to complete the two hundred nineteen courses offered in that University.—Ex.

The Tri-State Oratorical Association will hold its annual contest at Bethany this spring. W. F. Rotzler, who won first place in the preliminary contest held here, will represent Westminster.

The march number of the "Washington Jeffersonian" is entitled "Dramatic Number," and from cover to cover is a masterpiece of journalism. Other colleges would profit by imitating W. & J. in this respect.

The University of North Carolina is making an effort to increase the standard and efficiency of its medical department. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has promised \$50,000 for a library, provided a like sum is raised for its endowment.

In the Ohio Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, Wooster University won first place, second going to Wittenburg, and third to Hiram. Mr. Edwin B. Townsend, '06, with an oration on "American Altruism" won this distinction for Wooster. He will have the honor of representing Wooster in the inter-state contest to be held at Topeka, Kans.

Brown University has recently won a double victory in debate. On March 5, the first debates of a triangular league consisting of Brown, Williams and Dartmouth, occurred at each of these schools. One Brown team won from Williams at Providence, while the other Brown team won from Dartmouth at Hanover.

Owing to the fact that at Kenyon College a student, who was tied to the railroad track as a sort of initiation or hazing, was killed by a passing train, the Ohio Legislature has passed a law, making hazing by students a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of \$200 or imprisonment for six months or both. It also fines the teachers who knowingly allow hazing.

Tarkio College is making an earnest effort to meet Hon. David Rankin's latest proposition to add to its endowment. On June 17, 1901 he gave \$50,000 to the endowment fund of the college, and promised to give an additional \$50,000 provided the directors would raise an equal amount within a year. This requirement was not met, and Mr. Rankin extended the time for raising the amount four years. It will expire June 17, 1906 and \$15,000 remains to be raised. All United Presbyterians especially within the bounds of the College should hearken to her final appeal and give the support which her present work is meriting.

The newly formed Tri-State Debating League held its first annual debates, April 12. West Virginia University debated with the Western University of Pennsylvania at Pittsburg; Wooster debated with West Virginia at Morgantown and the Western University of Pennsylvania debated with Wooster at Wooster. The question for all three debates was: "Resolved—That the United States government should exercise control over the formation and operation of all corporations engaged in interstate commerce." The home team always takes the affirmative and the visitors the negative. Each school had two teams one on each side of the question.

The Wooster "Voice" for April contains an able plea for better patronage of their college co-operative store. It says in part: "The needs and advantages of College Co-operative stores are amply shown by their existence at nearly all the leading American Universities. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell in the east; Leland Stanford Universities of Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin and Nebraska in the west; all have co-operative stores. These are all on a satisfactory basis, established and conducted by a local Faculty and student organization. The aggregate sales of college Co-ops amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars annually; Harvard Co-op alone doing almost a quarter of a million."

ATHLETICS.

J. F. SHRADER.

Announcement was made in chapel several days ago that the authorities of Westminster together with those of the three other colleges in this circuit had decided to eliminate from their athletics the game of football for the coming year unless the rules of the game were materially changed. This action is in keeping with the reform movement excited by the nature and tendencies of the game that has been spreading throughout the colleges of the country. Everyone is familiar with the charges made against the game—the brutality and opportunity for foul play that the game in its nature permits, professionalism and an unhealthy excitement and rivalry leading to a waste of time as well as a wrong appreciation of the relative merits of athletic sports as compared with other college activities. Just how far Westminster has been led to the practice of these evils through the game of football is a matter worth looking into. I think it is safe to say that our school has been comparatively free from these evils, altho, perhaps, not always impregnable to the temptations. However, we are willing to be classed as an average school along this line and in view of this will concede the necessity for reform. And, regardless of the fact that our outlook for a winning team next year, was never brighter, we, as students, are willing to unite with the college authorities in the spirit of this reform in the hope that we may “catch the atmosphere” that is pervading the best colleges of the country and that we may reap some of its benefits.

After about a week's practice the material for the baseball team has rounded into form and gives promise of a most successful season for Westminster. The team's progress during the last week has been impeded by the necessary shifting of the players to the positions they can fill best. Unusual interest has been shown by the student body and faculty by the number who have been on the field during practice. This is an encouraging feature and is indicative of the support necessary for a successful team. Among the new candidates, the ones that are showing

up best are, Galligher, McCrory, Fisher, Paxton and Grier. Of last year's team, Calhoun and McKay have been covering first and second respectively, in a very creditable manner. Captain Deevers is perfectly at home at short stop, and Smith and Scott are showing up in their old time style in the outfield. Manager Scott submits the following schedule for the season:

SCHEDULE.

New Castle, April 18, at New Castle.
 W. U. P. Medics, April 21, at New Wilmington
 W. & J., May 2, at New Castle.
 Fredonia, “ 7, at New Wilmington.
 West Newton, “ 9, at West Newton.
 Waynesburg, “ 15, at New Wilmington.
 California, “ 18, “ “
 Pitts. Coll., “ 22, at Pittsburg.
 W. & J. “ 23, at Washington.
 Slippery Rock, May 30, at Slippery Rock.
 Polk, June 6, at Polk.
 Pitts. Coll., “ 9, at New Wilmington.
 All Scholastics, “ 11-12 “
 Slippery Rock, “ 13 “

The second team elected, by unanimous vote, James Casper Negley, pitcher, captain for the coming season. Captain Negley is arranging his team purely on the basis of merit, and expects to have a bunch that will furnish some enjoyment for the 'varsity team. In an interview with a reporter the other day Captain Negley said, in speaking of the material, “Yes, they may be a little clumsy and awkward at first, but all the more chance for a demonstration of the truth of the theory of evolution; before the season is over I'll have everyone of those men transformed into a ball player.”

The base ball season opened with a practice game with the New Castle P. O. M. League team at New Castle on Thursday, April 18. Altho our team was defeated by the professionals 6 to 1, they all played in a style that promises to make a winning team with some practice. The game was slow and aside from a sensational catch by Grier, was lacking in any brilliancy whatever. Galligher occupied the box for the first five innings and deceived the New Castle batters in a way very satisfactory to the Westminster enthu-

siasts, allowing them but one hit. Calhoun finished the game in his old form. The lineup:

| WESTMINSTER.—1. | | | | | |
|-----------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Players. | R. | H. | P. | A. | E. |
| Scott, (Mgr) r. f. | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| McKay, 2d. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 |
| Deevers, s. | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Calhoun, 1st. and p. | 0 | 1 | 10 | 1 | 0 |
| Galligher, p. and 1st. | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Grier, l. f. | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Smith, m. f. | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| McCrory, c. | 0 | 1 | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Fisher, 3d. | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Totals..... | 1 | 5 | 24 | 9 | 6 |

NEW CASTLE—6.

| Players. | R. | H. | P. | A. | E. |
|-------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| McClafferty, m. f. | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Anderson, s. | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Eisenlohr, l. f. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Shettler, 2d. | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Lindeman, 1st. | 1 | 2 | 9 | 0 | 1 |

| | | | | | |
|--------------------|---|---|----|----|---|
| Kailey, r. f. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Hagan, 3d. | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Stanford, c. | 0 | 1 | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Carroll, p. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Viebahn, p. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Totals..... | 6 | 4 | 27 | 10 | 2 |

The Football Rules Committee has finished its work. The most important changes are as follows: The distance to be gained is ten yards in four downs; the forward pass is allowed; the number of players on the defensive line is reduced from seven to six; hurdling is prohibited, and penalties for rough play greatly increased. If, guided by these rules, the players, next season voluntarily play a clean game, football should continue to be a popular college sport.



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Ghosts of Memory.



IN the dusk of a Winter evening, when sitting alone in my room,
Pensively watching the firey coals, glowing like beacon lights in the gloom,
I am haunted by ghosts of memory, come from the days of yore;
Ghosts of my merry childhood; I scan each vision o'er.

I see a group of children beneath the oak tree's shade;
And one—my little playmate, years ago in the grave was laid.
Then my childhood's sweetheart comes back from the dim, sweet past,
Giving me candy and marbles—'tis years since I saw him last.

Then the dear old schoolmates come trooping without my call;
And the glad times we had together—now gone beyond recall;
And the girls whom I held dearest, in those happy, care-free days,
We are now a broken circle, and follow our separate ways.

But the ghost which haunts me more than all others, and gives me most exquisite pain,
Is the dream of days, full of sweetest pleasure, and thots of what might have been.
So much of happiness passes away, which we never appreciate;
Never know how dear it was, until it is ever too late.

Ah! those memories haunt me, thrill me with their well remembered bliss,
And a sad, yearning sorrow brings back all that I now miss.
And so I am haunted this evening, as I sit by my fire alone,
By memories so sweet and sad, all too familiar grown

Memories of hopes and ideals which I never realized,
And now when I see their vainness, I pay their due in sighs.
As the long procession passes, my heart sinks lower and lower,
With the weight of those vanished fancies, gone forever, yes evermore.

And as the glowieg coals turn gray and die out, one by one,
In my heart is a silent prayer, Oh, God, let my days be done;
Let my life pass away gently as the glowing coals turn gray,
And I shall sleep so sweetly, at the end of life's short day;
Sleep without remembrance of those dreams forever gone,
And never more be haunted by ghosts of deeds undone.

—N. G. K.; '07.

EARTHEN VESSELS.

PERSONALITY is the divinely ordained vehicle for the expression of truth. Ideas only find adequate expression when embodied in human personality. Ideals become potent factors in life, only when they are incarnated and their realization is personalized. When God wanted to reach and teach men, he sent his Son in the "likeness of men." "He became flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." He was God incarnate. His personality was the medium of God's revelation to man—the expression of the ideas and ideals of God for men.

Only as we see, and feel, and know the ideas of righteousness and peace, truth and mercy, wrath and compassion as embodied in Christ, can we understand and realize the character and purpose of God. The mission and messages of Jesus find expression in his life—in what he was and said, when in the likeness of men. It is thru this medium of his personality that God and the Gospel have taken such a hold on the hearts and lives of men.

It was in obedience to this same law that human personalities were designed to be the "earthen vessels" for the transmission of the Gospel. They were not merely to preach and teach it, they were "to be" it—to manifest it, and the mind and purpose of Christ as flame points, just as electric lights are the flame points of electrical power. In short, they were to be, as all people—"earthen vessels"—containing priceless treasures. It was in them that the gospel was to find its expression, and thru them it was to produce its impression

and show its power to the world.

This is but an illustration of the law governing all social, intellectual and moral growth. Ideas and ideals become potent only as they become incarnate in the personality of some individual. When God wants some great idea to find lodgement in the world he embodies it in a great personality, which shall be a fit "earthen vessel" for its communication. This great personality is the stimulus which touches gently the lives of others and awakens them to opportunities, to consciousness of duty, to splendid possibilities, to the fact that something within cries out for realization, something, which altho not dead, was dormant. Such was unmistakably the case of Abraham Lincoln, who so nobly sought to arouse the spirit of freedom for the oppressed in the hearts of the American people. Thus, the very personality of Abraham Lincoln stands out before all the world as a worthy symbol of freedom, and the equal rights of all men. He, thus became God's "earthen vessel," bearing the priceless treasure of idealized political freedom and equality to the world.

In the social world, influence is invested in personality. Every one is an "earthen vessel," bearing some influence that is to touch and mould the lives of others. Man is by nature an imitator. He imitates those about him in thought, speech and behavior. Fads fascinate him. Fashions dominate him, and his whole life is largely regulated by social conventionality. His very character is fashioned into the likeness of his associates. Unconsciously, friends leave the mark of their social aims and qualities upon us. Thru the intimacy and stimulus of companionship, ideas and

ideals are absorbed and become incorporated within us. The persuasive power of personality in the social world is recognized in every aim, as exerting an influence, from that in the lowest scale of motives, to that of the highest and holiest. Satan even transforms himself into an angel of light to fascinate and delude his victims; while Jesus of Nazareth summed up his ideas of discipleship in the commands, "follow me" — "abide with me."

In like manner, this same law of the communication of ideas thru personality, is one of the greatest factors in the process of education. The greatest teacher that ever lived laid down the fundamental principles of his educational process in the injunction "learn of me." No system of pedagogy is worth much which ignores the elements of personal contact and association, as a prime factor in the educational process. The child gets quite as much of the formative character of his education on the playground and on the street as he does in the schools. He is going to school all the time he is in contact with his fellow pupils.

Likeness, one of the most potent factors in college education is the assimilation of ideas that comes through the associations of the student body. It is the world in miniature, with its contests, codes of honor and ideals personalized. Every college student is being educated in the problems of life by his fellow students. It is the one great course, not down in the curriculum, which every student whether he will or no, elects to take.

A genuinely democratic school makes the best socially efficient citizens. For sake of its highest mission, it can afford to withstand aristocracy of color, sex, wealth, clique or mere intellectual brilliancy. Here

attention is directed toward the development of the many sided individuality. The striking personality is the one which finds many avenues of approach to his fellow-men. Unconsciously and instinctively these personal influences enter into and become a part of every student and leave an abiding impression upon his education.

Here, is the true teacher's great opportunity, not only to guide and train, but to leave the powerful impress of his personality upon his pupils. "The foremost teachers of the foremost nations, are the chief creators of the life that is to be." This life, pulsating and radiating from the soul of the teacher, is the life which shall kindle in the lives of those in his care, the light to lighten the world. He must have power to inspire others to their best but it is the power which leads, not forces, which strengthens the man. No small part of the value of a college education lies in bringing a man to the test of his bare personality. Some years ago, two small ferry-boats moved back and forth along the shores of a small lake. All the while they were clinging to a huge chain, along which they carefully felt their way. Turning toward the ocean, one could see the great ships gliding swiftly in direct courses, visiting the ends of the earth, guided by Heaven's stars, propelled by mighty engines. The first picture of the little boats in the lake is a picture of undeveloped personality, moving aimlessly between narrow limits or clinging helplessly to the chain of daily routine. The second is a picture of the well rounded personality; it swings round the world, guided by accurate and lofty ideals, driven by mighty inner engines of purpose.

This same law holds sway in the moral sphere. Moral ideas move and compel us to action, only as they become incarnate. 'Tis the lives we see which influence us. The best witnesses for the Christian religion are the Christians themselves. As in the heart and life of Frances Willard, the temperance cause found a resting place, so thru her as a "chosen vessel of God," it found a mighty channel of communication for this cause, "for God, for home and for every land."

In Theodore Roosevelt we behold one of the mightiest personalities which ever lived. He is a friend in time of need. He is a man of the "square deal," enemy to trusts. The personalities of few men in public life have made so profound an impression upon the American people as that of President Roosevelt. Today, he is enshrined in the hearts of the people as the very incarnation of strenuous righteousness and political integrity—a living embodiment of the "square deal" in business and in politics, of the sanctity of the home and of the loftiest ideals for the welfare of all the people.

Of the late Prof. Davidson it was said, "It is as a vessel of life at large that one ought to remember him." Of the whole-souled welcome of his outstretched hand, a friend remarked that, "His hand reached farther than any hand he had ever met with."

All are "earthen vessels"—freighted with a message and a mission—but of what? What is the cargo? To what does it give expression? What kind of influence does it radiate? What kind of contagion does it spread? For frail as are these "earthen vessels," their treasure is beyond

the dreams of material wealth, because influence may make or mar a life for eternity. Every frail craft has a treasure on board that is radiating an influence, that may kindle passions and vices that lead to destruction, or that may spread the contagion of a holy passion for God and good and "the power of an endless life."

MARY M. MCCALMONT, '06.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

THE salt mines are situated in a low range of mountains running roughly parallel to the Jhelum river and on its right side. The station on the railway is named Khewra—which we guessed to be the English corruption for "khawra," the native word for mine. This was a new word for us as well as "manda," the word for the big yard where the salt is stored, sorted and packed for shipment. We had an opportunity to examine this latter while a messenger went with a letter to get permission from the manager to visit the mine. The salt which is mined comes down a steep little valley, in small box-cars on a narrow-gauge railway, gravity being all the power needed, and the empty cars being pushed back by coolies. At the "manda" the chunks of rock salt are piled up under long sheds with curved corrugated metal roofs, and the huge heaps, red and pink and white, presents a very pretty appearance in the light of the sun. Here the large, clean pieces are sorted out and packed in sacks on small hand-cars, pushed down to the gates of the yard, where they are weighed and then shoved on and loaded into the large freight cars for shipment. The finer salt is sifted and

sorted into various grades by women and girls, and the refuse is carried off in baskets and dumped in great piles at the back of the shed, where it looks like old drifts of dirty snow blackened with soot and alternately melted and frozen and added to by subsequent snowfall. Every bit of salt which is taken out of the mine comes into this yard, where it is jealously guarded by strong stone walls, double iron gates and keen-eyed "babus" and officials with weighing machines and account books, and every coolie and workman is watched to see that he doesn't carry off even a handful of refuse "which has lost its savor and is cast out" but not "to be trodden under foot of men,"—so careful is the English government of its monopoly in salt. It is even said that sentries are stationed at various points among the hills to intercept marauders. Furthermore, besides making a fair profit in the sale of the salt, a heavy internal revenue is collected; and yet for all this salt is said to be cheaper than it ever was before the government assumed the monopoly of the salt business. Still it isn't as cheap as in America, or as it might be in India, and the tender kindness of British rule in India may be judged from the fact that, according to the opinion of physicians who ought to know, certain diseases which are common to some classes of the people are due to their being too poor to buy themselves sufficient salt to preserve health.

Soon the coolie whom we had sent off with a letter to the English superintendent of the mines, returned with the information that permission to visit the mine was granted and that a "trolley" would soon be in readiness for us to ride in. The trolley

was a little hand car with a long seat on each side, sufficient to accommodate six or eight persons. Enough of coolies, guides and helpers soon gathered around to escort several times as many people as we were, and after a short ride up the valley railway we came to the mouth of the mine, neatly arched up with a stone gateway and fitted with iron gates. Meanwhile we had given orders for Rs. 10 worth of fireworks with the aid of which we were to view the interior. We rode quite a distance into the mine along a fair sized corridor cut out of the solid salt rock. The walls and roof were all blackened with soot from lamps and torches near the entrance, but farther in the beautiful red and pink tints of the native salt began to show up and the crystalline faces of the rock glittered prettily in the light of the torches. Soon we came to enormous rooms into which the gallery expanded. The salt had been cut out above and below and on either side, to distances of hundreds of feet in each direction. None of these cavernous rooms was more than about 50 feet in width. Then a partition of 15 to 25 feet was left and another great room was cut out. Side galleries also led off from the main one, and we were told that there were other tunnels above us and on each side of us. A number of these big rooms were lighted up for our benefit with magnesium lights, paper balloons, etc., in order that we might gain some idea of their enormous size, and how the stairways and galleries ran along their sides for the workmen to reach the parts where the salt was still being cut away. Great piles of the broken rock were piled up in the main tunnel on each side of the track waiting to be carried out—enough

apparently to last Great Britain through a good many sieges, already mined and piled up there.

The most interesting and beautiful of the sights we saw was in one of the little side tunnels, which led us up hill and down and around we knew not where, until we came to a low, dark opening with a narrow bench like a window ledge at its edge where we were invited to sit. Suddenly the interior was lighted up with a red light, and it looked to us as though we were on the edge of a deep chasm, roofed over and glittering above and below with a thousand chandeliers and cut glass pendants. The strangest part was that there seemed to be a shimmering filmy veil stretched across through the middle of the grotto at our very feet. The sight was so sudden and dazzling that it was a few moments before the realization burst upon us that we were looking at a little underground lake of the clearest water roofed over with a dome of perfect natural salt crystals, and that what seemed to us the floor of the grotto was but the reflection of the beautiful roof above. The sight lasted only while the red light burned at the farther end, placed there by a coolie sent on in advance through some unknown passageway, and we were warned to retire before the fumes should reach us. We were then shown another smaller grotto without any water in it, where we could examine the crystals more at leisure and notice their tendency to form perfect cubes. We were allowed to take a few of the crystals away with us, which we cut off with our knives, as well as some of the stalactites, long hollow tubes of salt deposited at various places in the mine by dripping water. We were warned however

to keep these specimens where they would not be conspicuous about our person, for fear of confiscation by the authorities. We now came back to the main corridor and seated ourselves on the benches of our "trolley" and were pushed back to the mine entrance and were soon in the cool air and light outside. The miners have built themselves a quaint little village on the mountain side about the mouth of the mine, and their little rectangular houses set against the bank behind and opening out in the valley with usually a single door each reminds one of the cliff-dwellers and other strange tribes. We were soon whizzing off down the steep little winding track and after stopping once along the way to pay for our fireworks, arrived at the station and our reserved car, where our servant after a little had dinner ready for us.

HARRIS STEWART, '04.

STUDY HOUR.

OH, DEAR—here are all my lessons to get for tomorrow, and I don't feel a bit like studying. It's just criminal to make a person study when it's so nice out of doors. I don't see why a person can't enjoy themselves while they're young instead of having to grind, grind at horrid old lessons that will never help them one bit.

Well, here goes—Chemistry first, for it's the worst in the lot, Dear me—where is the lesson: I do believe I forgot to mark it. Let me see—did we finish aluminium yesterday? No—I don't remember about those reactions; still Prof. did put some stuff in those cute little glasses and something or other happened—well, I'll just leave Chem. till tomorrow and ask the

girls about it—someone will likely know where we begin.

I'll try French—well, if there don't go John and Isabelle, out strolling. I really don't see why some people come to college—all they seem to think about is having a good time. And there's Will and Mary—how can they waste their time that way—don't they ever study at all? Well, just wait until they flunk in two or three studies and maybe they'll wish they had worked a little. Some people are so stupid. They never seem to realize that they have been sent to college to improve their minds. I'm glad my mother taught me the importance of hard study and how—dear me, these awful irregular verbs. If I were a Frenchman I'd have all the verbs just alike. "Je dis"—that's present—"Je dis, je dis"—I'll never remember that in the wide world "je dis, je dis"—wonder what "dis" means—oh yes—to say—ther I suppose "jedis" means "I say"—Umph. I say, French is the biggest nonsense I ever saw. Why can't everybody talk English—it's lots easier. "Il disait"—"he was saying"—there that reminds me—Jim

promised me a game of tennis some day soon: I do hope he won't forget—"Nous disons"—"we say," Well if there isn't Anna out riding with Frank: they say he don't have much money—wonder how he can afford to take Anna out riding so often. If I were Anna I'd hate to have him spend so much money on me when, of course he can't afford it. Bet he don't pay his board bill. They say he smokes too—I wouldn't have a fellow who smokes. Well, I'm tired of French—guess, I'll try Psychology. I wish something had happened to that Porter before he wrote this book. Let's see "a subjective experience of the soul as animating an extended sensorium, usually more or less pleasurable or painful and always occasioned by some excitement of the organism"—wonder what it's all about, oh yes—about sensation—such dry stuff. Well, I'll have good lessons tomorrow and the other girls will flunk. I'm glad I have sense enough to spend my time profitably instead of—Oh, there's Jim now. Play tennis? Yes, indeed, just wait till I get my racquet. Who cares for lessons anyway? '07.



Ghosts of Chemistry.

[TRUE TO LIFE.]

'T WAS ten o'clock, all thro' the Hall
The lights had been turned off,
The darkness dim reigned over all,
One hardly dared to cough.

There came the sound of slippered feet,
And whisperings for "oil,"
"I've got to study like the deuce,
I'm due for midnight toil."

It was a time for business—
The night before exams,
Enough to kill you just to hear
About the awful crams.

One girl looked at the stacks of books,
And gasped in mere dismay;
Great terror shown in all her face,
Her lack did well betray.

She gathered up her chemistry,
 'Twas such a dreadful thing.
 She'd rather join the ministry,
 Or else the stage, and sing.

But such is life—she knew it was,
 So studied might and main,
 Until her head began to swell,
 It did so much contain.

She went to bed but not to sleep,
 She tossed this way and that;
 At last she snoozed a little bit,
 And dreamed she had flunked flat.

Soon after that before her eyes
 Some things began to pass;
 "Oh, heavens—spooks," she murmured low,
 And looks at them "en masse."

They trooped along in solemn state,
 It was a phantom crowd:
 They looked so ghostly and so queer,
 She almost cried aloud.

Oh, shades of the departed past!
 Oh, ancestors of yore!
 If chemistry you'd studied long,
 Be sure it is a bore.

The first one said in solemn tones:
 "I'm phosphorus pentachloride;
 Just heat me up a little bit,
 And then I will sublime.

The next one skipped and jumped along
 So very actively,
 And said it was potassium,
 Out on a little spree.

Another bustled up just then
 Well labelled SO_2
 While arm in arm marched KOH
 With HKCO_3 .

There were lots more of other kinds;
 Too many to relate,
 But they flocked past with quiet ranks
 In dignity and state.

At last there came some gunpowder—
 'Twas chemically pure—
 It tumbled on a lighted match
 And things went up, for sure.

S. B. M.

Editorial.



ONE of the chief elements of college education is the influence exerted over the character of the student by the incidental associations and the common life and spirit in the college. The college community is a little world by itself. The morals and habits of many students are shaped into a common code of living and become in return, an important influence in forming or reforming the character of the student. Eminating in various ways from undiscovered sources, these influences dominate the student's college career and continue throughout his life to mould his character, and shape his opinions. Each individual participant in this active life is learning ethical lessons which he cannot and would not forget. There is no better place for our youth to form permanently a fine moral manhood, and likewise, no place where evil influences, if such be present, much more easily leads him to degrade his manhood. How important then that the influences be such as would cultivate their manhood of the highest spiritual type.

There is a certain laxity of morals prevalent in our college today, which tho' a seemingly harmless cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, bodes no good either to the institution or to the individual student. One thing most noticeable and to which those in authority have more than once been constrained to refer, is the occasional tendency of one person to ap-

propriate the property of another. The disease exists in our school in various forms, the most virulent of which perhaps is "chicken-stealing." College exploits tend to become customs and college customs to enforce a peculiar sentiment which becomes positive law. And college law is fast coming to decree "chicken stealing" a lawful means of livelihood.

No case perhaps better illustrates the revolutionizing power of college customs over the opinions of the student. From infancy we have been taught "Thou shalt not steal." With what repugnance we shrink from a person in our community perhaps suspected of appropriating another man's poultry. Yet somehow after our first shudder at the report of a chicken hunt in college we come to doubt the universal application of the Moral Law and to understand judgment as suspended in college communities.

Yet the offender's sin is the same, the rights of his fellowmen equally sacred and eternal, and the deed a like violation of law. College license, if it be, cannot excuse the offense. Not only is it a degrading practice ill befitting a gentleman, but pernicious as well in that suspension of morals tends gradually to produce expulsion of morals.

No one is to blame for the existence of this condition more than another. It is a common error. For many while not

actually engaging in the practice or perhaps not encouraging it nevertheless fail to discourage it. Accordingly the responsibility of correction rests upon everyone. For sake of the impression upon our character and as well of the influence upon that of a fellow student may we not seek reform?

WITH the completion of the football rules for next year comes the consideration of the merits of the remedial measures adopted. The purpose of the changes on the whole seems to be to make the game more open and scattered and thus to avoid the dangers and evils of the mass plays. This means that the required qualities of the individual player will be speed, dexterity and quick head work instead of weight and mere brute strength. If this end is realized there can be no doubt but that it will have a beneficial effect, for the evils of the game heretofore have unquestionably resulted from the premium that has been put on brute strength and from the way it has been possible to use it.

The question now arises—will the changes in the rules make the game more open and scattered? The requirement of a gain of ten yards in four downs would in itself tend to do away with all mass and bunch plays for there would be little possibility of making such a gain by line bucking. The effect of this will be to make the

offensive team rely primarily upon end running; a style of play that is in itself open and scattered.

On the other hand it seems that the tendency to eliminate line bucking in this way will be defeated by the second change made by the committee, viz.—by reducing the defensive line from seven to six men. In the absence of the seventh man the defensive line will necessarily be made weaker and more scattered. The result of this, as is obvious, will be to increase the possibility for the team in offense to make the required gain by line bucking. Just what effect, however, these two rules will have on the game is a question that remains to be proven in their operation.

The effect of the forward pass will undoubtedly add to the likelihood that the game will be more open and scattered. And by the elimination of hurdling one of greatest sources of injury will be done away with. As to the increased penalties for rough play, the only benefit that can be expected will result from the games being made more open. In an open game the possibility for detecting rough play will be increased, and it will thus tend to do away with its practice. The increase in the penalty itself would contribute but little towards the elimination of rough playing.

We are of the opinion, however, that on the whole the changed rules offer possibilities for the elevation of the game sufficient to justify their trial.

LOCALS.

A WORD TO STUDENTS.

You have been asked to patronize our advertisers, but we want you to do more than this. When you patronize them make it known that you are a Westminster student. Otherwise they will think they are not getting any return for the money paid for advertising in college books and papers. An instance we know of, an advertiser who objected to continuing an "ad" because it brought him no returns, when, as a matter of fact, three students had made purchases of him that day. Do not let this occur again. Wear your college colors for the benefit of the Holcad.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

The members of the Senior class will be the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson on May 18th.

Mr. Thomas Z. McClure, a former member of the class of '08 died of typhoid fever at McKeesport, on May 8. He was buried from the home of his grandfather, Mr. Thos. Cox who lives south of town.

The Commencement exercises of the New Wilmington High School were held on May 8. The graduating class, consisting of 31 members was the largest in the history of the school. Mr. S. K. Cunningham, '07, is the principal.

The Young People's Society of the 2nd U. P. church entertained the college students on Thursday evening, May 10. A high class literary and musical program was rendered and every one present spent a very enjoyable evening.

The friends of Miss Margaret Bell were sorry to learn of her illness on account of which she was forced to give up her school work for the rest of the year. Encouraging news has, however, been received from her parents and it is hoped that she may soon recover from her nervous break-down.

The 12th annual contest of the Tri-State Oratorical Association was held at Bethany College, West Virginia on May 8. Mr. W. F. Rotzler was our representative. He tied with the representative of Allegheny College for third place. The first place was taken by Geneva and the second by Muskingum.

The Westminster College Annual, the Argo, will be out shortly after this edition of the Holcad. The book will be first class in every particular and one worthy of any college. The class of '07 has put forth every effort to make this annual a success in every sense of the word. All students and alumni should show their loyalty to Westminster and appreciation of the efforts of '07 in a substantial way. Everyone should have a copy of "The Argo."

The mission study classes and their friends held a rally in Adelphic Hall, Thursday evening, April 26th. At this meeting Prof. Grier gave a very instructive as well as entertaining address on the Egyptian Soudan, relating some of his observations and experiences while in that country. After a short program the rest of the evening was spent in a social time. Candy, nuts and lemonade were served as refreshments. This ended the mission classes for the present year. There were three classes each with an average attendance of twelve.

The new committees are now making careful preparations for next year's course with the hope that many more will take up this important work.

Work while it is called day, for the night of examinations is soon coming.

The Sophomore class at their meeting on May 10th voted to issue an Argo in their Junior year. One week was given the members to consider the staff, which will be chosen at the next meeting.

The Leagoreans entertained the Adelphicc Monday night, May 7th at a May party. Miss Nellie McAuley was chosen and crowned Queen of the May. Dainty refreshments were served during the evening in Leagorean Hall.

The Y. W. C. A. girls had a sale of home made candy in Leagorean Hall. Saturday morning, May 5th and cleared over eight dollars. Any one desiring boxes of candy may leave orders with the committee which will be found posted in the college hall.

The hall girls were surprised one morning when they arose to find their board walk scattered over the campus. Some friends had evidently overheard their complaining and decided to lend a helping hand. A report is abroad, however, that they shall be compelled to use the drive until after commencement.

On Thursday evening, April 19th, the senior hall girls were royally entertained by Miss Brownlee. During the early part of the evening the Misses Donaldson and Melville played a very pretty piano duet after which cards with questions were

passed around. Miss Brownlee then read the questions while the girls guessed the answers. Miss Douthett received the prize, a beautiful little plate for having guessed the answers correctly. The guests were later taken to the music hall, where lunch tables were tastefully set, decorated with daffodils. Daffodils were also painted on the place cards. The refreshments were elaborate and daintily served. The time after refreshments was spent in conversation and altogether the guests passed a delightful evening.

At a union meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. held May 1st in the college chapel, Miss Zella Mitchell gave an interesting address on the condition of Egyptian Women. Miss Mitchell spent some time in the country and so was familiar with the subject by personal observation and experience.

The meetings of the Tetro-Lectic club have been very interesting and helpful this year. During the last month there have been two meetings. The first under the supervision of Miss Douthett and Mr. McCown was a great success. The program, which was a study of Poe and his works was excellent. The program of the last meeting took up another of our American poets—Longfellow. After the programs the members of the club and visitors enjoy a social time together playing games and talking. These meetings are not only a pleasure but also afford an excellent opportunity for becoming better acquainted with our school companions. There are only two more meetings this year, at which new members must be chosen and initiated.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.

DR. CAMPBELL in history class—Keep your mouth shut! You might put your foot in it.

Eva Henderson translating in German—If you were dead as I am—.

Mr. Salisbury—That is legal according to law.

Miss McMaster—I'm on for a declaration in society next Monday night.

Alice Philipps when asked if she took McCall's magazine replied, "No, Ach takes it."

When Mr. Christie was asked if he were going to the Second church social, he answered, "Indeed I am, that's where I got my start last fall."

Miss Clara Dickey—My John has too much money.

Miss Ethel Finney translating in Greek—The end of every man's life is death even if he keep himself shut up in a room.

Professor Grier—Miss Finney, what does that mean?

Miss Finney—Why when a man dies that's the end of his life. Oh! I mean he can't do anything after he is dead.

Dr. Campbell to Miss Dickey—Miss Dickey who is your man?

Miss Dickey—Mirabeau.

Dr. Campbell—Your beau?

Prof. Freeman in chemistry class—How can I obtain—Miss Eleanor Clark?

Miss Wray—I don't like anyone in the room except a man when I am getting my pictures taken.

Mr. Donaldson when consoled because Miss Knox had so many studies and so few vacant hours—Well I guess she is capable of it.

Don't you think Leu is getting fat?

Ella—I don't know.

Leu—Oh I'm with her so much that she doesn't notice it.

Father—It's a good thing to have a son at college whom you can depend on.

Stranger—Can you depend on yours?

Father—Yes, to write home for money every month.—Ex.

Miss B. to Miss F.—I think all the girls, who haven't cases should be allowed out after supper.

Miss F.—Um, I don't.

Mr. Bell reading a love passage from Chaucer—I don't see any sense in that.

Prof. Hewetson—You don't see any sense in love? Well I won't say what I think but I have my own ideas.

Mabel Henderson when called Friday evening:—Why, Robert, what does this mean? I don't understand!

Robert.—Go down and you will probably find out.

Mr. McCrory.—When I die people will probably say that my life was only a joke. (Irish.)

At the Leagorean-Adelphic party the boys were asked to vote for the prettiest girl in the room. Mr. Schwarz surely did not appreciate the fair sex as he voted for himself.

Dr. Campbell confessed in sociology that when he was out west he drank "water red as blood."

Prof. Grier:—Please translate this sentence into Greek, "Having had three heads cut off they ran away."

Prof. McElree:—What is the opposite of easy?

Miss Gailey:—Uneasy.

Mr. Paxton, after the ball game at Slippery Rock:—You can talk to the girls over there, even without an introduction.

Mr. Brown:—How far is it to Slippery Rock?

A puzzler for Prof. Freeman.—Senior discussing the coming commencement.—I will certainly dissolve baccalaureate evening. What can I get to reprecipitate a Senior again from a solution of $\text{NaCl} + \text{H}_2\text{O}$?

Bill Everhart and Pat in the following story are alike;—Pat, Mike and Dennis were down in the trench digging a drain.

"Heigho," said Mike, "phwat wud ye do, Denny, me bye, if yez had a million dollars?"

"Phwat would I do, is it? Well, I'll tell ye; sure the first thing'd be wan av thim uttermobiles, and the next'd be a big diamon' in me shirtfront. Phwat'd you be afther doin', Mike?"

"I think the first thing, Denny, I'd buy th' owld woman a grand house, a fine dress, and meself a new pipe and a fast horse. Phwat wud ye be doing, Pat?"

"Well, I'll tell ye," replied Pat, thoughtfully. "I'd go to the finest hotel I could find, rent the best room in the house? and then I'd go to bed and tell 'em to call me at six in th' mornin'."

"And phwat'd ye be doin' at six in th' mornin' wid a million dollars?" inquired the puzzled Mike. "Well," replied Pat, "I'd wait till they'd come and knocked in

me durr, and then I'd yell: Go to th' divil—I don't have t' get up!"

ALUMNI.

R. C. McKELVEY.

Homer Metz, '05, is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. R. W. Veach, '89, of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. A. M. Phillips.

Rev. J. A. Alexander, '86, of Grafton, Pa., paid a short visit to his mother during the early part of the month.

Clyde Acheson, '03, has obtained a professorship in the Preparatory department at Johns Hopkins University.

H. Donaldson, '02, has received a hospital appointment in Philadelphia where he has been studying medicine.

Roy Neville, '02, was in town visiting a short time ago. R. N. Grier, '01, and M. M. Edmundson, '01, were recently admitted to the bar.

We are happy to note that Rev. P. H. Yourd is rapidly recovering from his attack of typhoid and will soon be able to resume his work at the Seminary.

Rev. C. T. Littell and wife, nee Bertha M. Black, both of the class of '95 are visiting at the home of Rev. and Mrs. S. M. Black.

Miss Margaret McLaughry, '78, has returned from an extended trip to Europe. While she was abroad Miss McLaughry frequently wrote articles on the scenes and

customs of the Old World for the Christian Herald and other papers which were exceedingly interesting and were thoroughly enjoyed by her many friends in this locality. She is now at her old home in New Wilmington.

Edward N McElree, '71. of Homestead is suffering from congestion of the lungs. His father, Dr. E. N. McElree, left New Wilmington, Monday, May 14, to visit him. His many friends here hope for his speedy recovery.

Thomas Z McClure, a former student of Westminster, died at the home of his mother, Mrs Foster, near McKeesport, Monday night, May 7. His death was the sequence of a prolonged attack of typhoid. He was nineteen years old and was a well known and popular young man in this community. The remains were brought to the home of his grandfather, Thomas W. Cox, on Wednesday, May 9, the funeral taking place on Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment was at Fair Oaks. The students of the College extend their sympathy to the relatives and friends who mourn.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

J. W. ACHESON.

CASE and Western Reserve of Cleveland, Ohio, are considering combining their athletics.

By a vote of nine to fifteen the directors of Harvard University have decided in favor of continuing football next season.

Dr. Frank Lester Ward has accepted the appointment to the chair of sociology at Brown University. Professor Ward has

been ranked as the greatest sociologist in America. He will enter upon his duties in September.

Caroll D. Wright, president of Clark University, says that a three years college course, entitling a graduate to the A. B. degree, if athletics and waste of time in preparation for examinations are eliminated.

What is a college? This is the question the trustees of the Carnegie fund for pensioning retired college professors have had to decide. According to them a college must have at least six professors giving their entire time to instruction, with a course of four full years in the arts and sciences, and with the usual academic preparation.

The fifth international chess competition for the collegiate trophy presented by Professor Isaac L. Rice, resulted in a draw, each side scoring three points. The English contestants were from Oxford and Cambridge, and those from America represented Brown, Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania. The contest was conducted by cable, one team playing from London and the other from New York. As the Oxford and Cambridge players were the holders of the trophy, they will hold it for another year.

The American Athletes have attained such a lead over the representatives of other nations of the world that it makes them certain victors of the Olympic games. of 1906, held in the old city of Athens. The American team was crippled because of the fact that many of our best athletes in our universities could not leave their work long enough to go. At the present

time the Americans have scored 56 points against Sweden's 24 and England's 14. It is the general opinion that the American team is the best all-round athletic combination in the world.

Every one will be glad to know that the beautiful and costly buildings of the Leland Stanford University, situated thirty-three miles south of San Francisco, were not totally destroyed as was at first reported, but were only marred. All of the twelve low buildings, making the inner quadrangle, are standing. The church built by Mrs. Stanford in memory of her husband, the memorial arch, the gymnasium and the power house were destroyed. President Jordan estimates the money loss at \$4,000,000.

College educators in general are watching the progress of Princeton's preceptorial system. Several prominent instructors have already spoken enthusiastically of the success of the system. By the recruiting of their faculty with fifty new instructors they have sought to reproduce some of the personal contact between student and teacher, the possession of which renders the small college better able to lay the foundation for an education. President Wilson of Princeton in his annual report of the board of trustees, says: "We are trying to get away from the idea of the old system of lectures, that a course in any subject consists of a particular teacher's lectures or the conning of a particular textbook, and to act upon the very different idea that a course is a subject of study to be got up by as thorough and extensive reading as possible outside the class-room; that the class-room is merely a place of test or review, and that lectures, no matter how

authoritative the lecturer, are no more than a means of directing, broadening, illuminating or supplementing the student's reading."



ATHLETICS.

J. F. SHRADER.

J. Franklin Brown has kindly submitted the following account of the Relay meet at Philadelphia.

There had been a great deal of talk pro and con in the College concerning what should be done in respect to the Philadelphia Track meet. April 25th Athletic Association decided that they would send and support a team to Philadelphia. Although Captain Marks had been sick for two weeks prior to the meeting, but as he was improving it was decided to send the team.

Wednesday, the 25th, the trials were run by ten contestants and the following four made the best time, Lambie, Brown, Mitchell and McKay. Friday, the 28th, the team left for the East in care of Trainer McDonald and Manager Cochran, and accompanied by four rooters. The team with Captain Marks presented itself on time at Franklin Field, "University of Pennsylvania," Saturday afternoon.

The contestants in Westminster's class were Dennison University, Washington & Jefferson, George Washington and Villanova. At the scratch were Brown, Mitchell Marks and Lambie to run in the order named, with McKay in citizen's clothes.

After the pistol had been fired and Brown was running the first quarter, it was said that Lambie could not run as he had been protested. Captain Marks in-

formed the official that they had no one else in uniform and he was told he could not run Lambie, and would have to run one of his men two laps. But he decided to run McKay if possible, and while Mitchell and Marks were making good time around the track, McKay was hurried onto the track, with the assistance of McDonald and Sands, appearing at the scratch ten seconds before Marks reached it.

Washington and Jefferson's man having a big 10 yard lead. McKay was unable to catch him and finished second, having gained several yards on his man. If Lambie had been permitted to run, and Marks had not been sick, Westminster would have been an easy winner. As only three out of the five contestants ran no second prize was given.

Monday and Tuesday were spent at Washington, D. C. The Capitol and all Government Buildings were visited by the party and Mt. Vernon, the home of Washington, was also visited by a few.

Wednesday morning the team arrived home in good condition.

Since the last issue of the HOLCAD the baseball team has taken part in four contests and altho they were victorious in none they demonstrated that under favorable circumstances they were able to play the game.

In the first of the two games with Sharon on April 27th our team went to sleep at the beginning of the first inning and didn't wake up until the close of the ninth. After staying awake long enough to find out that the score was 14 to 2 they retired to the hotel and spent the rest of the evening and night in peaceful slumber.

They arose the next day in time for the game and seemingly were much refreshed and invigorated both from their rest and the experience of the day before, for in this game they took a brace and played as good, snappy ball and showed equally as much ability as their opponents of the League team species. They sprung a surprise on the Sharonites by making what looked before like an easy victory, a close contest and one that called out of the leaguers, the best they had in them to make it a victory at all. Every man on the team played the kind of ball that all Westminster enthusiasts know they are able to play and as a result they closed the game with the altogether satisfactory score of 5 to 2.

On April 21st we met the W. U. P. team on our field in the midst of a violent rain and wind storm. They succeeded in keeping the ball above ground for five innings but finally lost it in the mire and quit. The score at the close of the fifth inning was 12 to 2 in favor of the visitors. The game was opened with Galligher in the box, but at the close of the third inning he was forced to give place to Grier on account of a sore arm.

On May 2nd with all our regular team on the field and with Galligher in the box, our team held the fast W. & J. aggregation to the close score of 4-2. The game thru-out was close and not until the close of the ninth inning was the victory sure for either team. The game was attended by a fair-sized, enthusiastic crowd which gave life and confidence to the teams. Line up:

| W. & J. | R. | H. | P. | A. | E. |
|--------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Hupp, m..... | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Wright, l..... | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| James, c..... | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Springer, 1st..... | 0 | 2 | 16 | 1 | 0 |

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ward, r..... | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Ramsey, s. s..... | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| Duffy, 2nd..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 |
| Dougan, 3rd..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Henning, p..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 6 | 0 |

| | | | | | |
|-------------|---|---|----|----|---|
| Totals..... | 4 | 8 | 27 | 15 | 0 |
|-------------|---|---|----|----|---|

| WESTMINSTER | | | | | |
|-------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| | R. | H. | P. | A. | E. |
| Scott, r..... | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| McKay, 2nd..... | 0 | 1 | 4 | 3 | 0 |
| Deevers, s s..... | 1 | 1 | 7 | 1 | 2 |
| Calhoun, 1st..... | 1 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Smith, m..... | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Grier, l..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| McCrory, c..... | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Fisher, 3rd..... | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| Gallagher, p..... | 0 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Totals..... | 2 | 6 | 27 | 12 | 2 |

Y. M. C. A.

SUCH earnestness is shown in the regular Tuesday evening meetings that not only have they benefited all who attended, but they cannot fail of having an indirect effect for good on the student body. Now that the beautiful spring weather has come, and the ball field and creek will tend to attract on Tuesday evenings, we plead for a more general attendance.

The mission classes closed the year's work with a social at which Mr. Cleland, chairman of the missionary committee, outlined the work decided on for the next year. He said the committee had already chosen leaders and decided on books for study.

Our president has returned to us refreshed and strengthened and bringing many new ideas from the conference of presidents held at Gettysburg, Pa.

The Association is considering the sending of a delegation of at least four or five men to the Lakeside conference this summer.

MUSIC AND ART.

EMILY REDMOND.

The Art classes have been making rapid progress lately and some very fine work has been done.

"The art which is grand and yet simple is that which presupposes the greatest elevation both in artist and in public."

Miss Hodgens has been working on some very beautiful cups and saucers. One dozen are done in the same design and the other half dozen in odd designs. Some of the odd designs are very beautiful.

Miss Snodgrass is still doing cups and saucers and has some dainty ones almost finished.

Miss Allen has done two very fine water color studies, one a Venitian scene and the other a basket of fruit. The basket of fruit is especially fine.

Miss Broad has done a Venitian scene, and a vase of roses. Both the roses and the surf scene are very well done.

Miss Smith has finished a study of apples and is now working on a pretty landscape. The apples are especially worthy of mention.

Miss Sloss is doing a fine cluster of grapes.

Miss Mitchell is working on a pretty landscape.

A recital was given by the music students of the vocal department in the college chapel on May 10th. The numbers were very fine and beautifully rendered. Those who sang are Misses Ethel Finney, Irene Galbreath, and Mary McCalmont and Messrs Wm. Donaldson, Arthur Henderson and Raymond Miller.

The musical given given for the benefit of the Athletic Association was a very enjoyable affair. The programme was excellent.



Rev. Robert Gracey Ferguson, D. D., LL. D.

The Holcad.

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No. 10.

A Glimpse of the Orient.



A STRANGER in the Orient is continually struck by the marked changes in national characteristics which occur in remarkably short distances. Even a mountain range or a broad river seems sufficient barrier to separate a distinct people. The natives of Constantinople, Damascus and Omdurman may be well studied as types of eastern life.

The Syrian shepherds of two thousand years ago sang the praises of Mt. Zion for its beauty of situation. So also the Turk of today boasts of his capital city, nor does the author of *The Prince of India* or the tourist who in the winter season visits the city, find any ground to differ with him. Built on the shores of two continents, divided by the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, enclosing the sweet waters of Europe and Asia, facing to the west the sea of Marmosa with its golden islands, to the east the Euxine, Constantinople is truly the gem of the Orient. In natural beauty no city boasts of superiority, there is none to claim even equality.

While far out in the sea which lies between the Hellespont and the Bosphorus the traveller sees the glitter from the long slender minarets which mark the following

of the false prophet. As the ship steams nearer the domes of the great mosques come into view, then the towers on the city walls and the walls themselves. To his right is Asia, to his left Europe; lying about him in great slopes of green extending down to the water's edge is the city of a million souls. He has read and heard of its beauty, he has never before known it. He feels the insufficiency of words to tell what his eyes have seen to be true.

Yet this vision of beauty is marred, not by any flaw, any defect of nature, but by the truth imprinted on the faces of men women and children, that in all this vast multitude there is scarcely a happy life. Behind the great walls of the palace, under guard of ten thousand picked men, lives the subtle tyrant who holds in his grasp their happiness and never relinquishes it. Here is a city of oppression. Telephones, typewriters, bicycles are forbidden by law; there is no postal delivery, almost no means of transportation; the introduction of machinery or western arts is illegal; even books are discountenanced and the censor forbids Shakespeare as Macbeth teaches the murder of kings. All the beauty is seen from without, within there are no evidences of a department of public works,

the streets are narrow, crooked, paved in cobble stones, and infested with dogs, yellow dogs, dogs which sleep always—except at night. The general public walk around the canine holds the right of way.

Two friends are talking together quietly on the street, and an officer orders them to separate and speak louder. Some one is heard to call the name of the Sultan: if he shortly after disappears no one doubts nor questions the cause. At the island of Nitylene lies at anchor the Turkish fleet under orders to approach no nearer than one hundred miles to Constantinople lest the sailors mutiny and bombard the city. Under similar orders is the Sultan's private yacht. Conceive the peace and tranquillity of this the capitol city of the Ottoman Empire!

More eastern in its civilization and less accessible to tourists is the city of Damascus. When Naaman of old deigned to go down to the land of Israel he felt that in leaving his native city he was journeying from the Garden of Eden. Little wonder after leaving the land of the Abana and the Pharpar, cool, crystal, mountain streams he loathed to dip himself in the hot, muddy waters of the Jordan.

As the traveller descends the east side of the Lebanons spread out before him is a beautiful plateau, a valley of poplars and olive trees, a broad border of green about the city of Damascus. To his left rising up from the level land is snow capped Hermon. To the Syrian of the plains and the desert this is the Garden of Eden, to the American from the land of green fields and forests it is only beautiful, a reminder of home, a relief after the gray waves of the ocean.

The historic Abana divides the city. It is the breadth of a stone's throw and on either bank are long lines of cafes where the host with his flowing robe of yellow and streaming turban, white or if he has visited Mecca green, serves his guests with coffee and entertains him as he sits by the hour and smokes his "hubble-bubble."

Damascus is famed for its bazaars and the typical eastern dress of its people. Since it is not on the sea coast the West seems as yet scarcely to have entered here. Their dialect differs from that of the coast fifty miles distant. They pride themselves on their peculiar civilization, one of ease and comfort, and they hate the foreigners who bring with them dress and customs which are new. Here is the "Street called Straight." In comparison with some of the others it might be so called but it is nevertheless sufficiently crooked for an American to become lost in it. Here too is the place where Paul was let down from the wall and again where he saw his vision of the Master. For the convenience of tourists this latter scene which a few years ago was pointed out five miles from the city limits has been moved within the walls.

Many Biblical scenes in Palestine have been so transposed to bring them in the line of tourists. Many more are pointed out in several different places so it is not strange that the visitor attaches little sacredness to them. Even our guide in Jerusalem when pointing out to us the exact location of the center of the earth, which was also the tomb of our common relative Adam, remarked that he, like Thomas had doubt and while he felt certain that this was the earth's center he was some-

times dubious as to whether Adam's funeral took place just here. Only the Geography remains the same; no one doubts the Abana or Mt. Hermon, so no one believes the believes in the position of Naaman's house on the "street called Straight."

A much lower type of civilization (if indeed it can be called by such a term) is that of the forlorn and wretched city, built where the river Nile divides into the Blue and the White, fifteen hundred miles south from the Delta. It is Omdurman, the capital of the Dervish Empire before the coming of the English army eight years ago. There under the scorching sun of the tropics, on the burning sand of the desert are the hovels of a people at that time numbering a quarter of a million.

A great empire had suddenly sprung up. At its head was an enthusiast, a religious fanatic who called himself the "Savior." He conceived the idea of banding together the tribes and with his cohorts of untutored, uncivilized men he pushed out the foreigner and after three thousand years of foreign rule regained the Sudan for the black man.

Then began the building of his city which was to maintain his power and forever defy the armies of the north and west. Fortified by a thousand miles of desert sand, he would make his position doubly strong behind the walls of a new city and stronghold. By force he massed together men from every tribe far and near, bringing slaves even from Uganda. Then began the building of the city.

Six miles along the river front, three back over the sand of the desert it extended. He forbade that the houses be made larger than tombs that the people might

constantly be reminded of death. They were built without roofs for there were no trees for beams, without doors or windows save holes in the mud walls. In a few days the immense city of mud was completed. There was scarcely a tree or a plant in its borders, not a garden spot, nor a patch of green. Everywhere was the sand of the desert. There was no sanitation, no order; men built anywhere; it could hardly be said that the city had streets. About it all was a broad wall of mud and the "Savior," as he proclaimed himself, believed, in his innocence of the West and civilized arts, that Omdurman was impregnable. To the implements of war to which he had been used perhaps it was.

So Omdurman stands today, an immense city of mud hovels—vacated now, for the people for the most part have returned to their tribes. But the walls of the city and the houses remain, a monument to the unenlightened tyranny and barbarism which was the condition in the land of the black man until within two years of the close of the nineteenth century.

'02.



SIX HOURS UNDERGROUND.

AT Mammoth Hotel we prepared for a trip through Mammoth Cave by donning the queer paraphernalia needed to scramble easily and without danger among the rocky underground caverns. This customary preparation puts us all in a happy mood and makes us eager for exploration and uncanny experiences. The pathway leading from the hotel to the mouth of the cave also interests and delights us, but these feelings are soon changed to one of mystery

as we descend the winding steps leading to the only entrance of the cave and at length stand before the great iron gates which guard the vestibule. On the left of the vestibule a waterfall some forty feet high emerges from a ledge of rocks, sparkles for a moment in the sunlight and then sinks into the ground and thence through dark, unknown courses.

Here we bid farewell to the outside world and follow the guide into the opening known as Hutchins' Narrows because Hutchins is said to have chased a wounded bear into this and thus to have discovered the greatest of caverns. Since then the cave has been explored and patiently cleared, until now we can wander about with comparative ease. We have not gone far until dense darkness surrounds us, broken only by the flickering lights of the lanterns scattered throughout the company. At first this passage-way is high and broad but gradually the walls become closer and the ceiling lower, until we must stoop as we pass along. With the aid of our dim lights, we notice on both sides of the path high piles of stones, silent monuments of the toil of the early miners.

We follow this path down a slight grade into a large hall, which our guide announces is the Rotunda. Here he calls our attention to the immense arch rising sixty feet above us and forming a ceiling unsupported by pillar of any kind. This hall is immediately under the hotel which we have left but a few minutes before. As the Bengal lights burn brightly, we notice the junction of the two great avenues of the cave, leading out in different directions into deep gloom. Since it is the winter season we also see on the roof and walls of the Rotunda thousands of bats, giving rise

to the other name—Battery Hall. Here too is pointed out one of the large crude vats, used by the early miners in obtaining lime nitrate.

We then leave the Rotunda, turn to our right and follow Audubon Avenue past a large hall on our left until we come to the Sentinel, the lone stalactite which guards the entrance to Olive's Bower. The waters which first fashioned this beautiful stalactite still continue to drip, forming numerous smaller stalactites about its base which appears when lighted as an ornament of brilliant hue.

But the Sentinel is the end of our walks in this direction for here we turn and retrace our steps to the Rotunda and into the Main Cave. We follow along an avenue with high memorial piles on either side, pass the Church, a great hall where religious services are said to have been held in 1812, and finally after many turns through the now wide and now narrow path, leave the Main Cave and climb the stairs to Booth's Amphitheatre. Here Booth is said to have rendered Hamlet to his fellow-explorers. Now we pass to Gothic Avenue at the far end of which are found numerous beautiful stalactites—Wilkins' Arm-Chair, Pompey and Caesar, The Pillar of Hercules and others.

Beyond these we come to the Bridal Altar made up of three stalactites; one the officiating clergyman and the other two a happy couple. This altar suggests to our faithful pilot the much told story of a wedding in this place of a girl who had promised her mother that she would never marry a man on the face of the earth. He immediately, however, calms any fear we might have of the occurrence of a similar catastrophe, by saying that although

twelve weddings have already occurred, the authorities have since forbidden them because marriage was being run into the ground.

We now again retrace our steps and return to the main cave. After walking only a short distance beyond Gothic Avenue entrance, we find the Standing Rocks—large blocks of limestone which have fallen from the ceiling and remained fixed on their edges. Then we come to a remarkable feature of interest, discovered by mere accident. The party advances while one guide remains behind and makes an illumination. Immediately the statue of Martha Washington with her colonial dress and distinguished profile appears before us. Although this object is but an illusion, still we gaze upon it with a feeling of awe and enjoyment because of its very human aspect. Just beyond this, close to the right wall of the cave, our attention is directed to a large block of limestone, the shape of a casket and therefore known as the Giant's Coffin. The measurements of this immense rock are about forty-five feet in length, twelve to fifteen feet in width and eighteen feet in height, with a weight of over two thousand tons. Its fall disclosed the way to the pits and domes which we shall later explore.

Shortly after we pass the Giant's Coffin, our guide informs us that we will now see the cutest thing in the cave. Eagerly we peer forward into the darkness but find on our approach that here the avenue turns suddenly to the left, forming an acute angle of about sixty degrees. From here the cave is seen by an illumination in both directions and impresses us with its enormous size. Winding around this angle

we soon come by a rough, rocky path to the two stone houses where some consumptives in search of relief once lived. Two lived in the stone houses and the others in tents, but where they lived in tents the suffering was all the more intense.

Passing these rude stone huts, the monuments of suffering and vain hope, we come to what may be considered the crowning glory of this route—the Star Chamber. The guide orders all the party to be seated and the lights to be put out, and then directs our attention to the ceiling of manganese dioxide with snow crystals of gypsum. As we gaze the roof gradually takes the form of a sky full of twinkling stars, which afterwards become concealed by the approach of a storm. Then the guide leaves us with orders to watch closely the dawn of morning. Now dense, oppressive darkness envelopes us, but in a few minutes we hear the welcome footsteps of our guide, and as he draws nearer with his lantern, see the sun slowly appearing in the east.

From the Star Chamber we return to the Giant's Coffin and descend back of it down a narrow, stony passage through a low arch known as Dante's Gateway to the Infernal Regions. We pass on down a series of steps, until we come to a large bowl-shaped room called the Wooden Bowl. Now we are safely started on the low, irregular way to the Pits and the Domes. Just at the foot of a short hill we see the first underground water, Richardson's Spring. Here some of the party stop and drink. Beyond this spring, on the right, is discovered Side-saddle Pit, so called because of its resemblance to a side-saddle. Just above it rises Minerva's Dome with its walls beautifully fluted and scored.

Then we come to the Bridge of Sighs which crosses the Bottomless Pit. With the aid of magnesian light we look into the pit but can not see bottom, although we know there is one as we can hear the sound of the falling waters. Rising from the bottom of this pit straight above us to a height of one hundred and forty-five feet, is Shelby's Dome. After crossing the Bridge of Sighs we note an enlargement of the avenue and the numerous large blocks of limestone. This place is known as Reveler's Hall, beyond which we visit Resonator's Hall where two avenue's meet.

But our path now leads us through the tortuous channel named Fat Man's Misery. The walls of this serpentine path are about eighteen inches apart while the average height is only five feet. The channel changes its direction eight times in the two hundred and thirty-six feet of its length. In the latter part of its course the roof drops down and the floor comes up until tall men as well as fat men are in misery, but we all press on until at last we emerge into "Great Relief," a room where we may straighten ourselves and enjoy a full breath. From here we pass through a broad, high avenue to River Hall, where the back water of Echo river reach when they are highest. We are disappointed in being denied a ride on that wonderful underground stream, and the walks through the beautiful halls and grottos because of the height of the water, which cuts short our exploration in this direction.

Turning back we walk through a long rough avenue, up-grade and down, until we finally reach what some consider the the most beautiful sight of all--Mammoth Dome. We enter this place midway be-

tween the roof and floor, and descend by a ladder to near the base of the dome. Now we view the spacious dome—four hundred feet in length and one hundred and fifty feet in width. Over it falls a cataract one hundred and fifty feet high, down to the jagged rocks beneath. The waters have cut and scored the walls into many beautiful figures. If time permitted we should be content to remain and study more closely this wonderful dome which calls forth so much admiration, but we must now start back on the return trip to the mouth of the cave. By steep grades we come to Bandit Hall, hidden among a confusion of rocks. Then one by one we climb from rock to rock two hundred feet up through the winding, intricate corkscrew. Emerging from this we follow the vanishing lights of our company back to the rotunda, and thence soon to the mouth of the cave, where we take one last farewell of the dark caverns with a hope that we may again some day visit their wonders and beauties.

ADA C. PARK, '08.

COACHING A TEACHER.

I.

WHEN Miss Gibson entered the car, it was already well filled. As she passed along, looking for a seat, her eyes fell upon a plain looking young lady sitting alone. Miss Gibson took the empty seat, disposed of her traveling bag, unfastened her furs, and made herself comfortable. The young lady beside her kept her eyes upon the everchanging landscape, now robed in white. The snow was still falling gently as it had been doing for many hours.

After riding a time in silence, Miss

Gibson opened the conversation with her companion, whom she informed of her destination. She was a Senior at Morleigh College, and was now returning to that institution after the Christmas vacation. She was not a little surprised to find that her new acquaintance, whose name was Miss White, was also on her way to the same place.

Miss Gibson, upon learning this fact, employed herself in describing the college life and customs at Morleigh, dropping little hints which she thought would be of use to the simple little Freshman.

At the station many friends came up to greet her, and she had just time to politely say to Miss White that she hoped they would meet again.

II.

The room was one of the prettiest and cosiest in the large dormitory. Two girls were sitting by an old fashioned fire place, talking of their vacation, and making plans for the future. Everything in the room showed comfort and even luxury. Book-cases, sofas, writing tables and easy chairs were deftly arranged about the room. Pictures and draperies were hung upon the walls, and a large vase of flowers adorned the center table.

It was the evening of the first day. The two girls were planning a tea for the next afternoon, to be given in the apartments of Miss Gibson. As they were making out the list of girls to be invited, the prospective hostess suddenly stopped and turned to her friend. "I forgot to tell you about the queer little Freshy I met on the train yesterday as I was coming out." She then described her new acquaintance, and told her how, some way she felt inter-

ested in her. They decided to send Miss White an invitation to their tea party and try to become better acquainted. Miss Gibson humorously declared that she had found in the new student a modest little rose-bud that would some day, through her influences bloom into one of the fairest flowers in college.

III.

The rooms of Miss Gibson were well filled the next afternoon with gay young girls, dressed in dainty dresses, talking and laughing together, when Miss White, the latest protege of Miss Gibson, arrived.

The girls, being introduced to her, welcomed her in various ways—some with just a little condescension, when they saw the plain, neat gray suit she wore, and the way in which she did her hair.

During the afternoon Miss Gibson took especial care that her new friend should not be left uninformed concerning the many little things that a new girl at college often has to find out for herself. She explained all their little customs, and told about her own experience as a Freshman.

When most of the girls had gone and a few of Miss Gibson's intimate friends lingered behind, one of them suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! I wonder who is to be our new French teacher? You know Miss Southern will not be back."

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Miss Gibson, "I haven't thought of French since school closed."

IV.

As the Senior class entered the French room the following morning, a certain beautiful brunette might have been seen to stop suddenly, gasp, turn pale, and drop into a chair. Seated behind the teacher's

desk was Miss White, whom she had been so condescendingly tutoring the previous day along social lines.

During the recitation Miss Gibson sat very still, watching the new French teacher in her commanding position. She was not the shy little person she had seemed to be previously, but was mistress of this new situation as Miss Gibson had been of the one the day before.

By the time the recitation was over, the embarrassed Senior had collected her faculties sufficiently to make her way to Miss White's desk, and beg her pardon for having mistaken her for a Freshman.

The gentle little French teacher forgave her willingly, saying as she smiled up at her, "I hope we may be friends always," and they were.

LORENA FERVER.

KICKED OUT.

"PULL on your togs, Frank we practice this afternoon." Addressing the above remarks to his room-mate Arthur Gray threw down his book and began rummaging around for his football clothes.

"Not today Art. I want to get ready for Y. M. C. A. this evening. I can't get into the lineup this time." Saying this Frank, a big, jolly, kind-hearted chap with a pair of laughing eyes, and a shock of red hair, turned again to his books and was soon buried in them. Art knew it was useless to urge his room-mate further, so pulling on his jersey and swinging his head-gear over his arm, he started for the field.

The Siamese-twins, as Conner and his chum Gray were called, had been classmates at Harlan High School, and were

now Sophomores at Rathburn College. Both, clean fellows, good students, and excellent athletes, the boys were among the most popular in school. Just now Gray, his well-knit arms and shoulders showing to good advantage under the tight-fitting jersey, jogged along and was soon on the football grounds.

Frank was not left undisturbed during the remainder of the afternoon as he had hoped. An hour after Gray left, Bob Marshall rushed in. "Frank, the fellows want you to run for football manager," exploded Bob without any introduction. "No kicking now for you have to do it."

"Well Bob I won't deny that I would like to have that plum, but the other bunch generally get their man in."

"That'll be all right. With you holding up our end, the Phi Betas will have to hustle. Get busy and electioneer right away. They have had their own way long enough."

"All right Bob, we'll make it warm for them this time. Here comes Art. I'm going to make sure of one vote right away."

"What kind of a scheme are you fellows hatching up?" spoke up Art as he threw his headgear into the corner. "Come 'fess up."

"What kind of a manager would I make for next year's varsity, Art? Will you give me your vote?"

"Good work old man you can count on me. I want a pull with next year's manager, anyhow."

"Well Frank, I'll have to go. Be good to yourself and work hard. Remember, election comes next Tuesday," and with these words Bob left the room with as little ceremony as he had shown when he entered.

The week following was one of the most exciting of the school term. The Phi Betas put up Rogan, the varsity fullback, as their candidate, and everyone was canvassing for votes.

"Hello, Art, you want to line up with the crowd tomorrow." It was the day before election, and as the president of the Phi Betas addressed these words to Gray there was a crafty light in his eye. "The orders are to support Rogan."

"None of Rogan for me. You know what he did to me when I played with the Scrubs. I don't care to vote for anyone who deliberately kicks a man in a game. Besides, I am not going back on Conner."

"Well you know your obligations, and what will happen if you don't discharge them. Better take my advice and fall in line."

Art walked away in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. "What is Conner going to think of me for a trick like this? I wish there had never been a frat started here. Turning him down for a mucker like Rogan!"

Next day, everyone was out at the election. The president took the chair, called the meeting to order, and the two nominations followed in quick succession. During the distribution of the ballots Art overheard one of the frat men whisper to another:—"Watch that man Gray. I don't believe he will stand pat."

Angered at being thus suspected, Art hastily wrote Conner's name on his ballot and passed it to the teller who, either by mistake or design let it slip from his fingers to the floor. As the teller picked it up Art saw that it was open.

While the votes were being counted

there was much suppressed excitement throughout the assembly. After what seemed an endless length of time one of the tellers entered the room and handed the result written on a slip of paper to the secretary. The murmuring ceased as the secretary arose and announced the result:

"Conner 48; Rogan 47."

The frat men were entirely too wise to display any disappointment. As they filed out of the room each approached Conner and congratulated him on his election.

Art left the room and started to the library to do some research work in English. As he was going up the library steps, he met one of his fraternity brothers who said to him: "Come down to Johnson's room to-night; we're going to have a spread."

Art found his English more difficult than usual that afternoon and he did not take supper till a rather late hour. Consequently he was the last to arrive at Johnson's room, and as he approached the door he heard the hum of voices and the tum-tum of a banjo. He gave the frat knock and was admitted. As he flopped himself onto the cozy corner, Art noticed that the boys suddenly grew sober. He began to fear that his action of the afternoon had been discovered. His suspicion was soon confirmed when the president of the frat broke the silence with the following words:

"Gray you have broken your pledge to your brothers and are no longer a member of the Phi Beta."

Gray did not become class president the next year as had been slated by the frats. He was, however, the same good student and jolly fellow that he had been in the past, and he and Conner were still chums. Did he lose anything by sticking to his friend?

J. C. HEINRICH AND CALVIN MILLER.

Editorial.



PERHAPS no one evil of our college life is creating so much unpleasantness and causing so much regret as the "crowd spirits." It has marred the pleasure of the year for all and perhaps spoiled the whole idea of college life for many, who go away this year with recollections of the recent troubles occasioned by it, and with the prejudices resultant from this—a most unlovely, and a most consummate form of rank selfishness.

This selfishness is one utterly at variance with the ideals of college life and with the plans and purpose of education. How much of culture should result from the association of fellow students? A great part of liberal education is bound up in the social side of college life. As much, yes, more, by this meeting and daily contact of fellow students than by book learning, is the cultured man evolved. How utterly contrary to the ideal of liberal generous college brotherhood is this inordinate and perverted narrowness of crowd spirit. We are throwing away many of the pleasures of school life, we are limiting our possibilities of growth, and defeating the very ends of education when we limit our acquaintance and association only to a few chosen friends, and moreover seek by inordinate and unjust means to advance the interests of ourselves and friends.

It is but natural that one should choose special friends and unite himself with

these. There is very great advantage in the intimate association of congenial companions; much of mutual help—strength of character, faithfulness and loyalty are thus cultivated. But a good means is perverted to an evil end when associations unjustly seek their own regardless of the rights and privileges of others. And this very spirit it is which has caused so much trouble during the past year. There is such a thing as being true to ourselves and our own and as well generous and just to others. If we would only break out occasionally from the bounds of our particular crowd we would find much in others, never before appreciated, to admire and profit by. We have all felt sorry afterwards for many troubles which we—everyone of us—have caused this year. Can we not for the future make our school life more pleasant, and assist in the means provided for our own culture by seeking to correct this monstrous selfishness of "crowd spirit?"

COMMENCEMENT season is here again and with it the usual sadness over the coming parting. In spite of their plans for the coming week and their anticipation of its festivities, the Seniors find ample time for regret. Never has our little town appeared so beautiful, never has the old college seemed so dear, never have school friends been so precious, as now when they must be left. These are

but hackneyed expressions of the sentiments of Seniors the world over.

But more than this—our Seniors have another regret—a regret shared as well by every Westminster student—our sorrow over the retirement of our beloved President. One of the saddest occasions ever witnessed here was the last Sabbath chapel service of the year—the last service for many of our fellow students, and the last for Dr. Ferguson as President. The heart of every hearer was touched with “Doctor’s” pathetic reference to his retirement and his last noble admonition to “his boys and girls;” his hopeful words for the future, and his generous plea in behalf of our new President. During the years of his administration he has become a personal friend of everyone of his stu-

dents. Rejoicing in their joys, sympathizing in their troubles, cheering in their discouragements, grieving over their misdeeds, and counselling in their perplexities he has made himself beloved of every Westminster student. One of the most pleasant memories of college which every alumnus carries away with him is that of our own “Doctor.” We are rejoiced to know that he will still be with us, for he has won a place in our hearts which no one else could fill. But deep as is our regret Dr. Ferguson’s retirement, let us rejoice in the choice of his successor and extend to Dr. Russell the welcome that he merits. A most worthy successor of a most worthy man, let us allow our new president to win for himself a place in our hearts similar to that held by Dr. Ferguson.



HOLKADES MIKRAI.



GET BUSY.

Beyond the Alps lies Italy,
Beyond Niagara, Canady,
Beyond exams diplomas wait—
Get busy now and graduate.—Ex-

Watch Rooster! He seems to be very fond of Greenville girls.

Miss McCoy—Well, we have come through Lab with one match.

Miss Finney to Mr. Miller—You know I can’t stay away from you.

Margaret Alter speaking of Mr. Pinkerton—I belong to the Pink family.

Professor Hewetson speaking of love—I don’t see why you all laugh. Love is a common phenomenon of life. You all must face it.

Sam Fulton in Greek—Clearchus being driven away by those in opposition to him as home.

Mr. Zuver translating German, “Du bist mein weib”—What does that mean? I don’t understand.

Mr. Clark to Miss McMaster—I envy Herbert.

Miss Mc—Indeed you should.

“Sal” McBane when asked during Eva H’s absence why he looked so lonesome replied—“I feel like an old maid.”

The report comes that when the Freshmen were getting out of their rig at the picnic grounds six hungry looking cows came running toward them. We wonder why!

Eva Henderson—Well, what, better beginning would you want to a name?

Eva H. speaking of her many duties—Why girls, there isn't a girl here in college rushed like I am.

Some one asked "Sal" McBane what he had to do on Tuesday evening after supper. "Oh I have to get ready for Y. W. C. A."

Some one was remarking about the number of Junior contestants whose names begin with Mc.

Frank Graham describing a picture of a circus—There was a lady girl riding around on horseback.

Billy Salisbury talking on a certain social in impromptu class at society—After refreshments we precipitated in games.

Dr. Ferguson in Psychology class—If one of you should have a thought, now would that be an event?

Anna B— when getting ready for the Sophomore picnic—Oh girls! I guess we won't need gloves. We won't need them coming home anyway."

Irene T. seeing an Amish Dutchman driving towards an automobile—Girls, I wonder if that Dutch horse will scare, too.

Miss H. to Miss C.—Do you want the lights turned on?

Miss C—No. we prefer the dark.

Nellie McAuley—All my old beaux are gathering in for Commencement. My best isn't here yet, though.

"I should like to go to your party above all things," Mrs. Lapsling was saying, "but the doctor says I must remain exclusive for a week more. I am suffering with a slight prevarication of the left lung.

Miss Hoagland seeing an old man in parade on Memorial Day—What is he doing in the band? Oh I suppose he played the band in the army.

Mr. Galbreath speaking of Friday nights at the hall—You know I haven't been at the hall one Friday night this year. Wonder why!

"This," remarked Mr. Happyhead, "is my photograph with two French poodles. You recognize me, eh?"

"I think so," said Miss Culture. "You are the one with the hat on, are you not?"

Mona Gailey hearing the following read: "Er hat mich gekiisst"—I don't understand German but I know what that means.

Prof. McElree to Latin class the day after the Freshman picnic—If this class has any more picnics will they please put them off till after Commencement.

Dr. Ferguson was telling Deevers of a High School position for which an applicant was wanted who is interested in athletics.

Deevers—That's just what I have been looking for, a place where I can teach athletics.

Rotzler, discussing the advantages of a single rig for the drive to Slippery Rock:—You don't get nearly as tired in a single rig."

It is said that "Brownie" went to call on a young lady one night and was kicked out by the pater familias. It seems that he got a pretty good start, and while crossing a field, scared up a jack rabbit, overtook it, kicked it aside, and addressed it thus—

"Get out of the way and let somebody run who knows how."

Dr. Campbell in Pol. History—How many Senators are there? 45—30—71—60—snap the ball.

One of our younger fellow students who is a "Tailor" by trade has branched out into the printing business. He is kept very busy with overtime and night work.

Miss Phillips upon seeing a bed of tulips—Look at those beautiful tulips! Oh that puts me in mind of something —(?)

McCrory asked Miss McMaster who it was who had the new diamond ring which was spoken about in the Argo.

Miss McMaster—I guess it is R—h S—s.

McCrory—Oh, I thought it was you, maybe.

Miss McMaster—No it isn't but I wish it was.

To Herbert Patterson—"Get Busy."

LOCALS.

DR. FERGUSON was absent from college the last of May attending the General Assembly, held in Richmond, Ind. Dr. McClurkin, an alumnus of Westminster was chosen moderator of the Assembly.

The Sophomore class held a picnic, Monday, May 28th, in Mr. Johnston's orchard. The afternoon was enjoyably spent playing games, the chief of which was the girls base ball game. The girls certainly made some very fine plays and thus added greatly to the interest of the game. A sumptuous supper was served on

the lawn after which all joined in such games as "Hide and Go-Seek," "Prisoner's Base" and "Three Deep." When it became dark the house was thrown open for use and an evening of pleasure spent inside. One remarkable feature of the picnic was the capture of a coon, which was adopted as class mascot. The coon has since been christened "Skidoo" and is fast becoming a friend of the whole town.

The members of the Senior class and the faculty, with a few other friends were delightfully entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson, Friday evening, May 18th. A fine musical program was given during the evening, after which elaborate refreshments were served. Each Senior class, with a feeling of joy, looks forward to its Senior party and never yet has one been a disappointment. All with one voice say that Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson are royal entertainers.

Prof. and Mrs. Shaffer entertained the Senior class at their home north of the college, on Friday evening, May 25. As part of the entertainment four examinations were given: one was in the alphabet, one in arithmetic, one in geography and one in literature. Miss Melville and Mr. Cochran carried off the prizes given for the highest average. All the Seniors reported a delightful evening.

The annual tournament of the Tennis Association is being played on the courts opposite the First U. P. Church. The finals in singles have been played, Ray Miller defeating Herbert Patterson 8-6, 6-4, 1-6 and 6-4. Miller and McKay, the present champions, will play their championship match some time soon. In the

doubles only one or two matches have been played off. The tournament committee has decided to give medals to the champions in both singles and doubles.

The program for Commencement Week is as follows:

SATURDAY, JUNE 9.

8:00 p. m. Junior Contest in College Chapel.

SABBATH, JUNE 10.

11:00 a. m. Sermon to Christian Associations by Rev. Edwin C. Little, Washington, Pa. First U. P. Church.

8:00 p. m. Baccalaureate by the President. Second U. P. Church.

MONDAY, JUNE 11.

2:00 p. m. Class Day Exercises. Second Church.

4:00 p. m. Ball game.

8:00 p. m. Concert by College Chorus,—Cantata of Ruth. - - - *Gaul.*

8:00 p. m. Meeting of Board of Trustees.

10:30 p. m. Pipe of Peace, on the Campus.

TUESDAY, JUNE 12.

9:00 a. m. Art Exhibit at Ladies' Hall.

10:00 a. m. Reunion of Christian Associations.

1:15 p. m. Meeting of Alumni Association.

2:00 p. m. Senior Class Reception to President and Mrs. Ferguson.

3:30 p. m. Ball game.

8:00 p. m. Reunion of Class of 1891.

6:00 p. m. Alumni Banquet. Gymnasium.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13.

2:00 p. m. Commencement Oration by the Hon. J. P. Dolliver, and Graduating Exercises.

4:00 p. m. Ball game.

8:00 p. m. Contest of Literary Societies.

Dr. Wilson, of the Allegheny Seminary, preached in the evening service, May 20.

Mr. J. C. Olmstead, the celebrated landscape gardner, who is to plot our new campus, and Dr. Russell, were in town looking over the ground on May 29.

We are glad to see "Zack" Scott able to be around among us again after his severe siege of typhoid fever.

Saturday evening the Tetra-Lectic club entertained the faculty. The subject of the program was the Renaissance concerning which four papers were read—The Chivalry of the Renaissance, The Development of the Drama, The Renaissance in Literature, and The Renaissance in Art. Several vocal and instrumental solos added to the program and made the whole very entertaining and instructive. The usual games, "Three Deep," "Peel the Willow," "Flying Dutchman," and others furnished the evening's entertainment. Dainty refreshments were served towards the end of the evening and the rest of the time spent in social intercourse. The members of the faculty were delighted with the work done by the club, and reported an enjoyable evening. At a late meeting of the club new officers were elected. Mr. Acheson was chosen president and Miss Montgomery secretary and treasurer. The following new members were also elected: Mr. Henderson, Mr. Galbreath and Mr. Brown from the Adelphic society; Miss Barackman from the Leagorians; Miss Galbreath, Miss Wray and Miss Clara Dickey from the Chrestomath; Mr. McCrory from the Philomath. These members will not, however, be initiated until next fall, as there will be no more meetings this year.

The Freshmen class held a picnic at Simison's Mills. two and one-half miles north of town, along the Mercer road, on Monday, May 28. A hay wagon drawn by the spirited steeds of Mr. Dice, constituted the very efficient means of convey-

ance. The woods in the vicinity of the mill are among the most beautiful in this neighborhood, and a very pleasant afternoon was spent in exploring them. After a delightful luncheon, served by the charming members of the fair sex of the class of '09, a bonfire was built and the evening was spent in playing games. The party returned to town at 10 p. m., tired but happy. Every one voted the affair a great success and expressed the desire for another such occasion in the near future.

The usual interest is being taken in the annual contest between the Adelpheic and Philo societies. The Adelpheic contestants are: debate, W. J. Everhart; oration, R. S. McCown; essay, L. J. Davison; declamation, H. A. Cannon. The Philo contestants are: debate, J. F. Shrader; oration, J. C. Smith; essay, J. G. McKay, declamation, J. C. Campbell.

The Juniors who will contest for the medal on Saturday evening, June 9, are, Misses McAuley, McCoy, McNeese and Montgomery, and Messrs. Anderson, Cunningham, McCrory and McKelvey.

Mr. Roy Deevers won the prize of five dollars offered by the English Department for the best essay on Wordsworth. The essay will appear in the next issue of the HOLCAD.

The Pipe of Peace orators for Monday night of Commencement week, are Mr. Ernest Calhoun, '06, and Mr. A. W. Henderson, '07.

Senator Doliver, of Iowa, has been secured to deliver the Commencement oration.

ALUMNI.

R. C. MCKELVEY.

THESE Alumni are the people
Who have started in to college,
And come out possessed of "sheepskins"
Which proclaim that "they have knowledge."

For a while they think they've done it.
They converse with politicians,
And walk 'round with stately paces,
Ready to accept positions.

But when they have starved for some time,
And the "corn's all off the cob,"
They'll step down from off their perches,
And be glad to take a job.

James Stranahan, '05, was a visitor in town May 26.

Gordon Nevin, '05, spent Sabbath, May 27 in town, visiting his sister Lucile.

George Parisen, '03, who has just finished his term at Western Reserve Medical school, is visiting with us for a short time.

Some recent Alumni visitors were: A. M. Tweedie, '04, Homer Metz, '05, Robert Timms, ex-'06, J. A. Smith, '05.

James Edgar, '00, and Breaden McElree, '96, of the Allegheny Seminary, are spending part of their vacation in New Wilmington.

W. R. Veazey, '03, and wife, nee Edith Mercer, '02, who have been in Baltimore, Md., returned to New Wilmington to spend the summer.

H. T. Getty, '03, who has been with the Lawrence Savings & Trust Co., of New Castle, for over two years, is now assisting his father in the New Wilmington Bank.

Rev. J. W. Cooper, '96, has accepted a call to the Presbyterian church at Bedford, N. Y., and leaves in the near future to take up his work in that place. Bedford is about fifty miles from New York City, near the Connecticut line.

B. G. Graham, '04, has finished his work as principal of the Canonsburg High School and is now at his home south of town. He will remain here a few weeks and then go to Washington, Pa., where he will be engaged in Summer School work. Mr. Graham will be principal of the Preparatory Department of W. & J. next fall.

First Alumnus.—Are you going back to commencement this year, pard?

Second Alumnus.—(sullenly) No.

Why not?

Humph! I was there last year and one of those measly little upstarts had asked me whether I was a Freshman or a Prep.

It is announced that Miss Cly Johnson of New Castle, and Dr. Lawrence Swogger of New Bedford, will be married in June. Mr. Swogger graduated with the class of '98, and has taken up the practice of medicine. Miss Johnson has taught several years in the New Castle schools.

Miss Artie J. Bentley, '84, of Steelton, Pa., has just undergone an operation for appendicitis, but is rapidly recovering. Her many friends in New Willmington will be glad to hear of the prospects of her full recovery.

Freshman.—What is the nicest thing about being an Alumnus?

Wise Junior.—Well, you see, a fellow can visit his old friends at collage, and if he finds them about to flunk in chemistry, physics and English, he can have the pleasure of telling them that they don't know what study is till they get out of Westminster.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

J. W. ACHESON.

The U. of P. Sophomores recently won the annual towel fight from the Freshmen.—Ex.

Mr. Carnegie has offered to contribute \$25,000 toward erecting a new science building at Waynesburg.—Ex.

The University of Pennsylvania has signed a two year contract in football with Michigan University.—Ex.

One of the new requirements of the University of Pennsylvania Law School is that no student may enter who is not twenty years of age.—Ex.

Statistics give the average salary of graduates of Boston Tech. at \$623 the first year, \$3,000 after ten years and \$5,000 after twenty years.

At Princeton the trustees have adopted a new system of Chapel attendance. Formerly one student was assigned a seat in Chapel. Now each student receives a blank slip on entering, which he signs and leaves at the door as he goes out.—The Campus.

Wooster debating team won from a team representing Muskingum at New Concord, Friday evening, May 11th. The question was, "Resolved that the time is ripe to confer on "The Hague Tribunal" authority to settle all disputes between nations." The decision was unanimous.

Ground has just been broken at the University of Nebraska for a new \$100,000 structure to be the headquarters of all University religious and social organizations. The structure will be known as "The Temple" and is to be modeled somewhat on the plan of the old Greek architecture.

Michigan's new athletic field covers thirty-two acres, but will not be completed this year on account of lack of funds. When completed Ferry Field will be one of the finest athletic fields in the west, plenty of space for practice being afforded by several gridirons and diamonds.

After a hard struggle the Freshmen were undisputed victors in the flag scrap at State this

spring. This year the class of 1909 at State has won the cider scrap, the banquet, the basketball game and the flag. The class of 1908 has defeated them in the wrestling match, the football game and the picture scrap.

Instead of the annual hair cutting war between the Freshmen and Sophomores at the University of Michigan, which has caused many serious injuries, it has been decided to have a tug-of-war across the Huron river. One hundred men will be chosen from each class and stationed on each side of the river. A long rope will be utilized, and one class or the other will be dragged through the river.—Ex.

It has been suggested that a public square be condemned near the University of Pennsylvania and that the city of Philadelphia co-operate with the State and University in the erection of a suitable statue to William Penn, with the ultimate purpose of having the remains of Penn disinterred in England and buried in this park.—Ex.

MUSIC AND ART.

EMILY REDMOND.

The work in the music department under the direction of Prof. and Mrs. Vincent has been unusually successful this year. The Thursday afternoon recitals, although rather a new thing here have been very popular and the different musicals given during the year were very much enjoyed. In every respect the work has been excellent and the departure of Prof. and Mrs. Vincent is to be regretted not only by the students in music but by the entire student body.

On Monday evening, June 11, the Chorus class will give Gaul's beautiful cantata "Ruth" at their annual concert.

"How vast a difference! How far apart
Are perfect nature and imperfect art;
The cunning painter only can portray,
While God creates a sunset every day."

The recital on Thursday, May 24, was one of the best given this year. All of the numbers were very ably rendered. The programme was as follows:

| | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------------|------------|
| A May Morning | - - - | Denza |
| | Miss McClintock. | |
| Love's Dilemma | - - - | Richardson |
| | Miss Finney. | |
| Mignon | - - - | d'Hardelot |
| | Miss Galbreath | |
| Making of the Hay | - - - | Lehman |
| | Miss Stewart. | |
| Ever of Thee | - - - | Denza |
| | Miss McCalmont. | |
| Barcarole | - - - | Ehrlich |
| | Miss Black. | |
| (a) Violets | - - - | Woodman |
| (b) A Bird in Hand | - - - | Roeckel |
| | Mr. Miller. | |
| Duett—In our boat | - - - | Allitsen |
| | Miss Finney and Mr. Miller. | |

The pupils in the Art room are busy preparing for the annual art exhibition which will be held in the parlors of the Ladies Hall on Tuesday, June 12, at nine o'clock. Some beautiful work has been done this year and the exhibition promises to be unusually good.

"Every artist dips his brush in his own soul and paints his own nature into his pictures."—Henry Ward Beecher.

Miss Hodgins has been doing some dainty water-color studies of attractive bits of local scenery. The one of the old barn near Mehard's is especially beautiful.

Miss Allen has just finished one landscape and is now doing another. The work on both pieces is excellent.

Miss Sloss has done two studies in brown and is now working on a very pretty study of violets.

"True art endures forever, and the true artist delights in the work of great minds."—Beethoven.

Miss Broad has finished two landscapes and is now working on a dainty study of apple blossoms.

Miss Smith has done a very pretty Venetian scene and is just starting a pretty pansy piece.

Miss Mitchell has a beautiful shore scene nearly completed.

Miss Snodgrass is getting her plates and cups and saucers ready for the last firing.

ATHLETICS.

J. F. SHRADER.

The following is a summary of the games played by the base ball team since the last issue of the HOLCAD:

| | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------|
| May 15, at New Wilmington. | |
| Waynesburg..... | 2 Westminister 5 |
| May 22, at Pittsburg. | |
| Pittsburg College..... | 6 Westminister..... 2 |
| May 23, at Washington | |
| W. & J..... | 6 Westminister..... 5 |
| May 24, at Waynesburg. | |
| Waynesburg..... | 4 Westminister..... 5 |
| May 30, at Slippery Rock—2 games. | |
| Slippery Rock..... | 3 Westminister..... 0 |
| Slippery Rock..... | 6 Westminister..... 0 |

Although Westminister won but two of these games her score in the ones lost was very creditable.

The following are the lineups:

MAY 15.

| Westminister 5. | R. | B. | P. | A. | E. |
|--------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Scott, r..... | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| McKay, 2d..... | 1 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 1 |
| Deevers, s..... | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Calhoun, 1st | 0 | 0 | 10 | 1 | 0 |
| Smith, m..... | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Gallagher, p..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Greer, l..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| McCrory, c..... | 2 | 0 | 9 | 1 | 0 |
| Fisher, 3d..... | 1 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 0 |

Totals..... 5 4 27 13 1

| Waynesburg, 4. | R. | H. | P. | A. | E. |
|--------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Barbe, s..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 |
| Dowen, 2d..... | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Buchanan, l..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Ganier, r..... | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Garard, m..... | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Daugherty, 2d..... | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 2 |
| Kerr, c..... | 0 | 0 | 6 | 4 | 0 |
| Dodd, 1st..... | 0 | 0 | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Barkiman, p..... | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 |

Totals..... 1 4 23 14 4

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Westminister..... | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | *—5 |
| Waynesburg..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0—1 |

Three-base hit—McKay. Double play—Deevers, Calhoun and Fisher. Bases on balls—Off Gallagher, 1; off Barkiman, 3. Struck out by Gallagher, 10; by Barkiman, 5. Umpire, J. Smith.

MAY 22.

| Pittsburg College, 6. | R. | H. | P. | A. | E. |
|-----------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Horrell, 3d..... | 2 | 1 | 5 | 7 | 2 |
| Howe, m..... | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Keating, l..... | 1 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| McKnight, r..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Nebin, s..... | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| Duffy, 1st..... | 0 | 0 | 12 | 0 | 0 |
| Dasch'h, e..... | 1 | 0 | 5 | 2 | 1 |
| McG'gan, 2d..... | 1 | 1 | 3 | 5 | 0 |
| Kummer, p..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 |

Totals..... 6 7 27 18 5

| Westminister, 2. | R. | H. | P. | A. | E. |
|-------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Calhoun, 1st..... | 1 | 0 | 8 | 0 | 0 |
| McKay, 2d..... | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 1 |
| Deevers, s..... | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 3 |
| Smith, m..... | 1 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Grier, l..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| McCrory, c..... | 0 | 0 | 8 | 0 | 1 |
| Gallagher, p..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Fisher, 3d..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 1 |
| Hankey, r..... | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 |

Total..... 2 8 24 7 8

| | | | | | | | | | |
|------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Pittsburg College..... | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | *—6 |
| Westminister..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0—2 |

Two base hit, Gallagher. Struck out by Kummer, 7; by Gallagher, 8. Hit by pitched ball, Duffy. Bases on balls, Deevers. Sacrifice hit, Kummer. Umpire, Roehig.

MAY 23.

| Westminister 5. | R. | H. | P. | A. | E. |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| McKay, 2d..... | 1 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 0 |
| Smith, m..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Deevers, s..... | 0 | 0 | 4 | 3 | 3 |
| Gallagher, 1st..... | 0 | 1 | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Hankey, r..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Calhoun, p..... | 2 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Fisher, 3d..... | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| McCrory, c..... | 0 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 0 |
| Greer, l..... | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |

Totals..... 5 7 24 10 3

| W. & J. 6 | R. | H. | P. | A. | E. |
|--------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Ramsey, s..... | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Smith, r..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Garard, 3d..... | 1 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 1 |
| James, c..... | 0 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 0 |
| Springer, 1st..... | 0 | 0 | 11 | 0 | 0 |
| Bridges, p..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Hupp, m..... | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Duffy, 2d..... | 2 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Wright, l..... | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Booher, l..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |

Totals..... 6 5 27 8 2

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Westminister..... | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0—5 |
| W. and J..... | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | *—6 |

Two base hits, Calhoun, Wright, Gallagher, McCrory. Three base hits, McKay, Ramsey. Home run, Duffy. Hit by pitcher, Bridges. First on balls, off Calhoun, 8. Sacrifice hits, W. Smith, McKay. Stolen bases, Ramsey. Struck out, by Bridges 5, by Calhoun 6. Attendance 550. Umpire, McConnell. Time, 1:30.

MAY 24.

| Westminster 5. | R. | H. | P. | A. | E. |
|----------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| McKay, 2d. | 1 | 3 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Smith, m. | 1 | 2 | 9 | 0 | 1 |
| Deevers, s-p. | 0 | 2 | 2 | 6 | 1 |
| Calhoun, 1st-p. | 0 | 1 | 11 | 1 | 0 |
| Hankey, r. | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| McCrory, c. | 0 | 1 | 6 | 5 | 1 |
| Greer, l. | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Fisher, 3d. | 0 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 1 |
| Gallagher, p. | 2 | 1 | 11 | 2 | 0 |

Totals..... 5 11 48 19 4

| Waynesburg 4. | R. | H. | P. | A. | E. |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Barbe, 3d. | 0 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Buchanan, l. | 0 | 1 | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| Daugherty, 2d. | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Gerard, m. | 0 | 0 | 8 | 0 | 0 |
| Kerr, c. | 1 | 2 | 12 | 0 | 0 |
| Headley, s. | 1 | 2 | 6 | 5 | 0 |
| Dodd, l. | 1 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 0 |
| Williams' r. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Barkman, p. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 1 |

Totals..... 4 10 45 15 2

Westminster 0 1 0 0 2 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1-5
Waynesburg 0 0 0 0 0 1 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-4

Two base hits, McKay, Deevers, Daugherty, Headley. Struck out, by Gallagher 3, by Deevers 4, by Barkman 7. Hit by pitcher, McKay, Deevers, Hankey, Daugherty. Innings pitched, by Gallagher, 7; Deevers, 9.

MAY 30.

| Slippery Rock 3. | R. | H. | P. | A. | E. |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Kelly, l. | 1 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| McClint's. | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| West, r. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Ambrose, 3d. | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| McCl'y, 1st. | 0 | 0 | 7 | 0 | 0 |
| Broadbent, 2d. | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Holben, m. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Amster, c. | 0 | 1 | 12 | 2 | 0 |
| Uber, p. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |

Totals..... 3 5 27 7 1

| Westminster 0. | R. | H. | P. | A. | E. |
|--------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Scott, 2d. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Smith, m. | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Deevers, 1st. | 0 | 1 | 11 | 0 | 2 |
| Gallagher' p. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Fisher, 3d. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 1 |
| McCrory, c. | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Greer, l. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Hankey, r. | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Miller, s. | 0 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 2 |

Totals..... 0 3 34 9 6

Slippery Rock..... 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 2 *-3
Westminster 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0

Sacrifice hits, McClafferty, Smith. Stolen bases, Kelly, McCaslin, Ambrose, Broadbent, 2. Holben, Smith, Deevers and Miller. Double plays, Amster and McClafferty. Hit by pitcher, West. Bases on balls, Holben, Scott 2, Greer. Struck out, by Uber, 12; by Gallagher, 4. Umpires MacDonald and Brown.

SECOND GAME.

| Slippery Rock 6. | R. | H. | P. | A. | E. |
|------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Kelly, l. | 0 | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| McCaslin, s. | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| West, r. | 1 | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Ambrose, 3d. | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| McClafferty, 1st. | 1 | 1 | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| Broadbent, 3d. | 1 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 0 |
| Holben, m. | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Amster, c. | 1 | 1 | 8 | 2 | 1 |
| Hawks, p. | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 |

Totals..... 6 13 27 9 1

| Westminster, 0. | R. | H. | P. | A. | E. |
|----------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Scott, 2d. | 0 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| Smith, m. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Deevers, p. | 0 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| Gallagher, 1st. | 0 | 1 | 6 | 0 | 2 |
| Fisher, 3d. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| McCrory, c. | 0 | 0 | 6 | 1 | 0 |
| Greer, l. | 0 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 0 |
| Hankey, r. | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Miller, s. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 |

Totals..... 0 4 24 8 5

Slippery Rock..... 0 1 0 0 5 0 0 0 *-6
Westminster 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0

Two-base hits, McClafferty, Hawks, Deevers. Stolen bases, Kelly, 2; Broadbent, Smith, 2. Double plays, Broadbent, McCaslin, McClafferty. Hit by pitcher, Smith. Bases on balls, McClafferty, McCrory, Greer. Struck out, by Hawks, 8; by Deevers 5. Umpire—Gibson.

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